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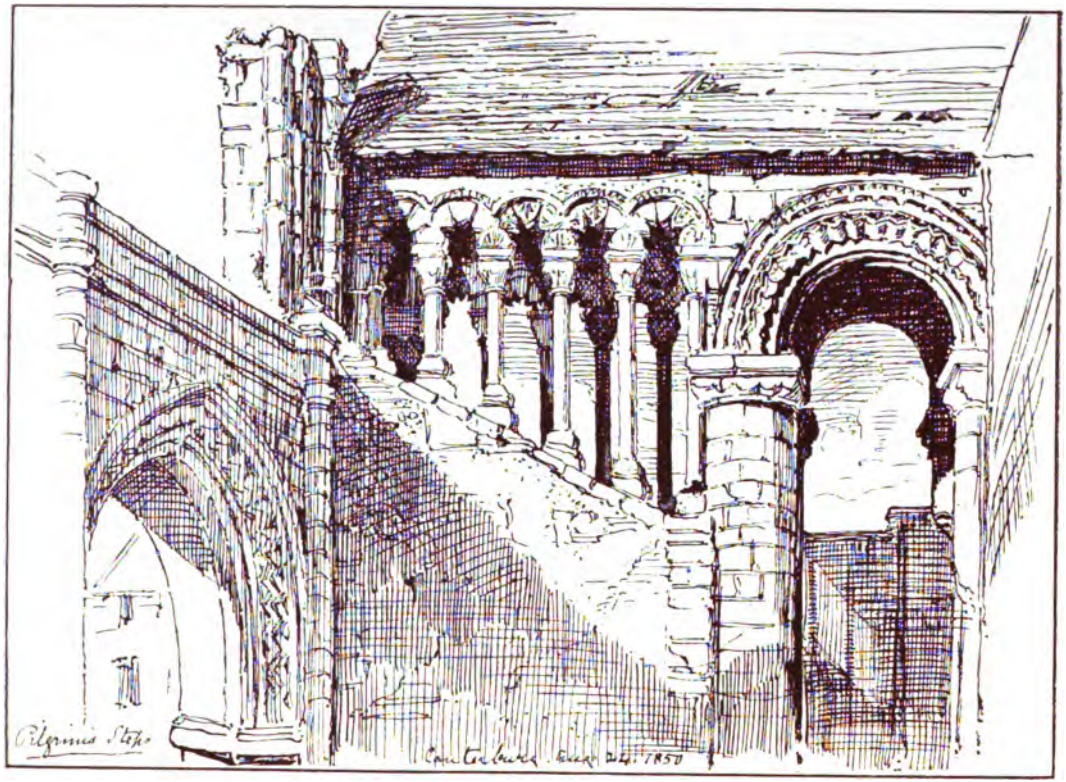

CANTERBURY

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JOURNALS AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

LADY EASTLAKE

Univ. of California

EDITED BY HER NEPHEW

CHARLES EASTLAKE SMITH

WITH FACSIMILES OF HER DRAWINGS
AND A PORTRAIT

IN TWO VOLUMES—VOL. II

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET
1895

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MEMOIRS

OF

LADY EASTLAKE

CHAPTER XIX

1854

EARLY in September 1854 the Eastlakes started for their trip on the Continent. They visited, among other places, Paris, Strasburg, Milan, Padua, Venice, Verona, and Coire, entering Italy by the St. Gothard Pass, and returning by the Splügen. The extracts here given are long—the letters themselves are ten times longer—but the freshness of Lady Eastlake's description of places and scenery (particularly that of the Passes) must be our excuse for quoting them.

Paris, Sept. 15.—We arrived here yesterday, and paid a visit to the Louvre to-day. It was difficult to find our way, as Louis Napoleon is building so much to complete the enormous plan

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of the Tuileries. It is a barbarous sight, this quantity of royal palace—all built out of a nation—so different from the modesty of old St. James's, and new Buckingham Palace; but this is the way the Emperor employs his people's hands and bribes their vanity. The first sight of the Louvre is an epoch in one's life; but, glorious as are the treasures there, it has only made me the more satisfied with what we do at home. The celebrated 'Tribune'—I believe of Louis-Philippe's time—is an enormous gloomy room, in which the most heterogeneous pictures are placed, and those so high that there is no possibility of enjoying them. The greatest masterpieces are dwarfed and lost in the distance. Titian's grandest things can only be seen through an opera-glass, and only such a picture as Paul Veronese's 'Marriage at Cana,' about 30 feet by 25, gives one real pleasure. Then come the miles of gallery, hung with treasures, but so atrociously lighted that you prefer those that are in the dark to those that are in the glare: the pictures so dirty that they grieve your heart as much as they fatigue your legs. And not a seat! If this is the boasted management of the Louvre—open only on a Sunday to the public—our public may think themselves happy who

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see the National Gallery four days in the week, and have more seats than they can occupy.

Paris, Sept. 16.—To-day we drove to the Hôtel de Ville, one of the most exquisite buildings I have seen, in form, decoration, and colour; a monument of real art—every window and doorway a picture, and the very knockers of Medusa heads worthy of Leonardo da Vinci. Louis-Philippe completed the place in exquisite style. Then we passed by the new barracks of the Imperial Guard, built by Louis Napoleon 'de pierre et de fer'—no other materials. Here the telegraph wires, which fly high in the air from the Tuileries and every other imperial building, are sufficiently significant of perpetual vigilance; but under the ground other works were going on, more significant still. Louis Napoleon is having subterranean passages made from the principal barracks to the Tuileries, so that the soldiers may pass instantly to him, and also, as our coachman said, 'pour que la famille impériale puisse se sauver quand on attaque le château des Tuileries.' It is thus that the beloved and chosen of the people is providing for his safety against them—and small blame to him.

Afterwards we drove to Père la Chaise—such

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a French horror! It is all theatrical, and, like a theatre, all dirt and disorder; not a decent tree—poor, scorched, stunted, would-be cypresses; the walks loose stones and dust; not a plot of grass; and the monuments huddled together as if in a mason's yard, painted and gilded, and behung with wretched garlands, packed close together like figs on a string. There was not a Christian sentiment that we could see on one of them, and many a heathen one. In short, it is the last place in which one would wish to repose, or to see a beloved one reposing. The whole in the worst French style, without one beauty, moral, or landscape, except the fine view of Paris. . . .

Paris itself I can understand the enchantment of; nothing can compare with its picturesqueness, except, perhaps, Venice. The brightness of everything, and the grand colouring of the masses of houses make every point a study for a painter. The houses are eminently beautiful, and now Louis Napoleon is finishing the Rue Rivoli all in white stone, in the grandest manner, showing that the French architects are far away beyond ours. The great ugliness is the number of fag-ends of houses—places destroyed by one party to be built up by another—the best royal or imperial

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architect having alone the chance of popular favour. As to real civilisation, I can find little in smart furniture and bad smells.

Paris, Sept. 17.—I am more and more impressed with the wealth of interesting objects here; the public buildings beat us hollow. Christianity and Paganism have both done their best to cater for the national love of display; only the usual position of affairs is reversed—Christianity is the old faith, Paganism the new. Yesterday we drove to the Madeleine, which is a magnificent modern temple—one can't call it a church—and then on to the Champs-Elysées. Wherever the French come into comparison with us as regards country scenes and objects, they lose immeasurably. The Champs-Elysées are stunted, wretched trees above, and white chalk-dust below, varied with stones; not a blade of grass is to be seen. It is all very well for those who can drive through in easy carriages, but for walkers I can't conceive a single sensation of pleasure.

This morning we went to the Chapelle Expiatoire, which almost exceeded my expectations in pathetic impression on the mind. There is something touching in the reality of the whole thing, which stands there telling the truth in the midst

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of a perverse and corrupt generation. The outside of the building is in bad taste, but that matters not—one does not think of anything but the purpose to which it is dedicated. The walls are immensely thick, and contain the bones 'des victimes' such as could not be identified; and, round a kind of court beneath an arcade, are the bones of the poor Swiss Guard.

Basle, Sept. 19.—On our way here we stopped at Strasburg, which is a dull German place; when one has seen the glorious cathedral there, one has seen all. The station is a disgrace to any civilised place, small and filthy. . . . Then the first-class carriages were dirty and small, and you sank into a pudding of a seat such as a German loveth. For a short distance an intelligent Frenchman travelled with us, and his way of speaking of Louis Napoleon may be the standard of a large number. He was very temperate—said that it was best to put up with the Emperor for a time, but that a man who had broken the laws to get to his place would never inspire the French with a respect for the laws; and till that feeling grew in the nation, France would never have a settled government. He said the feeling for the Orleans family was greatly increasing, and that he

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had little doubt of seeing the Comte de Paris upon the throne.

Milan, Sept. 24.—We left Lucerne on the 22nd in the steamer, which took us the whole length of the lake to Flüelen: there we secured a comfortable carriage, and proceeded to Amsteg, whence the real pass begins. The ascent was easy at first, and the Reuss, which was our companion the whole way, was comparatively moderate in its leaps. The rain was a blessing to the parched land; and the endless little meadows, mowed and kept like the finest lawns, which the industrious people have formed between every rock and on every not actually precipitous slope, were looking fresh and brilliant. The magnificent walnut and other fruit-trees were a perfect delight, everywhere forming a Venetian landscape with the grandest background of rocks. Higher and higher we climbed, and it was curious to see how the vegetation gradually changed, how walnut and all deciduous trees disappeared, and only the fir and mountain ash climbed the fearful precipices and rifts of rock, down which many a stream fell in perpendicular fury. The Reuss began to roar more and more, and to fall in overwhelming cascades, all foaming and angry, between the

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precipices through which it has forced its way. But the dwellings of the hardy peasantry did not quit the scene: there they were, perched on what looked inaccessible ground, always higher than ourselves, high as we might mount, and always with some scrap of cultivation about them, redeemed by energy and toil from the waste of rock. The road we were on is a marvel—one of those works in which man asserts his supremacy over the elements around him: always just wide enough for two carriages to pass easily—excellently kept the whole way, and with stone posts every few yards, but only very rarely a low parapet wall to conceal the growing terrors of the precipices. We looked on to dread abysses, to which we saw no bottom, and which had a kind of fascination, forcing one to look at them. We soon reached the snow-line, but still 'man' did not leave us, and at about 3,000 ft. high we passed through villages, at one of which we stopped for a short time. From this point the ascent steepened, and we came to a pitch where no tree of any kind could grow, and where the wind blew fearfully. At one spot it occurs so regularly that a covered gallery of twenty yards or so is cut in the rock, behind which it was refreshing to rest

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for a moment. A few more awfully grand turns brought us to the Devil's Bridge, a grand piece of masonry over perpendicular shafts of rock, with an old and horribly narrow bridge much beneath it. There was no danger in our excellently engineered road, every acute turn of which, as it zigzagged up, was kept as flat as was possible; but the whole scene was Nature's sternest, and the tempest of snow and rain was in savage accordance with it. The snow was now thick on the road, and we hailed with joy a tunnel which was to marshal us to less awful scenes. It was about 100 ft. long, and we emerged upon comparatively flat ground, with the Reuss winding peacefully, but all one sheet of snow. Mountains were around—great cones of snow—their tops lost in a snow-mist. Here lay a village—Andermatt—with a large church; and half an hour's drive, on level ground, took us to Hospenthal. Thence we toiled slowly up through such scenes of savage dreariness—black rocks and drifting snow—as were sufficient, under any circumstances, to depress the stoutest nerves. No vegetation of any kind was there; every power of Nature seemed locked in frost. Yet the road was tolerably clear of snow, which was blown off and

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only settled in the frozen inequalities. The road itself became more and more a marvel: in point of assimilation with the scene around, it might as well have passed through the firmament itself. After a time the steepness lessened, but the features became more pitilessly inhospitable. One felt that to pause or to be benighted in these dreary white wastes, with treacherous morasses beneath and iron rocks above, would be certain death; and that the road was the slight thread on which all safety and existence depended. The cold was intense, and the slightest moisture froze instantly. The snow flakes which fell into the carriage (for we could not close every glass) had melted on a little bit of cord I had in my hand: I opened the door to look out, kept my hand for two seconds in the air, and the moist cord was one hard wire of ice. Our dreary journey seemed interminable, but at last we saw two lakes from which the Reuss and the Ticino take their sources, and then the great stone building of the hospice. The wind, snow, and cold were so cutting that the mere putting one's foot out of the carriage was like the smart I have felt in the deepest cold in Russia. The pass is just 7,000 ft. high. We looked forward to

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our descent into warmer regions as something too good to be realised, for time seemed to stretch out as interminably as those fearful gulfs and wastes around us: but the actual descent was fearful. It is much steeper on the Italian side—we were on perpendicular heights, and the road zigzagged down straight beneath us. No one could drive slowly down such declivities, and at every turn the horses trotted briskly to the edge of a precipice from which the imagination recoils. There was no danger so long as the horses, driver, and carriage kept their places, but the possibility of their not doing so was too close. The post and diligence pass over that fearful mountain every day, and, I fear, night too, and one does not hear of any tragedy. How Napoleon's army and field-pieces were got over is indeed a mystery, and the thought quite haunted me of the lives that must have been lost. The snow ceased to fall as soon as we were over the pass, but still it was long before even vegetable life began, and I looked at some scanty grass and weeds by the roadside with perfect gratitude. We changed horses at Airolo, thence on through grand scenery, crossing and recrossing the Ticino till we reached Faïdo, where we stayed the night. We were off

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by four next morning, the descent still very steep, reaching Bellinzona in five hours: the scenery was lovely, the grandest sweet chestnuts covered with fruit, fig and mulberry trees, and every blessing of soil and climate in a land where 'only man is vile.' Thence we jogged on through ever-increasing beauties to Magadino, where the blue Lago Maggiore is first reached, and where we went on board the steamer and gave ourselves up to the enjoyment of the scene. The mountains were clothed with regular stages of vines, mulberries, and figs; and then above, the most glorious sweet chestnuts, forests of which reached the summit. The vines are not gooseberry bushes as in Germany, but grow on *treillages* high above the head for miles. The colour of the whole mass is that rich brown-green (which none but Venetians knew how to paint, and which I have never seen imitated by any moderns), dotted here and there, up and down, with gleaming villages, all with their churches, and campaniles, and indescribable picturesqueness of buildings. We touched at different towns—Locarno, Intra, Luino, &c.—on each side of the lake, every time thinking the last the most fascinatingly beautiful. The water itself is a perfect Turner; neither gold, nor emerald, nor

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any object in Nature is bright and soft enough to compare with it. More and more beautiful became the scene, till one felt that it was indeed Italy. The commonest objects had a kind of soft halo about them, given by the ethereal atmosphere, all transparent, rich, and yet so delicate. The beauty came to a climax with the Borromean Islands—Isola Madre, Bella, and Superiore—lying like gems on the water, with their cypresses, and aloes, and the ever-recurring oleander. These islands lie in a bay of the lake, with the town of Pallanza behind them. People call them stiff and artificial, but, in an atmosphere where all is so soft, stiffness is agreeable here and there, and never can be heavy. At seven o'clock we reached Sesto Calende, at the end of the lake, some six hours' distance from Milan. We had determined to sleep there, but the sight of the inn made us decide to get on to Milan *coûte que coûte.* Lies flew in all directions—they lie in Italy before they think. We were assured we could get no kind of conveyance: however, we succeeded in getting a comfortable carriage and post horses after a scene of extortion and wrangling, doubling and winding, which surpassed my wildest imaginations—so ludicrous was it in its exaggerated

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cunning and evasion. We reached Milan at two this morning. This afternoon we have seen a little of this interesting place. The Cathedral was our first destination: description is vain. It is carved like ivory, and has at least 4,000 statues outside, but its beauty is the soft, mournful, spectral look as of perpetual moonlight, which the white marble gives—no matter whether seen against this sapphire sky, or in the evening against a colourless ether in which its highest pinnacles are lost. Then we went to the Brera, the famous gallery; and here we vowed that the Milanese deserved to be slaves, for they have actually put up their own modern exhibition of horrors before the pictures, so that grand heads of Madonna and saints, or tops of landscape such as only Giorgione could paint, are seen above the most hideous sign-post daubs. All the English *sono disperati*, as an old gentleman here assured us; but the Milanese are quite enchanted with what is exhibited, and indifferent to what is hid. After this, we saw some treasures in churches and private collections, and that 'Last Supper' by Leo. da Vinci, all wretched and ruined as it is. I was prepared for a wreck, but nothing can destroy the undying beauty of the Saviour's head; no

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engraving or copy has ever given the true expression, the grandeur—the pity, the sorrow, the love;[1] and then the hands—the one turned down so pathetically towards Judas, the other with the open palms free to the whole world. The very ruin of the fresco is in accordance with the expression of Him who was despised and rejected of men. It belongs to the most beautiful brick church (which I hope to sketch when we return) of the same moulded brick as so many exquisite buildings in Venice. Milan is an enchanting place, containing pictures and buildings of the highest order. Sir Charles has fallen in with a collector, who has taken him to everything that can be seen, and has treasures to sell which make our mouths water. . . . To-day Lord and Lady Somers have been calling on us—very interesting young people: they told me Layard is now at Sebastopol! As they said truly, 'he must be in danger or he is not happy.'

Padua, Sept. 30.—We left Milan yesterday morning. The weather was splendid, and the fertile plains of Lombardy were one succession of

[1] Since this was written, Sir William Boxall made a wonderful copy—the same size as the original—which was engraved, and is considered the only worthy copy existing.

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ripe and plentiful fruits of the earth—the Indian corn gathered and spread in the richest heaps on the ground. But no sandy desert could be more wretched as regards the inhabitants of this paradise: the filth and misery exceed all description. Odious mothers, blear-eyed and more like animals than human creatures, bring up their children in the same dirt and beastliness that has given them the goître and every conceivable evil. One looks with pity on the innocent children who are born to such people, and wonders where all the boasted maternal love is. . . . From Coccaglio we continued by rail to Brescia, which looks grandly, surrounded with hills, and with numerous domes and towers, and a fine citadel. We went to innumerable churches, any one of which could have held all the inhabitants of the wretched place: there are two cathedrals, both enormous. We also visited three palaces—grand structures, with courtyards and gardens, which might be beautiful with the slightest care—and found fine collections; an exquisite little Raphael in one, and in all more or less fine Morettos—proving him (he was a Brescian) to be the very prince of portrait painters. In the Averoldi palace we were shown about by the owner, a Signore all over, and look-

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ing a regular Moretto portrait himself; but he had no sense of the beautiful, and pointed out for our admiration from his windows—not the beautiful garden with cypresses, and fig-trees, and oleanders, but the odious new railway station. There are plenty of old palaces in Brescia, and apparently owners of some kind in them, who have let off all the rooms they can spare. The Italian nobles are ruined by the same system as the Germans; all the children bear the title, and all share the property, and so neither is worth anything. Even pictures have to be sold at a father's death. The Austrian Government has nothing to do with this: it so far tries to keep the pictures in the country by prohibiting any church parting with a picture without leave. Our only sight besides pictures was the cemetery, of which the people boasted greatly, and to which we drove. Anything more dreadful can't be imagined. Conceive an enormous piece of ground, walled in, with about 4,000 gravestones, none above eighteen inches high—all painted black and exactly alike—placed at mathematical distances, so that whichever way you look, you catch a straight row. It left a most horrid impression on our minds of insult to the dead in thus reducing them to regimental

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discipline. . . . I am not struck with the beauty of the people. Here and there you see a face fit for a picture, and one young woman, who came into the boat on the Lago Maggiore, was beautiful enough for twenty; but the mass of the lower classes are hideous, and the upper ones are little better. The girls have that common, uneducated look—mincing and servant-maidish—like the Germans; and the middle-aged women are over-stout, have sore eyes, and moustaches, wear their hair entirely turned back under their bonnets, and are the most impudent-looking creatures you can conceive. In Brescia no beauty of any kind was to be seen, and the poor people looked wretchedly suffering and undersized—dwarfs and crétins abundant. The rail to Padua ran through the loveliest scenery imaginable. It coasts above and along the Lago di Garda, the mountains of which, with their pink and violet hues, seemed like spirits. No one who has not seen an Italian sky can conceive the purity and softness it gives to everything: the foreground has a richness and force unrivalled elsewhere, and the distance is a dream of the softest, most melting beauty. Turner is the only painter who has ever given an Italian distance: those opal tints, in which he

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clothed even English scenes, are all matter-of-fact Italian.

Venice, Oct. 3.—Here we are in my beloved Venice, more enchanted than ever. One feels like a drunken person here, ready to dance and laugh; and it is difficult to go back in thought to old Padua and *terra firma.* However, we enjoyed ourselves much there, and felt the glories of Andrea Mantegna and of Giotto, each of whom appears in his best colours—the latter great for his time, the former great for any time. As at Brescia, every other building is a church; but the church of 'Il Santo par excellence—St. Anthony of Padua—alone rewards a visit to Padua. Its whole aspect is oriental, with the enormous domes, and minarets; and one may consider St. Mark's here to have been its mother, and St. Sophia at Constantinople its grandmother. Nothing can be shabbier than the old city itself, which consists of narrow, filthy streets—the houses almost entirely on arcades. . . . This morning we have been with the Doge, as I call Rawdon Brown,[2] who hunted up all the

[2] The late Mr. Rawdon Brown, visiting Venice in his youth, with the intention of remaining a few weeks, found the place so fascinating, and the materials so fertile, that he remained above fifty years, and ended his days there.

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'rubbish shops,' as he terms them, for us to discover pictures for sale; and many glorious things we came upon.

Milan, Oct. 13.—We got back again here last night after a fatiguing journey, but both well. My dear husband has certainly enjoyed himself this time more than the last: as to Venice, he talks as if he could not exist without visiting it once a year. One great secret of enjoyment has been finding pictures of the highest interest on sale. One alone—a Mantegna—is a unique specimen for combining all the grand powers of this early master, with extraordinary beauty and in as extraordinary a state of preservation. Then there are two Bellinis, each fine; a Palma Vecchio, rich and rare; two single figures by Cima da Conegliano; and a Madonna and Child, with Saints, by Bissuolo. Our wonder is that the dealers do not come and carry off these treasures, which might command any prices in England, where old masters are now so much sought for. Dealers could make a fortune out of the pictures which we saw, but they are too ignorant, and also can't speak the language. . . . Several evenings we went to the Piazza, to listen to the band, and gaze at the moonlight on St.

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Mark's, which looks as if made of silver and gold. Mrs. Norton generally joined us there, and I studied her. She is a beautiful and gifted woman: her talents are of the highest order, and she has carefully cultivated them—has read deeply, has a fine memory, and wit only to be found in a Sheridan. No one can compare with her in telling a story—so pointed, so happy, and so easy; but she is rather a professed story-teller, and brings them in both in and out of season, and generally egotistically. Still she has only talents—genius she has nothing of, or of the genius-nature—nothing of the simplicity, the pathos, the rapid changes from mirth to emotion. No, she is a perpetual actress, consummately studying and playing her part, and that always the attempt to fascinate—she cares not whom. Occasionally I got her to talk thinkingly, and then she said things which showed great thought and observation—quite oracular, and not to be forgotten. I felt at first that she could captivate me, but the glamour soon went off. If intellect, and perfect self-possession, and great affected deference for me could have subjugated me, I should have been her devoted admirer.

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After leaving Venice, we stayed a few hours at Vicenza, which is beautifully situated, as are all these old towns, with the Alps for their background. But it is much over-praised in its Palladian buildings (Palladio was a native of it), which are uninteresting after the real Lombard house and palace architecture. We reached Verona that afternoon. Venice is a thing by itself, but Verona is the most Italian city I have seen yet: the buildings are so exquisitely graceful, and it is also more magnificent in position than any, and is a civilised place, with decent streets and an active population. The grand amphitheatre is a conspicuous object, and there is enough in Verona of natural and architectural beauty to make one wish to remain a month. The next day we were at Mantua, which is a large old city fixed in a swamp, and one of the most unhealthy in Italy, the inhabitants being devoured by fever and mosquitoes. A great prestige attends the works of Giulio Romano there: this vanished as soon as we saw his celebrated frescoes in the Palazzo del Tè and in other places. Sir Charles and Kugler had prepared me not to expect much, but, after the feast of the real thing we have had, the sprawling, unmeaning vulgarities of

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Giulio Romano were lower than it was possible to anticipate, and one sought in vain for any trace of the scholar of Raphael.

Milan, Oct. 14.—We have been nearly all day in the Brera, revelling in its beauties, and much enchanted with the Milanese school, especially with Luini. Afterwards I proposed mounting the cathedral to see Monte Rosa. So we went up 150 steps at one pull, amused at the numerous notices, painted at every turn of the stairs, some desiring, others beseeching, and others inviting the people *not* to be dirty; all of which seem rather to have stimulated what they sought to put down, for nothing is sacred to an Italian. At top, however, we forgot everything in the forest of marble pinnacles about us, all so pure and veined, the roof itself being covered with great slabs one would put up in drawing-rooms. Then we mounted by a flight of narrow steps in one unbroken line outside, which seemed to lose itself in the clouds like Jacob's ladder. Here we were on the roof of the great nave and choir, with an immense horizon stretched round us—the Alps on the one side, the Apennines on the other—intersected by the marble pinnacle, round which clustered little figures finished with

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the utmost minuteness, their names even being inscribed on each small pedestal, and terminating in the one large figure which tops every point of this wonderful edifice. Monte Rosa was discernible by its snow, but the afternoon was not clear enough to see it well: nevertheless the landscape was splendid and the sky grand.

Coire, Oct. 20.—On Monday we took the rail to Treviglio—thence the diligence to Bergamo, where we devoted ourselves to seeing the city. After driving up to the high town, which stands magnificently upon long lines of old fortifications, we explored churches and what not, seeing pictures and exquisite architecture. Our object is always to break into private houses, which are sure to retain pictures by native painters; and thus we effected an entrance into a Count Moroni's—some descendant of the great Bergamasque painter, Moroni—and saw some fine family portraits.

Certainly the appetite for seeing pictures *vient en voyant*, and the knowledge too. The different schools of painters, which clustered in the North of Italy—Milanese, Bergamese, Brescian, Paduan, and Venetian—are now getting disentangled in my mind, and I begin to know their differences

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and affinities. My husband is a fountainhead of knowledge, and seldom quits a collection of any kind without having cleared up some doubtful masters for the owners. I find his worth is unfailingly recognised: those who are pompously eager to teach him when we enter, are humbly asking his opinion before we leave. The way in which he smashes a false name is sometimes very amusing.

The next morning we were off early to Crocetta, the country house of a Count Lochis, of whose collection we had been informed. We were so early that the 'Signore' was not 'in toiletta,' but a manservant showed us into two little rooms, where there were chiefly Flemish pictures—seldom genuine in Italy. We were beginning to think it a failure, when he opened 'la rotonda,' a large circular room, where one glance showed us that we were in one of the richest temples of *cinquecento* art. The light was bad, but nothing could obscure the beauties, and we proceeded to feast. In half an hour the Count came in, all smiles and bows, and took us into other rooms surpassing the rotunda in value of contents.

That afternoon we made our way to Varenna,

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a place whose beauty nothing could conceal. There I had my first view of olive trees, which grow in the greatest richness on the south shores. The olive is a beautiful tree—so sharp when seen in its chiselled leaves against the sky, and so soft in its blue-green mass in the distance. The fruit hung as thick as the leaves, and will be ripe for pressing in November. We stayed some little time at Colico—the head of the lake—to which the steamers run, and which therefore should be a little civilised; but it was the most wretched hole that could be conceived. Not even milk could be had, and the wine would have cut us in two; but we were hungry, and there was bread and cold *aggoni*—the particular smelt-like fish from the lake—strewed with garlic, and a piece of meat (what, I don't know) which I divided between a cat and her kitten. We then drove to Chiavenna through wretched, marshy ground, where the traveller is cautioned never to sleep, and by the Lago di Riva—half mud, half water.

When we reached Chiavenna, we found symptoms of approaching Switzerland in the appearance of women in the house, and of general cleanliness. This is the key of the Splügen Pass. We started next morning at six o'clock in the

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diligence. The *conducteur* (the courier with the mail more properly, who takes care of everything and everybody) was a man of Herculean frame, with splendid teeth, which he was always showing in the most buoyant animal spirits: little did we anticipate how much we should have to thank him for. We had taken precautions against the cold, because, though the *conducteur* made light of the pass, he acknowledged three or four feet of snow, and had been stopped the evening before by three avalanches which had filled up the road.

It was soon daylight, and the ascent began at once through the grandest mixture of rock, mountain, and stream. Six horses took us up, though the diligence was small and light, there being only three passengers (gentlemen) besides ourselves. By about 9 o'clock we reached the snow, which had been cut away for the passage of the carriage, and soon we reached the avalanches — not serious because of fresh fallen snow, and easily cut through, but filling up the road in a sloping mass. Several of these we toiled through, and then entered wonderful galleries, hung upon the rock, where avalanches are most dangerous. We were too much wrapped in

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clouds to see either above or below us, and the road gave a much greater sense of security than the St. Gothard, being stoutly railed with double lines the whole way. Soon the snow lay too thick, and the *conducteur*, who was always at our and everybody's side, told us we were approaching the sledge level. Accordingly we reached, after a few more painfully heavy zigzags, a great station house, and drove into it under cover. Here the *conducteur* swallowed an egg and some brandy to fortify himself, rubbed his hands, clapped me on the shoulder with a '*Wie geht's, Madame?*' and announced that his sledges were ready. It was rather startling to find that they had no covering of any sort but a rough apron, being just common wooden seats for two people, with one horse dragging by the poles and not by any traces, so as to be as free as possible: the driver stood behind, the reins passing between the two passengers. So we were drafted off—the *conducteur* on the first sledge, then the luggage, then three sledges each with two passengers, we being on the last. We were well wrapped up in blankets and rugs, and off we set into a wilderness of snow, the road shown by the railing, of which only the tips were visible. It

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rained and sleeted, and we soon came to awful accumulations of snow—the average was three feet, and these masses were above our shoulders. But the pinch came when the horses could find no footing: they leapt like cats with their hind feet, each driver assisting to lift the sledge behind. Then we got to worse places, where the baggage horse, after vain leaps, fell and could not be lifted: the *conducteur* raised the animal by sheer strength, but the hind legs were inextricable. He beat and jumped on the snow before the animal, so that it might have a firm footing to rise upon; but no efforts availed except to be set entirely at liberty from the sledge. At this 'mauvais pas'—and they recurred frequently—every horse got through by a succession of leaps and falls, lying quietly till they had breath to try again; noble animals—pawing the snow with impatience to be off if we halted. Our horse sat like a dog on his haunches—the hind legs quite buried—looking round to see when the men would come to lift the sledge, so that he might make a fresh struggle then. The struggles were frightful, but the animals were as gentle as they were spirited. The *conducteur* was in all places at once, lifting superhuman weights, dragging the

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baggage himself, up to his hips in snow, and never flagging: he was as brave as a lion, with a strength which nothing exhausted. He would sit down on the snowbank to tell me that I was a '*sharmante Frau*' for not being afraid; then be off to the rescue of some stuck-fast horse, or to help, by sheer strength, some unfortunate oxen in or out of the snow. For we met oxen being driven down, too glad to make use of the narrow track our *cantonniers* cut, and endeavouring in vain to pass us without plunging into the wall of snow on either hand, in which they were sometimes buried head first. More than one, trying to bolt somewhere, got their heads under the shafts of our sledge—too frightened to be savage. It was painful to see them knocked out and plunging in the snow, but still it was ludicrous—the great heifers especially, whom the *conducteur* took up by neck and tail, and dropped into the snow, where they only showed their existence by the clouds of snow they kicked up. We came to many a dilemma, where we thought we must turn back, and, but for the unflagging energy of that man, I believe our drivers—brave men too—would have given up. But he never showed the slightest hesitation, had always a joke for them

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and for us, and sustained the courage of all: he was the same from the beginning to the end. . . . At length we passed the line of demarcation at top, and were thankful—for men, horses, and ourselves—when the first down-hill commenced.

Great as our mere physical inconveniences had been, this passage had not inspired me with such horror as the St. Gothard had, owing, I suppose, to the feeling of security which that stout railing gave. Still, we could but confess that it is wrong to tempt these passes, and expose men and horses to such exertion, suffering, and danger for mere frivolous reasons. We vowed to regulate our route in future according to the season.

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CHAPTER XX

1854–1855

On her return to London in October 1854, Lady Eastlake writes to tell her mother that Sir Charles had accepted the office of Director of the National Gallery. Two months before, Lord Aberdeen had made him an informal offer of this appointment, but Sir Charles wished to have time to consider it, and begged Lord Aberdeen not to hesitate to give it to another, should he find a proper man in the interval. Lady Eastlake reports her husband's interview with Lord Aberdeen:—

Oct. 31, 1854.—Yesterday my husband went to Downing Street, and both the wary gentlemen beat about the bush for some little time. Then Lord Aberdeen struck in that, though much engaged in other things, he had not forgotten the question of the National Gallery, which pressed anxiously upon him. My husband asked if he had not found a suitable person, and trusted his Lordship had not considered himself as in any

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way pledged to him (Sir Charles). Lord Aberdeen said that, pledged or not, he knew of no one else to give the appointment to. Then my husband observed that, if Lord Aberdeen made such a point of it, great as the sacrifice would be, he would accept the office; but would the Prince approve? Lord Aberdeen laughed, and said that he had the strictest injunctions from the Prince to urge the office upon him—'and if you had not attended to the Prince, the Queen was prepared to exert her influence with you.' And so the two dear old souls complimented one another. Lord Aberdeen was ready to grant anything—begged Sir Charles to name his own staff, and gave him *carte blanche* to follow out his own plans and schemes.

Mr. Lockhart's death, in November 1854, was a heavy blow to Lady Eastlake, who writes on November 26:—

You will, doubtless, have seen the announcement of our dear Mr. Lockhart's death. Ill as he was, the possibility of his death yet seemed inadmissible to one's heart. You may believe that I am grieving for one of the most interesting men I have ever known. You will all feel how generous and unfailing were his kindness and

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encouragement to me, and how many touching proofs I have had of his true friendship: indeed, I can never know such a friend again.

She writes at greater length on this sad topic to her old friend, Miss Catherine Campbell Swinton of Kimmerghame :—

Nov. 29, 1854.—My heart is much oppressed with the death of dear Mr. Lockhart, which I feel even more than I feared. But he deserves all my sorrow, for his kindness to me, and the real friendship he always showed me, leave a blank which will always be the same. My whole poor literary life is connected with him, and indeed was formed by him; and his ever kind commendation has been the most acceptable feature in a reputation, for which I have cared little but for the friends it at first helped to draw to me. The peculiarity with Mr. Lockhart has been, that the merely literary causes, which first gave me his acquaintance, never formed any part of our subsequent true and solid friendship. No one was more loved by his friends. He had that spell about him, which touched the hidden romance in man or woman; while his gifts, his upright judgment, and lastly his sufferings won every other element of admiration, respect, and sympathy. How many kind

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and good things I remember from his lips—how unfailing his tribute to worth and duty, though under the homeliest garb! I never met any one who spoke out so courageously for the right, whenever it was questioned or cavilled at; and his words were sure to be so trenchant and accurate, that there was no appeal from them. He had neither the simplicity nor the follies of a genius, but his instincts were so sound and true, that no sophistry or morbid feeling could stand before him.

Lady Eastlake's letters during this winter are, as usual, a chronicle of her daily life, showing how busy she was, and how her engagements—particularly in the matter of dinner parties—were increasing. But, though she never fails to give the names of her hosts and fellow-guests, she enters less frequently into particulars about them. Here and there, we find an interesting detail, such as:—

Dec. 9, 1854.—Our dinner party at Mr. Twopeny's last night was very agreeable—Lord Lansdowne, Lady Davy, and the Milmans. Lord Lansdowne told us that the Government was considering the propriety of accepting the services of the Poles, among the Russian prisoners, who beg to be allowed to serve in our army. He anticipated that the law of nations

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would not interdict our allowing them to please themselves. He says that a Russian of rank among them, degraded to the ranks, is equally desirous of turning against Russia, but I should be sorry to trust such a man.

Dec. 12.—Yesterday we dined with the Milmans, where we found Layard, who placed himself next me at dinner, and talked Crimea without ceasing; you may guess I could not have too much. His stories were alternately most touching and ludicrous. He weathered the storm with our soldiers, as he did not start till the 17th, and was in that tent of Colonel Dickson's which held out longer than any.

Lady Eastlake was present, in May 1855, at a memorable scene—the decoration by the Queen of the Crimean heroes:—

May 18, 1855.—We had tickets for excellent places on the North platform at the Horse Guards: at some little distance beneath us was a crimson platform, raised about three feet from the ground, with a flagstaff in the centre, chair of state, &c., round which Generals were already gathered. Before it, at some distance, were red, closely serried ranks of soldiers, which extended round three sides of an enormous square in the Park—

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right and left, and before us: behind the military were raised immense stagings, faced with red cloth, looking dim in the distance, filled with piles of spectators; while every house that commanded a view in any way of the park was crammed, and the roofs covered. A large number of people were admitted within the sentries on foot, and were gathered together behind the lines of soldiers. Altogether, the scene itself was one to stir the heart, even without this most moving occasion. The two platforms, on one of which we were, were the places of distinction. It was evident that the Queen would turn her back to us and the Horse Guards, and her face to the military before her, and so it proved. She arrived in a quarter of an hour—punctual to a moment—drove into the Park through the Horse Guards, and drew up before the crimson platform, which lay like a charmed spot in the centre of a clear space. Bands struck up 'God save the Queen,' cannons boomed, the royal flag was run up the staff, and Her Majesty alighted with the Prince and the Duke of Cambridge, amidst great cheering. She immediately proceeded to her duty: disdained all chair, and took up her place standing, fronting the army before her. Then orders were given, and

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the living three sides of the solid square drew closer to her, but still allowing space for officers on horseback, though near enough for every man who composed these lines to see the great sight.

Then we saw the single line of those tried heroes, who had won themselves the honours of this day. One man behind the other; officers first, sergeants and privates next—all in an unbroken line—twenty perhaps of one regiment, thirty of another—ready to pass one by one before the Queen, and to take with their ungloved right hand the little magical decoration from hers. The line began to pass—fine fellows whose tall plumes or topknots bent before her, while Her Majesty extended her hand and bent her head to each: every man issuing from behind that little knot of royal and renowned figures, with his blue ribbon in his hand, quiet and steady, walking off with firm slow steps—some looking at their medals. And then came, scattered among their uninjured companions, the visible sufferers from the hard-earned glory, young figures halting along on a firm stick: and then the crutch with its sad tale, the sleeveless arm, the sling; and then, what few eyes could see undimmed, the wheel-chair, drawn by some

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hero of a private soldier, with the brave and footless Sir Thomas Trowbridge. Here the reserve of the spectators gave way, and a murmur ran through the lines as he was slowly dragged before them. Soon after, another wheel-chair followed, containing evidently a great sufferer, almost lying at length; who he was the papers will tell us: I fancy it was a private, but some regiments have no epaulettes at all, even for the officers. Thus above five hundred men received their guerdon from that good and fair hand. The bands struck up Scotch tunes as the Highlanders appeared in the favoured single line; and then 'Rule, Britannia,' announced the Navy and officers, terminating in the youngest middies, and then blue-shirted and white-trousered common tars came in for their share, some literally sailor boys of thirteen and fourteen. The Queen spoke to several of those who received the medal, and especially to the wounded. The Prince and Duke of Cambridge bowed to each, simple and gentle.

When that intensely interesting time was over, which occupied about an hour and a half, the Duke of Cambridge got on horseback, and the Guards and other troops defiled before the Queen, she bowing to each rank. Then the cavalry

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came on, irresistible apparently in its strength, passed her at a trot, and then broke into a gallop (the band playing the whole time), and dashed down the Park, Lord Cardigan bringing them up on the same chestnut charger he had ridden at that fatal charge—cheered, as was the Duke of Cambridge, most vehemently. By that time the royal carriages had driven up again: the Queen moved from the place she had occupied so long: the Duke of Cambridge, on horseback before her, took off his casque and waved it, and one of those cheers burst out which are so heart-swelling.

Altogether, I could but look at the scene, and feel that few pageants have been so intensely real, and have owed so little to the feelings, or loyalty, or imagination of the spectators. There were the men, who had endured every hardship and danger—the heroes of our time—dignifiedly receiving the acknowledgment from their Sovereign's hand, and that Sovereign a woman—owing nothing even to the enthusiasm of her subjects, still less, if possible, to their flattery: a Queen, to whom it is difficult even to be just; for whom no allowance, either in her royal or her female capacity, has to be made; and who has therefore brought into every ceremony of which

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she is the centre, a beauty of truth, worth, and reality, which the world of a century ago, or less, never would or could have believed compatible with royalty. How far this scene was her own suggesting I don't know; but I heard from young Hardinge, next whom I sat yesterday, that her inspections of the wounded men in her own Palace are entirely without precedent, and the suggestion of her own heart. God bless her!

After this I can't enter into our dinner yesterday at Sir W. James's,[1] though it was very amusing. I had Lord Londonderry on one side —a droll Irishman, full of fun and originality. We had Lady Morley, too, at the table, so there was plenty of mirth.

To-morrow we dine at Dickens's, and go afterwards to Lansdowne House.

In July, Rosa Bonheur paid a visit to London, and was cordially welcomed by the artist-world. Lady Eastlake describes, as far as description can go, what an interesting impression the artist and woman made upon her, and records the enthusiasm with which Mlle. Bonheur regarded Landseer and his works:—

London, July 19.—You will be interested to hear about our Monday's dinner and evening.

[1] Afterwards Lord Northbourne.

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All our party were ready before Mlle. Bonheur and her companion arrived. It was the dream of her life to see Landseer, and I sent them down to dinner together. In the evening came some of the Academy, but only Sir William Ross and Munro could muster a little French. Landseer was full of impudence, counted up eight bachelors present, and wanted Munro to head a deputation of marriage to her. He told me to tell her that he would be too happy to become "Sir Edwin Bonheur." On Tuesday evening we went to a party held in the French Exhibition, where the little woman's great picture of the Horse Fair—fourteen feet long—was hung: a perfect wonder. She was put on an ottoman in the centre of the room, being introduced to one person after another. I had made up my mind the evening before that she was a real, and truly interesting, simple woman—quite above all compliments and flattery; and I found her very tired of it, though taking all in the most modest way. It was with an artless pathos of her own that she told me, that she was unaccustomed to company, that she loved liberty, and lived in France either in the close study of her art, or out in the fields and woods, till she had become *un peu ourse*. Indeed, such

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work as she has done can have left no time for pleasure or folly; and there is an earnestness in the little, exceedingly intelligent face, which some compared to the Elgin marbles, and which inspires as much respect as interest. I expected a remarkable woman, but she far exceeds my expectation: indeed, she is one of those earnest, true creatures, whom one can meet but very seldom in this world, and whom one never forgets. Yesterday I took her to see Munro's gallery, and then by appointment to Landseer. This was the *comble* of her happiness; her whole sympathy and admiration as an artist, and her whole enthusiasm as a woman have been long given to Landseer. Engravings of his works were the first things she bought with the money she earned; and in his house, surrounded by the most exquisite specimens of his labour and his skill—studies without end of deer, horses, Highlanders, tops of Scotch mountains, &c.: and with him pulling out one glorious thing after another, calling her first into one room and then into another—his dogs about him, and a horse, as tame as a dog, handed into the painting room—she was in a state of quiet ecstasy. Then he presented her with the two engravings of his

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splendid 'Night' and 'Morning,' writing her name with his upon them, and then pretended to call her attention to the excellence of his brother's work. This was too much for the little great-hearted woman, who is only a man in her unflagging work, and renunciation of all a woman's usual sources of happiness, for one great end; and her face crimsoned and eyes filled. As we drove away, the little head was turned from me, her face streaming with tears. But there was no false sentiment or personal romance in them, only the emotion of the true artist overpowered at being thus received by one who has been a kind of god in her imagination. All about Rosa Bonheur is good and interesting: indeed it is long since any new person has left such an impression on me as this wonderful little woman, who is neither French nor English, but just one by herself—one especially who forcibly shows the line of demarcation between the idle and the diligent of this earth; for, great as her genius is, her steady, single-hearted industry is what strikes me most.

I met the Nightingales at the French Exhibition: they had just received their first letter from their Florence—touchingly interesting. She had

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been taken to the Hospital at Therapia, carried by the soldiers, who made 'relays' without number in the short distance, so that the greatest possible number of them might have the pleasure of helping her: and her baggage was divided among twelve soldiers, though two could have easily carried the whole.

Towards the end of August 1855 the Eastlakes went abroad: they spent a week in Paris, and extracts are given from the letters Lady Eastlake wrote while there. The Queen and Prince Albert were then at St. Cloud.

Aug. 23, 1855.—Here we are after a very rough Channel-crossing. The steamer was packed with nearly 300 passengers, and the deck looked, in a few minutes, like a battlefield of sick and groaning. Many children were prostrate with their parents, except a little urchin, whose eyes twinkled with impudence and triumph, and who kept telling his wretched governess that she was 'no sailor.' He looked most amicably at me, as at a kindred spirit, for we two were the only bright spots in the universal gloom. Even my dear husband appeared no exception, for he kept a basin most scrupulously beside him, and most scrupulously empty. . . .

Paris is one great show, the Boulevards

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waving with thousands of flags—French, English, Sardinian, and Turkish—and triumphal arches with huge chandeliers, suspended over the street, which have a magical effect by night. The fine weather, the delicious air, and the holiday garb altogether are irresistible: one could dance and sing with the general hilarity.

Aug. 24.—We spent some hours in the Palais des Beaux-Arts yesterday, very much delighted with the French school, and recognising their truly great men, among whom Horace Vernet is foremost. The battle scenes from Versailles, which I have only heard mentioned as 'acres of canvas,' are masterpieces of truth and reality, and I could hardly turn away from them: the incidents have no mock sentimentality, but that kind of untheatrical interest which seems to bring all the terrible life in the Crimea vividly before you.

Last night the Prefect gave a grand ball to Her Majesty and 15,000 other people at the Hôtel de Ville: invitations for us had been sent to London, but had they reached us here we should not have dreamt of going. However, we started in a carriage to see the illuminations. It was past 8 o'clock, and the stream of carriages

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had already set in for the Rue Rivoli, which leads, in an unbroken line of architectural splendour, past the Tuileries, Louvre, &c., to the Hôtel de Ville. Of course the carriages were to keep in one line, and the people on the trottoirs; but they had not English police to deal with. Plenty of gendarmes and Gardes de Paris were there, the one on foot, the other on horseback; but their insignificance in the eyes of the people was amusing. Instead of one line (in which we were gradually moving), carriages came galloping in the forbidden centre, and, when three or four were past, the police ran after the fifth perhaps, with 'Où allez-vous?' the carriage not slackening pace a bit for them; and while the police were trying to catch one, four or five more coolly galloped past the astonished dignitaries. Then horse- and foot-police scolded and bullied each other, and 'Pourquoi diable?' and 'Sacré!' were bandied about; and while the police were thus engaged, as many more carriages as liked got by, and helped to make the confusion worse. We exchanged some pharisaical sentiments about doing such things better than our neighbours. Meanwhile the case began to look serious, for, instead of one line, there were four; the people, who

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were always running across in defiance of all police, running still; women and children diving between the carriages, which completely filled the breadth of the street. The illuminations thickened and brightened as we approached the Hôtel de Ville; but, what with the crowd and the heat, the effect of so much burning matter, however clever and beautiful, was almost demoniacal—as if none but fiends could try to make heat hotter still. The open air was almost suffocating. Half the carriages, with the ladies in diamonds and full dress, were open, which had a most elegant effect, for it was now light as day, the array of gas and twinkling red, blue, and white eyes, which covered every object below, being topped up by an electric light on the summit of the tower of the old Church of St. Jacques, to which another solemn globe of white intensity on the Hôtel de Ville corresponded. Above all was an almost full moon in the purest deep sky. As we drew nearer, the crush became tremendous, and the populace assumed a riotous and brutal aspect—forcing each other forward, till men and women clung shrieking to the carriage door to keep themselves off the wheels. Escape there was none: it would have been impossible to turn into

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a side street, for every street end was a mass of people by no means peaceable in look or conduct. Thus on we crept, and at length came in view of the great blazing front of that most beautiful building, the splendour of which was comparatively extinguished by obelisks, two and two—in front and opposite it—of fire: these were composed of lamps, as a clipped yew is of leaves—forming a solid cone every way—at least twenty feet high, and the carriages which passed by them seemed going to be roasted. However, this we avoided, for, instead of turning in the sweep to the temporary porch, which blazed with pillars, capitals, and pediments in lines of fire, we drove straight on; and soon, finding the crowd less dense, dived to the left into a street, which brought us home by back ways. The whole was done in two hours, and we did not grudge the fatigue.

Aug. 28.—Yesterday we determined to make an attempt to see our Queen pass, so we drove to the Boulevards close to the Triumphal Arch—fast filling with soldiers. We were there by half-past nine, and were recommended to take chairs and sit till the Queen came. But from some

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tyrannical stupidity, of which one sees much here, the people were forbidden to have any chairs on the shady side, and were allowed to sit only in the broad sun. However, Her Majesty was to come by ten o'clock, and the morning was beautifully fresh, so I thought I could weather it. Here we sat waiting; and it grew hotter and hotter, and the soldiers were at first our only amusement. A crowd by degrees gathered, chiefly of the lower classes—women principally—quite respectable, though they wrangled and quarrelled incessantly. From time to time there was a report of the Queen's coming, and people stood on their chairs, and saw well over the soldiers: but then came an odious gendarme, who insisted on everybody's standing down; and though the crowd cheated him as often as his back was turned, yet he was perpetually hectoring and blustering, and pulling them down. After screaming 'Descendez! descendez!' to all around us, he turned like a tiger to me, and said 'Et vous aussi, Madame: mais descendez, je vous dis.' This enchanted the crowd, for all the time I stood only on the ground, not having mounted anything, and the laughter never ceased:—'Il veut couper les jambes à Madame.' 'Madame n'a pas besoin

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d'une chaise.' 'Je voudrais être grande comme Madame.'

At last the guns of the Tuileries announced the departure of the cortège, and soon came the glittering throng—military in abundance—then carriages, with some gold and two horses first: then carriages, with more gold and four horses, in one of which sat Colonel Phipps and Miss Hillyard, the governess: then more gold and splendour and six horses, with the Prince of Wales, Prince Napoleon, and Lords Breadalbane and Clarendon: and then a kind of climax of splendour, gold lace and trappings, outriders, servants, prancing horses (each led by a footman by a strap of gold), and a shining vehicle, in which sat the pretty, youthful-looking, best of queens—with her little girl beside her, and Prince Albert opposite, the Emperor facing the Princess Royal. It was a striking moment—the mere fact of our Queen going in state through the Boulevards of Paris—the mere fact of that glorious 'God save the Queen' brayed and clashed aloud by a thousand instruments. . . .

We shall be thankful to leave Paris, the heat is so intense, and the stir and noise so unceasing. There is something in the build of Paris which

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increases noise; the streets are so narrow and deep, and the courtyards too, that the commonest noise resounds, and the slapping back of the venetians in the evening is quite horrible to tired nerves.

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CHAPTER XXI

1855

LEAVING Paris on August 30, 1855, for Carlsruhe, the Eastlakes stopped a few hours at Strasburg *en route*, in order to pay another visit to that matchless Cathedral, which (Lady Eastlake writes) 'somehow impressed me more this time than before. The old painted glass, which abounds in it, can only be called sublime, and proves—what Waagen has advanced and Ruskin denied—the power of mere colour to touch the emotions. Yet side by side, and especially in the noble window over the great entrance, are the most hideous specimens of modern painted glass, equally without a merit as without an excuse.'

From Carlsruhe she writes :—

The country coming here is pretty—cultivated plains and beautiful mountains—but the toiling peasantry are always a mournful picture, and one looks in vain for any signs of those classes who should live among them and care for them. One squalid village of the poor succeeds another, and ruins of feudal castles have not

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been replaced by their only and proper successors —the country gentlemen's seats.

The picture gallery is a collection of wretched, ostentatious rubbish, with a few good pictures, of which the authorities seem quite unaware, for they are stuck in bad places, and are dirty and neglected. No connoisseurship has reached Carlsruhe—or anything else, for I never saw such a slow-coach of a place, with not even the recommendation of good coffee! But it teems with pianos, which I hear being played in all directions.

Further extracts from the letters are given, describing the remainder of the tour, which was continued through Italy, a week being spent at Gais, in Switzerland:—

Gais, Sept. 2.—On the way here we stayed one night at Friederichshafen, and went to a large dirty hotel, where we were given damp sheets and fleas—the one supposed to counteract the other. However, we have taken no harm, and the next day it was some comfort to look out on the broad Lake of Constance, on which we embarked at ten o'clock, going to Rorschach, where we took carriage for this place. As our road lay uphill, the blue lake rose higher and broader

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behind us, and it was an hour before we lost its beautiful company. But there was enough to keep us interested in the character of the scenery: not grand, but fine enough for cockneys —so deliciously varied and cultivated as to be a feast both to eye and mind. Here the contrast between the Swiss and the German peasant was obvious. Here there was unflagging industry, but independence too—his toil bringing him not only enough, but to spare; for the villages showed both comforts and luxuries, the cleanliness and prettiness of the houses being quite refreshing after the German villages. The people also were well dressed and cheerful-looking, with their bright greetings both to our driver and to us.

We arrived here at 5 o'clock—almost 3,000 feet above the sea. Gais is noted for its goats' whey, which professes to cure weak lungs, delicate throats, &c.; and the air itself is famed for salubrity. Surrounded as we are with meadows like green velvet, over which rise Alps of considerable grandeur, I can believe in any good results. We do nothing but congratulate ourselves on our good fortune in coming to this place.

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Bergamo, Sept. 13.—Here we are in Italy, with all that God has created to be lovely, and man has made disgusting: the land of sapphire skies and opal lakes; of the vine, the fig-tree, the olive, the myrtle; of lies, cheating, and deceit; of filthy houses and hideous old women. The contrast is the greater on coming from a place like Gais, where we were served with a truth, honesty, and cleanliness, which I quite foresaw would spoil us the more for all a traveller must encounter in this perverted paradise.

We slept at Coire on the night of the 10th, and were off in the diligence at five next morning. The scenery was all new to us, as we had passed through it last year in deep night with snow falling. The ascent did not begin at once, but only an occasional hill, till we came to the *Via Mala*, of which we had heard so much. It was like entering a crack in a high mountain—the gorge so narrow as to contain nothing but the road and the pent-up Rhine, the former blasted out of the walls of granite, and frequently passing through tunnels. We were at once in a new world, in the very bowels of the everlasting hills. Splendid spruce firs towered up below us, and

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hung above us, starting from the sheer walls of rock, which defied hand or foot of man to reach. Higher we crept, and narrower grew the way, and more tremendous the heights and the depths. We had all turned out to walk, and came presently to a bridge across the chasm, which showed us the boiling stream below, so pent up, that the trees—great timber monsters—which had fallen ages ago, and are always falling from age or accident, lay there in the chasm of rock, lengthways, their mere thickness of stem making them too large to pass. There they lay mouldering—the stream a thousand feet or more beneath them—in a space apparently not above two feet wide. A stone thrown down made one sick to watch: it travelled down and down, like Satan in 'Paradise Lost,' in unfathomable space, as we hung over the gulf on the slight but safe bridge of man's making. From this bridge to another, the scenery was all of this awful nature, and I was not sorry to be out of it. It was nine o'clock before we reached the Splügen Inn, where began the sharp ascent with zigzags—the scenery barren and bleak—leaving all vegetation behind, except magnificent thistles and splendid larkspurs. We could but admire the grand

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engineering of the road; we did not appear to be on such very steep roads, yet we were astonished at the depths we left below us, and at the inaccessible points which we gradually attained. In due time we came to the level of the snow, and recognised the spots over which we had passed under such horrible and trying circumstances. As we proceeded, we saw large heaps of white marble—lying glistening like loaf sugar—broken up to mend the road, which itself, by its adamantine hardness, showed that it was made truly of powdered marble.

At length we came to the Austrian frontier post, where the horses shook their bells, and began to trot, and a new stream started in the downhill race before us. We then reached the wretched Austrian Custom-house, where idle, dirty, smoking, officials stood lazying against the door-posts, keeping poor Italian peasants—half-naked and quite brutalised—waiting to have their carts of barrels of wine examined. The Italian side is much the steeper, the precipices far more awful, the zigzags horrible, the turns tremendously sudden—our five horses in the fastest trot, the great lumbering vehicle swinging and creaking round the corners. The descent seemed never

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to cease, and I must confess that I covered my eyes at many a place I saw coming. Even when we quitted the fir-trees, and reached the old gnarled chestnuts—magnificent in their weather-beaten strength—it was all pitching down head-foremost.

By six o'clock we got to Campo Dolcino—a miserable Italian village, where we changed horses, and were kept waiting unusually long. However, in time we started again, but had not driven a mile when a boy hailed the diligence, and said coolly '*C' è un sasso.*' We fancied that there might be a stone in one of the horses' feet, or the wheel cogged with one; but a stone was a very wrong word to apply to the huge rock, which had fallen from the precipice above and lay on the road, as big as the diligence itself, impossible to pass. It was fresh down, and I could but feel that the delay at Campo Dolcino had providentially saved us from a worse fate than that of being delayed. But still, what was to be done? Our postilion and our *conducteur* got out and looked at it, and men came up and did the same: then there came beggars, and children, and dogs, and all looked at it. Men poked at it with umbrellas—they might as well have poked at the Splügen itself.

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After a time poles were brought, and there were long pulls and strong pulls and pulls all together; and though it grew dark and much time elapsed, yet at length the great monster was driven inch by inch to the side, and we had just room to grind past. Chiavenna, which we reached after this delay, is, as its name imports, the *chiave* or key to the pass, and stands exactly at the foot. Here we heard the news of the fall of Sebastopol, which made us long to be either in London or Paris.

We woke to a lovely sky next morning—the old blue which I have seen nowhere else—and started early for Colico, passing through scenery which rain had utterly concealed last year, with a sky which was scenery enough in itself. At Colico (renowned for malaria, beggars, and misery), which we reached next morning, we took the Lake Como steamer. The scenery justified its reputation—even the small part of it which we saw: it was ideal in beauty—great mountains clothed to the top with all the luxuriance of vine, fig-tree, and chestnut—with the indescribably beautiful lines and colours of the cypress turning all into a picture; dotted with campaniles, villages, and gorgeous palaces; and seamed with streaming

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waterfalls. And the sun shed such glories over parts, lighting up promontories and dells with gold, while the water was more than emerald in colour. But our passage was short, as we had to land at Varenna. The balcony of our hotel there overlooked the whole lake with its splendid mountains and promontories; a storm was brewing, and such colours came out—violet, and blue, and bronze (never black)—as the lightning broke forth on each side of us, and the thunder thumped about among the hills.

When one is indoors, Italy is a purgatory—when out of doors, a paradise: one forgets all annoyances in the glories around—the soft intensity of the sky, and the brilliancy of every object.

Milan, Sept. 19.—My dear husband is (between ourselves) in full treaty for some *prizes*, and has more prospect of getting what is really grand and fine than we could have expected. But this requires much patience, and prudence, and caution. Last year he made acquaintances which now serve his purpose, and we are taken to one palace after another—such enormous structures, splendid and comfortless. Most of the owners are needy and in debt; and now these late Paris

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fêtes are likely to play into our hands for Dukes, &c., &c., are returning with more than empty pockets, and glad to have good prices for things, which, in their opinion, any modern daub will replace.

Yesterday we made an expedition to the Certosa of Pavia. We were off early, through what Murray truly calls 'Flemish scenery'; for straight roads, through straight rows of trees (Lombardy poplars), and by the side of straight canals, were certainly Flemish: but the canals are all swift-running streams, which in great measure account for the verdure and cultivation. But then there was the sapphire sky above, vines and fig-trees mingling with the wayside trees, and an occasional campanile tower which, like a cypress, always gives the picturesque. We reached the place in rather less than three hours, and passed through an archway brilliant with frescoes—cherubs, &c.—by Luini, which I instantly recognised for one of those in Grüner's book.[1] Nor was this the only reminiscence; for the nave of the church of the Certosa was full of portions which I recognised. Nothing can be more truthful than Grüner's versions are, and also his direc-

[1] See footnote, vol. i. p. 150.

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tions for colour. The Certosa itself is an immense monastery, the church of which, dedicated to the Virgin, is a miracle of art and pomp. The façade is of different-coloured marble, on a groundwork of white marble, with hardly an unwrought niche. The only drawback in my eyes was the sight of two wasps' nests ensconced in some filigree relief, round which my favourite enemies were very busy. *I* could not go—no woman being permitted—further than the nave, or into the chapels which cluster down each side, or into the choir, which looked as tempting as most forbidden ground, or more so. But through the grilles much can be seen, and there is a regular lady's corner, which the sacristan points out, whence the pictures on each chapel altar can be seen: the beautifully painted ceilings are seen without difficulty.

We got back by five o'clock, and then went to dine with the Castellearcas. We were shown up wide, rough stone stairs, and went through commonish rooms—all 'en suite'—till we came to a large gallery, where the old Count met us. He is a kind-looking old gentleman, but, like most Italians, affected great negligence of toilette, and perfectly succeeded—having on most unmitigated old clothes, and not a particularly clean shirt,

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He has an immense number of pictures, very few of which are genuine except in his own estimation, and in that of another old gentleman, as kind-looking as, and rather shabbier than, himself, whom we took at first for his brother, but who turned out to be his head servant. From the gallery, full of soi-disant Raphaels, Leonardos, and Michael Angelos, we went through room after room—all full of pictures, and all increasing in beauty and richness of furniture and objects of *vertu*. The rooms appeared numberless, and, instead of ending, they debouched into another gallery—far larger and more magnificent than the first, with everything truly *en prince*. Then we went downstairs, and again through a suite of beautiful rooms to a large salon, where the Countess, a little old lady—eagle-eyed, and -nosed too—received us with true courtesy. Then through further rooms to dinner, which was in excellent style. Everything was exquisitely cooked, and we were obliged to eat more than we wanted, as some things had to be eaten because they were Italian, and others because our host hoped they were English.

Pisa, Sept. 26.—We left Parma at five o'clock last Monday morning (only the day before yester-

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day, but it seems a week ago) in lovely weather, the moon setting and the dawn brightening—and found ourselves in a decently comfortable carriage with three horses, which rattled away at a capital pace. The first place we stopped at was Formoso, a miserable roadside inn: thence the ascent of the Apennines began, and our front horse was detached, and two stout oxen yoked on before the pair. There was no beauty on that side of the great chain of mountains, except that airy colouring which an Italian atmosphere gives to the bleakest or foulest things. This was indeed bleak, no part covered with vegetation, and many parts utterly bare of it. The great arid rocks, burnt red in places, and the stony beds of dry torrents reminded me of Eastern scenes; but the airy plains we had left behind looked like a sea of light, of which it was impossible to see the boundary line for the glow which wrapped heaven and earth. The ascent was not very steep, and the zigzags not sharp, but the road was bad, and everything bespoke Parmesan bad government and neglect, so that it does not appear that the Duchess Regent has made up for the misrule of her blockhead husband. The very railing to the road was so rotten that it was

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toppling over the precipices, and the telegraph poles were without wires. I never saw a region more uninviting and desolate, and, when a human dwelling was seen, it wrung one's heart to think that any fellow-creature should live and die in such a place. About noon we stopped for two hours at a village called Cassio—worse than anything I had seen, except always an Estonian inn, which by comparison outdoes even the worst Italian accommodation. The pass thence was very long, though not high—3,400 feet—not quite half the Splügen; and we wound along upon a ridge between two amphitheatres of mountain scenery, which by degrees assumed a more clothed aspect when we entered a forest of cork-trees. The cork-tree is an oak, with a more indented leaf and lighter in colour, and with the bark far coarser and larger in its roughness. The bark and branches seemed equally in request, for many were mere pollards, and others great stems stripped of all boughs. Then we reached the Col Cisa—the height of the pass—the gloom of which was increased by occasional charcoal-burners' sheds. Here the Parmesan Government required, for the safety of its wretched subjects, that we should be fumigated; so we entered the one

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miserable house, and stood in a room where some diabolical compound sent up its fumes, and then we were released.

From this point we began to rattle down through groves of magnificent sweet chestnuts, laden with fruit enough to supply the world; while the grand mountains opposite to us, with red and purple clouds tumbling among them, were evidently clothed from top to bottom with the same trees; every tree was a picture, and there were millions of them.

About seven o'clock we caught sight of the domes and towers of Pontremoli—stately and imposing, as the commonest Italian town looks at a distance, though desolate too, as it stood upon the wide, flat, dry bed of a river, the Magra itself being dried to the smallest span. Here we were evidently great wonders, for the whole ragged population came out and followed the carriage as we entered the filthy narrow defile of the street. Here we were stopped again, and requested to purify ourselves before entering the immaculate precincts of Pontremoli: so the fumigation was gone through again, and we were allowed to depart in peace to our inn. This was an odd-looking place, with open yard and court, like all. There was not a

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creature to meet us, and it was now quite dark. We called and shouted '*Cameriere!*' (waiter) and our vetturino added his stentorian voice, and a few oaths and 'Madonnas.' After a time an old woman appeared with a light, and seemed unfeignedly surprised at our advent: we followed her upstairs, past a man who sat fast asleep, into very decent rooms. Here a sort of waiter appeared with a melancholy face, who asked an unheard-of price for the rooms, and then excused himself by saying that they had not had a soul at their inn for thirty-five days, owing to '*il maledetto colēra*,' which they pronounce thus, and render masculine. We got a sort of supper—nothing but bread and a few potatoes being eatable. Then we took to our beds, which, to our surprise, were clean. We started next morning at four o'clock in the dark, for the hills hid the moon, and an intense fog came on. By seven o'clock the sun began to sweep the fog away, and to reveal hills clad with every luxuriance of southern vegetation. Then we entered little Modena, which of course required a fresh purification; and then, by eight o'clock, Piedmont. Here an instant change was perceptible; the Custom House officials were clean, and not

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smoking, and when offered the usual fee refused it. The road instantly mended, the people were better dressed, the cultivation of the land wore quite a different aspect. Here we saw all the glories of Italy together—the fig, the vine, the olive, the chestnut, and the stone-pine—and with all these, the blackberry and the furze bush. By nine o'clock we reached Sarzana, which appeared Paradise, being a really clean hotel, where the best of coffee and milk, with fresh fish from the Mediterranean, soon disappeared before our ravenous appetites. We perceived the vicinity to white marble quarries, for all thresholds and door-stalls were of that material. Leaving Sarzana, we passed through one beauty after another—mountains of chestnuts and olives, crowned with stately towns—just as one sees in the backgrounds of Poussin, of whom and of Claude we were reminded at every step. We went close to a great fortress in ruins, of brick, with bands of sculptured marble. Every little house was half-built of white marble—steps, archways, window-frames, &c., even the posts which bordered the road, while high above towered the great marble mountains, hard and white against the woods out of which they rose, and still whiter and harder

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against the lapis lazuli sky. By this time it was very hot, but still we were not prepared for the great cactuses, or for the glorious orange trees—fruit and leaves dark green alike—which grew in the principal *Place* of the little town of Carrara. From this we crossed a small mountainous pass, thick with the chestnut trees overhead, and with arbutus, laurel, myrtle in full flower, cyclamen, and many other gorgeous plants unknown to me below. Then, as we came downhill, there lay before us a blue line, with the Gulf of Spezia in a soft curve—the first view of the Mediterranean, never to be forgotten. Indeed, the day was one succession of excitements, to be judged of only by those to whom this fairest of lands is known. The mere shadow of an olive grove has a charm which I can't describe; there is something so pure and peaceful and feminine in its gentle soft grey masses (which look as if one could stroke them like feathers), covering the hills with a cool veil, and beautiful alike against the strong, fresh, green chestnuts, or against rock or sky. We drove for hours through groves to which we could see no boundary. The entrance into Tuscany only continued the same scenery. The Tuscans are an industrious race, and the farmhouses were

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comfortable things to look at; they are quite a different people from the wretched Lombards and Parmesans. We changed horses at Pietra Santa, a beautiful spot with a capital hotel, and were speeding on again—thunderstorms all around us—finding the roads soaked with rain, which fortunately we were following, so that we had all the refreshment and none of the inconvenience. Again we crossed a low mountain, and saw the globe of the sun set in the Mediterranean. We arrived about seven o'clock at Lucca, where we spent the night. The next day we were driving about seeing Fra Bartolommeo and the painters of his school in grand churches, many of them built of heathen amphitheatres and temples. In the afternoon we were off to Pisa, where there was just time to profit by one of the finest evenings that can be imagined, so we climbed the leaning tower. It is far more out of perpendicular than I had supposed, and far more beautiful: entirely of white marble, save where inlaid with black, and elegant and light to perfection. The effect in mounting the stairs was odd—one way easy enough, but the other labouring against the double difficulty of the ascent and the downward slope. Altogether

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there was a great sense of insecurity; and, once upon the top, everything looked wrung from it. But not the Mediterranean, which lay so grandly before us, with the islands of La Gorgone, Caprera, Elba, and Corsica resting upon it, and Leghorn seen on one side. Indeed, the view was matchless.

Florence, Oct. 4.—It would be in vain to tell you all the sights of Florence: the only drawback has been two successive holidays, which have shut up all the public buildings—however, we filled up even those days with business. A month would not be long enough to show me all in this inexhaustible treasury of all that is curious and beautiful. I almost think that I must let Florence take a place before Venice, at least I fancy so till I see my beloved Venice again.

Florence, Oct. 11.—Here we are still, from reasons of business of a rather vexatious nature. The laws here, as in Russia, are meant to be evaded; but Englishmen, and especially one like my husband, naturally begin by acting according to them, and are punished for their upright dealing by every kind of annoyance. Our business concerns a very important picture, and my hus-

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band wished that every formality should be complied with. They are so shamefully indifferent here about the preservation of their works of art, that the most glorious things are allowed to perish from sheer contempt and ill-treatment. It would wring the commonest artistic heart to see the most precious specimens of their best time dying a lingering death in their filthy churches—all defiled and bespattered, stuck through with hundreds of nails and even of pins, with the dust and drought of centuries upon them. Such a long-suffering picture by Ghirlandajo, one of the giants of the olden time, Sir Charles has been in treaty for more than a twelvemonth—before we came out last year—and on arriving here the purchase was duly completed. It is a picture in a church belonging to the priests and congregation. The offer made by my husband was most liberal, and the treaty was carried on between him and the Venerable 'Signor Canonico Penitenziere'—a magnificent old man—in the most courteous way. The offer was accepted, and the Canonico obtained the consent of the 'Congregazione,' and of the Archbishop, the more readily because the money was to be devoted to found a charitable institution. The consent of the Pope to sell

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the picture for that purpose had been obtained beforehand. Then the consent of the Academy was got, and then that of the Government; but by that time the Academy had found out that it was destined for the English National Gallery, and vowed that such a treasure—a picture of the highest importance—could not be allowed to leave the country. In short, all permission was withdrawn, and the Canonico and the Congregazione thrown into despair. It so happened, that we were just going to dine with Lord and Lady Normanby (he the English Minister) when this news reached us; and as my husband has a letter from Lord Clarendon to all ministers and consuls to assist him in any difficulty, he took it at once, and has set his Lordship to work to overrule, if possible, the intrigues of the Academy. But all this takes time, and though we have waited three days, we seem no nearer the end. However, priests and congregation, and Archbishop, and Pope all make common cause with us, and with Lord Normanby besides—so there is little doubt of the final result. The priests promise to sell it to no one else, and least of all to the Government, which only offers half the amount. At first I went to good old Count Buonarotti, who is one of

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the ministers; but it is not his department, and though he kindly said he would do his best, he warned me to 'expect nothing from Italians,' and to rely on Lord Normanby entirely. The Countess has been most honest between her English and Italian sympathies, but she knows the nature of the laws, and only laments that Sir Charles ever paid them the compliment of complying with them. Certainly my husband will never try that plan again, but will do as all private purchasers do, and smuggle what they are not allowed to pass honestly. The picture is in such a wretched state, that it will require much time and expense to put it in order. The zeal for its retention, which they now show out of jealousy, had not prevented them from letting the picture perish by inches—all the *predella* pictures stolen and vanished, frame gone, and itself sure to disappear in time. It is worse than the dog in a manger, for the object in question is never to be replaced, and they won't even take care of it. Plenty of glorious things are ruined too far to be ever repaired.

Florence, Oct. 13.—To-day we have been driving about to churches, and to the gallery, and have formed a tolerable idea of the native painters.

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The old Bolognese—Francia and his school—are always charming; but the Carracci and all their tribe are not calculated to interest the English of the present day, when affectation and mere mechanical facility are out of fashion. I am fairly bitten with all the true pre-Raphaelites—nowhere to be found in such grandeur as at Florence—and I shall be truly proud if we succeed both in rescuing some examples, and in introducing them into England, where already there are a chosen few who adore them. My husband has heard from Lord Normanby that his first appeal to the chief minister had met with a negative, on the score of the Government attaching too much importance to this poor, defaced Ghirlandajo to be able to give it up to oblige him. He had, therefore, made a second and far stronger appeal, which he hardly thought they could resist. Also he begged my husband to send the old 'Canonico' straight to him, so that he might know every particular. We hope, therefore, for the best. This transaction has given us but a poor opinion of the honesty of the Tuscan Government. The reason for the whole lies in the spite and ignorance of the Director of the Academy, a man, we hear, without the slightest knowledge of art, under whose

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régime everything is neglected. He is jealous of anyone who knows more than himself. Sir Charles's choice of the picture has proved to him that it is one of value; and though, had the choice not been made, he would have let it perish with perfect indifference, yet he now affects a zeal for the preservation of it for the Florence gallery, and, as he is a trumpery marquis, all the ministers think themselves bound to support him. He has gone the length of making them all believe, as they are as ignorant as he is himself, that this is the only specimen of the master left in Tuscany. In answer to this, Sir Charles has supplied Lord Normanby with a list of other examples, scattered through Florence, Lucca, &c., neglected by and unknown to the Government, though Murray's 'Handbook' and many other English sources proclaim them to us. Also the 'Canonico' expects to prove that the picture is the church's entire property, independent of the Government, in which case they need not even give their ungracious consent.

These few weeks have greatly improved my Italian, and I begin to ask, scold, &c., for myself, which is very agreeable. It is so simple a language, and the little I heard of it in my youth so

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far accustomed my ear to it, that I understand almost all I hear, and the far easier part of learning to speak is all that remains. We see a good deal of a certain class of men, namely, picture dealers—not educated, but sharp and 'cute. Poor devils! they are the only class who know anything of art, and they have a native drollery which sends us into fits. Some are fine-hearted creatures, honest, and would be generous if they could; but the majority are sly and intriguing, and require such a cautious character as my husband to be their match.

I don't yet know which is the most interesting class: I should think not the higher one, and certainly not the young people. The young ladies are prudes till they are married, and anything you please after; the young men lead a mere empty cigar life. Most of the upper classes are immensely Russian, thinking Russia the most enlightened and injured country.

This land is so lovely and fertile, and so little improved. There is not a fruit or vegetable that we should not be ashamed of—mere wild, tasteless sorts, and those always plucked before they are ripe. It is impossible to cure the people of this

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habit. The very potatoes are so bad that they are not wholesome: at Lord Normanby's table I saw some very fine ones—in fact, the finest I ever saw or tasted, so I asked their origin, and he told me they were English, greatly improved by the magnificent Italian soil in his own garden. And there are such lovely gardens, belonging to almost every good house we entered, grown wild with every luxuriant plant and creeper. I can imagine nothing more delightful than an Italian house, kept and cleaned in an English way, in the heart of one of these interesting cities, and with a high-walled garden—the very walls with bits of Luca della Robbia and majolica, or, at all events, beautifully moulded brickwork in them.

Venice, Oct. 18.—We reached Ferrara about noon on the 14th, and our eyes were soon opened to the real present character of this renowned spot. It is a deserted place, with everything going fast to ruin, including buildings of the highest interest. The grass grows thick in the streets, and on the church and house walls, on window sills, and thresholds, and upon the people too, for they seemed as stagnant as their town. The buildings are splendid—the Cathedral

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an unfinished mass of stone tracery—no end of palaces with the most sumptuous architectural decorations, either in stone or the far more beautiful terra-cotta—all crumbling and crumbled away. And in the centre, in a totally different style and character, the stern, strong castle, with turrets and towers, and a moat still full of water round it, looking like the most despotic tyrant, and quite ruining the little faith I was ever disposed to place in the elegance and civilisation of its Alfonsos and Leonoras. No wonder Tasso went mad in Ferrara, even in its best days. The deserted wretchedness of the city, standing in a flat marsh which the Po, with any of its *scherzi*, can convert into a lake, so struck us that we had but one wish—to get away from it. The school of painters is original, but far less interesting than we had expected. In fact, the pictures that remained had, like the rest of Ferrara, been allowed to drop to pieces; and, though they have been furbished up to deck a public gallery, which is twenty times too big for them—such an old granary of a palace—yet they had been too far ruined ever to recover. House-rent in Ferrara I should think is nothing. The only tempting things in the place were the gardens attached to

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every old ruin, which, as an old picture-dealer told us, are as big as a country seat. Next day we turned our backs most gladly on the city of Ariosto and Tasso, coming by Padua to our beloved Venice.

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CHAPTER XXII

1856–1858

SETTLED in London again for the winter, Lady Eastlake wrote a paper on 'Modern Painters' for the 'Quarterly Review' (March 1856), taking for her text the first three volumes of Mr. Ruskin's book. In this she 'endeavours to show and to refute his elementary errors regarding the principles and purposes of Art.'

One great proof (she writes), were there no other, of the falseness of Mr. Ruskin's reasoning is its quantity. . . . . As regards quantity, however, it is easy to foresee that Mr. Ruskin will always have the advantage. Nature has given him the mechanism of thinking in a most peculiar degree. The exercise of this faculty, which is always more or less an exertion and strain to other minds, is none to his, and no wonder; for sophistry travels on roads where, however much dust, there are neither stones nor tolls. Though, therefore, the broad false principles he has laid down may be easily refuted, yet

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it may be doubted whether any mind will have the patience to follow all the windings of one, who thinks equally without conscience and weariness. A man may attack iron bars, oak doors, or stone walls, and hope with energy and perseverance to break his way through; but to follow a thin thread, which leads him through twisting and slippery paths, and is always snapping at an honest touch, requires a strength of nerve and tenacity of purpose, which Mr. Ruskin's writings will hardly inspire, or their refutation reward.

The letters during this period contain but little of public interest; only a few extracts, therefore, are given from those written from London in May and June 1856.

May 2.—My husband was summoned yesterday to attend the Queen at the Royal Academy. She brought seven children, down to Prince Arthur, who was allowed to come because it was his birthday, and who had been promised a catalogue to himself: his brothers and sisters all teased him when he claimed this, but he paid them out by trying to jump on to their backs, which the Queen soon stopped. All was natural and simple—the little ones holding on to her

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skirt, and she saying, 'Children, you are always in the way.'

May 3.—Yesterday's Private View was very interesting. The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland were there, always polite and kind; dear old Lady Morley rattling away, and Lady Somers more beautiful than anything or anybody else. The account of the pictures in the 'Times' is nonsense: in most cases the exact reverse of what they say may be taken as the truth. Paton's picture of a soldier, one-armed, footsore, and ragged, returned home, and the mixed emotions of wife and mother, is *the* picture: few came away from it with dry eyes. It is a superb thing. Millais also stands very high.

May 9.—Our dinner-party here last night was a lively one—Lord Glenelg, Count Streletzki, Baron and Lady and Miss Alderson, Mr. and Mrs. Archer Clive, Mr. and Mrs. Holland, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Reeve, Dean of St. Paul's and Mrs. Milman. Lord Glenelg is a charming old man, and Baron Alderson and Streletzki were ridiculously funny one against the other. Baron Alderson tells me I may murder Sir Charles when I like, for capital punishment for ladies is now abolished, as we could never hope to excel that

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dreadful Celestina Sumner in the art, and she is only transported for life. . . .

We were off to the Queen's Ball soon after eleven o'clock. I was full of anticipations about the new ball-room and other rooms, but they far exceeded my expectations. The decorations of the ball-room are exquisite, the lighting most original and beautiful, and the raised crimson seats (three deep) round three sides of the vast apartment, all that can be desired both to look at, when filled with gorgeously dressed figures, and to look from. They command the whole view of the great centre for dancing, and of the Queen's circle at the end of the room. Her throne is placed under an arch splendidly decorated. We were enchanted with the taste of the room, but heard the most ignorant stuff about it. One gentleman of high standing, who shall be nameless, lamented to my husband that better artists had not been employed to design the twenty-four Hours—female figures on a dark-blue ground, which go round the walls about two-thirds the height up. Sir Charles heard him out, and then said: 'Very true, it is a great pity; the designs are only Raphael's.' Another abused the introduction of the ornamental frieze of griffins above

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the Hours, as being taken from Nineveh, when there is hardly a decorated hall in Italy in which the griffin does not occur: and so on, simply finding fault à la Ruskin. I said to Lord Overstone: 'Now surely you are not going to criticise this room?' He said: 'I may criticise what is another's, but I shouldn't if it were my own.'

We soon had an opportunity of paying our homage to Her Majesty, by whose side stood the Princess Royal, looking very like her mother in expression and natural manner.

But the thing which attracted most attention, even in the midst of never-ending objects of interest, was the seats of the ambassadors, where Ali Pasha, the Grand Vizier (a magnificent man), and Baron Brunnow sat in the same row. The motley scene, both moral and picturesque, was increased by the negro envoy from Hayti, who, though, as Lord Somers told me, 'awfully snubbed by all the ministers,' held his own very steadily. He is especially a bitter drop in the Americans' cup, and they foresee some embarrassment on public occasions 'when the Yankee will have to walk after the Nigger,' as Hayti came first in time. Later in the evening we came upon Brunnow, who had been, he said, shaken by the

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hand by at least seven hundred friends. His generous welcome by the late enemies of Russia evidently impressed him deeply. He is a plain-shaven, ugly man, but his face is very intellectual. He expressed great gratitude to my husband for the Academy's invitation, which had been the first to reach him on his return. Sir Charles introduced me, and we had some talk about Russian friends.

June 11.—Last night I went to the Monckton Milnes' to meet the Duke and Duchess d'Aumale: it was a most agreeable party. The Duke showed a truly royal memory by instantly recognising me: he afterwards presented me to the Duchess, with whom I had some conversation. Waagen was with me: he knows all these people, and is always at home with them. He was summoned to the Prince of Prussia the other day, and the young man kept him an hour and a half talking of his happiness, and extolling the virtues and talents of our Princess Royal—begging Waagen to contradict anyone who might call it a 'mariage de convenance,' as it was one of the tenderest affection. It is rather amusing and very interesting that we should have heard the same confession, through Mrs. Gandy, from the

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Princess. Our Queen, indeed, deserves that her children should marry as happily as herself.

Owing to her serious illness in August of this year, Lady Eastlake was unable to accompany her husband on his autumn tour, but went instead to Scotland to visit her numerous friends there.

Apparently, the only literary work she did during the winter was an article on 'Photography,' published in the 'Quarterly Review' for March 1857.

Her letters for the next eighteen months have not been preserved, with the exception of a few which she wrote while staying with a married sister at Senhals, on the Moselle, in August 1857. In October she joined her husband at Heidelberg for a trip through Germany and Holland. Her principal occupation after her return to London was preparing an article on Michael Angelo for the 'Quarterly Review' (April 1858).

Having been asked by a dear friend, the Honourable H. Jane Gifford, who was spending a few months at Florence, what should and could be seen there, Lady Eastlake writes (July 1858) a long letter, from which some passages are quoted here, as showing how ready and able she was to give advice and assistance on the, to her, all-important subject of art:—

I know that, when the heart has suffered great affliction, the arts present a soothing neutral ground, from their mingled interest and innocence, which is very welcome. I rejoice to hear

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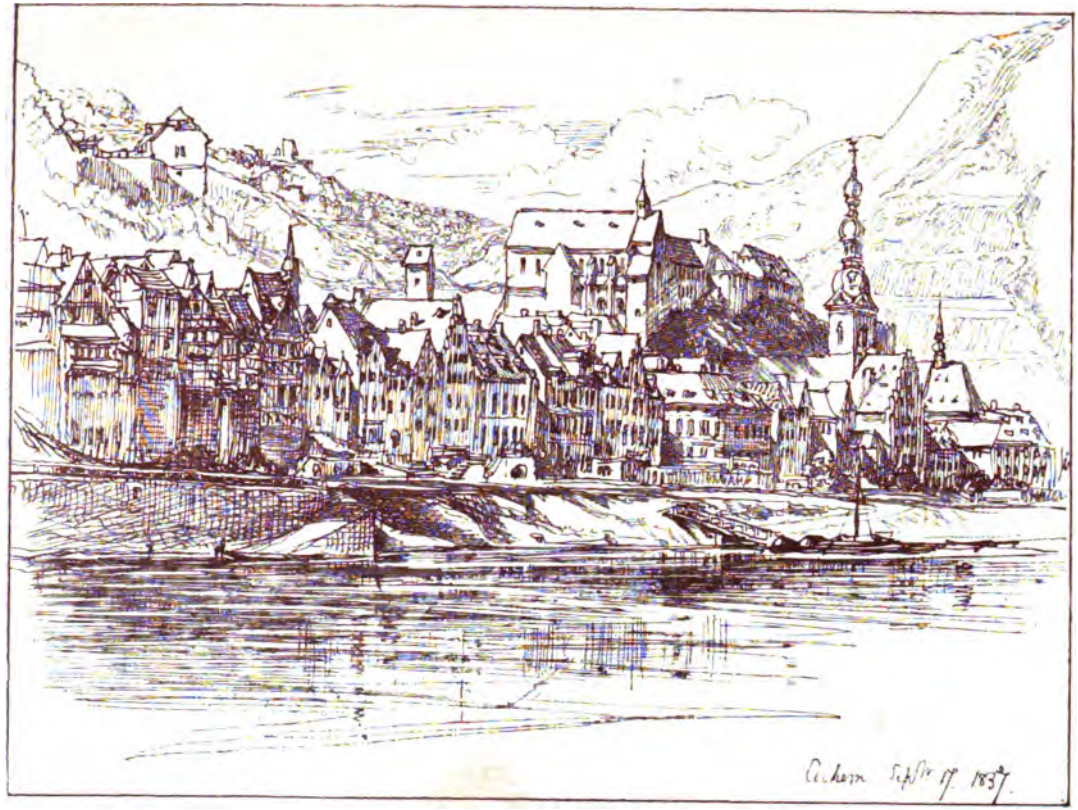

COCHEM, ON THE MOSELLE

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that you are in the midst of them, and can almost envy you the leisure you can devote to them. Nor have I so far forgotten my early days of art-worship as not to know how puzzled one becomes with the very embarrassment of riches.

You are not likely, with Murray's 'Handbook' and 'Kugler,' to omit anything of importance. I can do little more than encourage you, while you are enjoying the very meridian of art in the various specimens of Raphael (his exquisite portraits in the Uffizi and Pitti, as well as his matchless 'Madonna della Seggiola'), to try and fill your heart especially with the grandeur and earnestness of the great four—Sandro Botticelli, Dom. Ghirlandajo, Fra Filippo Lippi, and his son, Filippino Lippi, who constitute the *core* of Florentine art. Their easel pictures—always in tempera—are rare, but comparatively frequent in favoured Florence, and never quite so grand as their frescoes. Those of Ghirlandajo in S. Maria Novella are the right things to study and like more and more. Benozzo Gozzoli, too, is another grand master of that time; there is a small room, frescoed by him, in the Riccardi Palace, well worth seeing, but he is seen—a splendid wreck—at the Campo Santo, Pisa, with grand realistic

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heads and figures, gorgeous architectural backgrounds, and fine animals. At S. Gemignano, too, a short distance from Florence, I understand he is in his glory. . . .

You don't mention the lately discovered 'Last Supper' in the refectory of S. Onofrio, Florence, now restored by the Tuscan Government, and seen, I believe, without trouble. It is a beautiful thing, though not by Raphael as reported; but, according to all connoisseurs, Sir Charles included, by Pinturicchio, his fellow-scholar, whom also you see to advantage at Siena. Then there are small restored rooms by the Ghirlandaji, and by others in the Palazzo Vecchio, if you have any interest to get in there. The old apartments, too, are worth going through. Then Fra Angelico you should adore for his angelic heads (Benozzo Gozzoli was his scholar). Ladies cannot see everything by him at S. Marco, his convent; but they can see his great 'Crucifixion,' which made a deep impression on me.

As to the 'Madonna del Gran Duca,' it is only Raphael's that goes by that name. Modern Florentines are so degenerate that they think far more of a Carlo Dolci, or a Sassoferrato, than they do of their really great masters. Probably

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the Grand Duke does so too. We never heard of the Carlo Dolci: the Raphael of that name, which I know only by engravings, is always reported to be in the private apartments of the Grand Duke.

It is only a few days since I heard from Mrs. Jameson; she said she was going to Rome as soon as the weather became milder. She is a woman of very determined mind, who has worked beyond her strength; this is the side I admire in her. Her great acquirements and most conscientious works I need not allude to, though no one admires them more. She is full of art, and has just been taking great interest in the acquisition of the Lombardi pictures at Florence for the National Gallery.

In August 1858 the Eastlakes went to Rotterdam, Hanover, Turin, Bologna, Florence, Rome, and Genoa. Some of these places Lady Eastlake had already seen, but even about these she finds something fresh to say: Rome, however, was new ground to her.

Rotterdam, Aug. 4, 1858.—We arrived here safely this morning, and after breakfast drove about the town, which is full of bright Dutch beauty. First we visited the Museum, which contains finer pictures than we expected: thence,

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with the nose my husband has for tracking anything of interest, we found our way to the house of an uncle of the late Ary Scheffer, where some beautiful portraits by him exist. Afterwards we went to a collector, who has six most remarkable pictures by this truly great master. This is the place to see him. In both instances the houses were models of comfort and propriety—very large, with narrow fronts, and great depth, and broad shallow stairs.

The heat, though great, is not close, but clear, and the air brilliant beyond description.

Hanover, *Aug.* 7.—Here we are in that vast and lovely territory, which the Electors of Hanover condescended to exchange for our little England! This morning we drove out to a *Schloss*, built by George I. for his mistress, where there were plenty of Stuart portraits, and one of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, the link between this great country and our little island. Then on to Herrenhausen, another *Schloss*, where the King resides—passing a third now being built. At Herrenhausen our Queen is to be received when she passes through. Each of these *Schlösser* has guards of honour, which reminded me of the army in 'Bombastes Furioso.'

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Hanover is a frightful place, a kind of lesser Munich, of the worst modern architecture: all gothic pinnacles and painted glass—many houses with three or four styles mixed. Our hotel is a mixture of an Italian villa, a feudal castle, and a rustic arbour.

Mannheim, Aug. 12.—From Hanover we went to Hildesheim, which is an old town, very picturesque, and but recently thrown open by rail.

In the next room to ours at the inn a few Germans were spending the evening in social, innocent converse, and the yelling and roaring increased as the night wore on. The singing grew more and more drunkenly out of tune, and glasses were smashed, and noises made, which I can hardly imagine in England, even in the lowest public house, without the police interfering. The only difference was that the piano was beautifully played, and as that did not get drunk, its tones remained true all night through. We got to sleep about 4 A.M.—not because the noise ceased, but in spite of it—and heard afterwards that 'die Herren' had never been to bed at all, and probably would not for a week.

We then went on to Brunswick, where we saw some very fine pictures at the gallery. The

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Director showed us about—so handsome a young man that I took greatly to him; but he was no Solomon, and knew nothing of art, and when he took off his hat, I found his head went too and all his beauty was gone. My husband was much amused at me.

We returned to Hanover, and were off next day to Cassel, which is an exceedingly pretty town, situated high, with a fine, airy, verdant view all round. We soon got into the picture gallery, round which we were conducted by the Director, a little old gentleman, who said that no one in those parts cared for the pictures. This gallery and that at Brunswick were formed principally more than a century ago, and thus contain pictures which it would be difficult nowadays to purchase for any money. Imagine twenty-one of the finest Rembrandts, and everything else in proportion—Italian as well as Dutch—and in excellent preservation.

Turin, Aug. 19.—We left Paris (whence I last wrote you) on the 16th by the Geneva line, and arrived at Mâcon that afternoon. The next morning we were off at 5.30 by very slow train, till we came to the frontier of Savoy, a little place called Culoz. Here the scenery began to

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be picturesque, and here we went on board a steamer, long and narrow, which performs a wonderful passage through a tiny branch of the Rhone—so narrow and winding that we touched the banks in some of our turns. This required the nicest steering on the part of several magnificent young fellows, tanned as brown as Moors. This stream pours into the Lac du Bourget, across which we proceeded, landing at a place called St. Innocent, where rail awaited us. This curious river and lake passage, which lasted nearly three hours, ends with this month, when the railway will be completed from Culoz to St. Innocent, thus rendering the journey shorter. We passed through Chambéry, Aix-les-Bains, and finally reached St. Jean de Maurienne, in the midst of Alpine scenery, where for the present the railway ends. From this place we started early next day in a carriage and four, amid the grandest, and, in parts, the most desolate scenes—rocks tumbled about in chaotic style, and a population of dwarfs and crétins, which showed the result of generations of brutal ignorance and dirt. Our first four stages took us to Lanslebourg, ascending the whole way on an excellent road. Care can be taken to improve roads and introduce the newest wonders of

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science, but the wretched blear-eyed mass of dirt by the roadside is left in a state, compared with which an animal in the possession of health is noble.

People say the Mt. Cenis pass has no scenery, but I found it magnificent. The mountains are of the finest forms, loaded with snow above, clothed with woods below, and bright with the gayest of flowers to the top, which we reached about four o'clock : even there hay was being cut. When we began to descend the postilions rattled down in their usual reckless way. The posthouse was a little down the Italian side, and on changing horses we desired the new postilion to drive slowly. He answered, 'Oui, oui, j'irai doucement,' and immediately set off with greater fury than the last, the consequence being that we felt a tremendous jolt, and found the tire of the wheel broken, and catching with every turn on the drag. We turned back to the posthouse, where the postmaster, a fat old porpoise who could hardly breathe, but was determined to cheat as long as he could, said he had no carriage to give us. We asked to look at his printed instructions, for we knew that these postmasters are bound to provide carriages for posting travellers; but he had no

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rules, had never heard of such things. Ultimately he let us have what he said was his own carriage for three napoleons, giving us a receipt signed with his name in a flourish and lots of sand. We could only hope to get our money returned through the director at Susa.

The country soon began to take its indescribable Italian character; chestnut- and fig-trees appeared in masses, lizards shot up the banks, goats stood and butted at one another on the top of a wall a few inches wide, the *campanile* shone gleaming white below us, and every creature we met that was young was beautiful.

On arriving at Susa we at once drove to the Messageries, where we saw the Director, and told our tale. He instantly exclaimed, 'Il faut rendre à ce monsieur son argent ce moment'; called it a 'cochonnerie et une friponnerie sans pareil,' and the three napoleons were in our possession forthwith, with the politest expression of regret. We mentioned that it was the porpoise's own carriage, but the Director said that made no difference—he was bound to supply one, and had no right to charge us 'un obole.' He said we were quite right to pay, as that proved the 'fait détestable, and that the postmaster would now be dismissed

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at once. He begged our pardon for the annoyance, and told us that it was his bounden duty to see that 'les voyageurs soient servis promptement, honorablement, et poliment.' We complimented Piedmont, and thanked him cordially.

Turin is a lovely city, strangely formal—the streets raying out from the principal piazza, as at Carlsruhe—but brilliant in colour, and with grand masses of fantastic architecture, and hills dotted with villas seen at the street ends. Sir James Hudson is away, but has left pictures in his house for us to see, among which was a most remarkable Moretto or Moroni—a splendid thing, belonging to a young English merchant, with whom the bargain was settled in five minutes. It is a great acquisition for our National Gallery, which has nothing by either of those great painters.

Milan, Aug. 22.—This afternoon (we arrived here last night) we have been to see the Cav. Molteni, a secretary to the Academy here, who is famous for his restorations of old pictures. He is a most interesting man of about fifty, high-bred to look at, though the son of a peasant, acutely sensitive to art, honest, honourable, and the wittiest creature. He is adored by numerous friends, who drop in at all times to his studio, and

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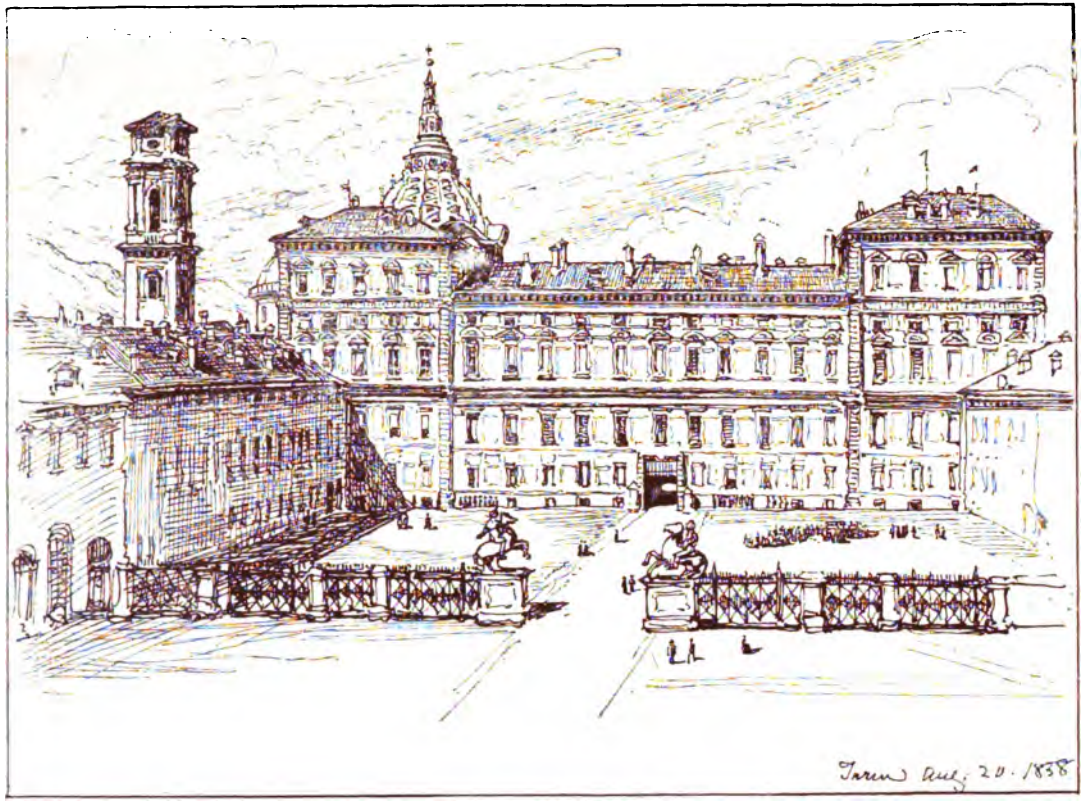

TURIN

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can't live without Molteni. His restorations are just what one may expect from a man of exquisite feeling and a thoroughly good artist. He has carriages perpetually at our service, and declares that his friends allow him so much a year to keep their horses exercised. One of these friends is a Conte Taverni; another a young Marchese Poldi, famed for his enormous wealth, who would never know how to kill time without Molteni's jokes. I told the Marchese that it was my greatest ambition to see the Casa Poldi, and he instantly took us there. Truly, imagination never conceived anything more sumptuous. The rooms are inlaid with carvings, in different-coloured woods, equal to our Gibbons, and contain charming pictures, beautiful things in metal, gilding, silk, &c., all the work of Milanese workmen, who may compete with the world.

An odd thing has happened. Before we left London, an Italian had brought to Fitzroy Square a small and much injured, but exquisite Fra Angelico—the rarest master almost in the world. The National Gallery would not have it, and the price asked was absurd. My husband was miserable about it, he admired it so much, and yet it was so ruined, that it was a toss-up how it would

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turn out under a restorer. He often said, 'If I could but show it first to Molteni!' He offered half the price asked—the Italian refused, and my husband tormented himself because he had lost it, for the Italian left London. At Culoz a bearded fellow came bowing up to us; we both stared and at length recollected the man with the Fra Angelico. The picture was in his trunk—had Sir Charles received his letter? he had written to accept the offer. As he was going to Milan, my husband made an appointment with him here, and thus unexpectedly picture, Molteni, and we are all brought together. Molteni, after inspecting it, said it was 'cosa molta seria,' but also one of the most beautiful, and that we might not meet with another pure Fra Angelico for three hundred years. The upshot is, that it is now in Molteni's custody, who promises to do his best, but says, 'Fra Angelico was an angel, I am but a man.'

Bologna, Aug. 31.—We came here yesterday, taking Padua and Ferrara on our way. Soon after leaving Padua we reached the bleak, wild-looking Po, now giving more and more trouble to confine within its banks, which are kept up as anxiously as the dams against the ocean in Holland. The river, in fact, is a matter

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of great disquietude. Without banks it inundates the country far and wide: thus it has had artificial banks for centuries. The consequence is, that its current is increased, and the soil it deposits in its bed the same. In spite of dredging machines, which are always at work, the bed has risen so much that the Po now flows between artificial banks on the top of a plain, its surface on a level with the roofs of the houses in Ferrara, and rising so rapidly that the banks have to be raised a foot every year. We crossed it by a cumbersome ferry.

The whole road from Ferrara was a scene of pastoral activity—large farmhouses, teams of white oxen with carts full of hemp, incessant traffic of peaceful-looking people—and the whole country the most fertile possible. It is certainly worth coming to Italy in the summer to see the bounty of her soil. Nowhere have I seen such a glory of grapes; both roadsides, as far inland as we could see, were a succession of festoons from tree to tree, each festoon a perfect picture of fruit and leaf, and the truly purple grape so splendid in colour. The hemp is beautiful, as large as a young tree: Indian corn also everywhere with its yellow golden pods; and gorgeous plants, six

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feet high, which produce oil from their bunches of brown pods. We passed, too, fields of rice, looking like green low wheat. Everywhere the people were busy about their hemp, beating it in open threshing-floors—in some instances the white oxen turning a machine. Evidently the peasantry was not poor, though I doubt whether there were any peasants, but rather a class of farmers. Better houses also were along the road, showing that a middle class live among the people. Bologna is a grand old city, built for strength. Its slender lofty towers, shooting up into the blue ether, are meant only as look-outs—one of them is as much out of the perpendicular as that at Pisa.

Florence, Sept. 7.—I am so in love with some of the early pictures in the Uffizi, that I could draw there all day long. Still, I have not done much, as these early masters are so correct and elaborate in drawing, that one must try to be the same when imitating them. Nor is the light enough—that is, in copying a figure from a large picture, which hangs fully high, and can't be unhung: a small picture they take down and put on an easel for me. In a church close to this hotel, there is a very interesting fresco of a

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single figure, 'St. Jerome,' by Ghirlandajo, exquisitely preserved. I want to book that very much, but oh! churches are such filthy places here, and so hot and dark, that it is difficult to stand them.

The other day I went to see a 'Last Supper' by Giotto in a carpet manufactory—an ancient refectory let for that purpose. It is a glorious specimen, the first by Giotto I have really admired, probably because it is, perhaps, the only true one by him I have seen; for every horror is called Giotto.

Florence, Oct. 1.—My month here has been one stream of enjoyment, and I would much sooner have had the opportunity of knowing one city, and such a city as this, well, than have gone about to many more. I shall ever look back on my time here with the purest pleasure, for no cares were pressing, and my occupations were of the most improving and lasting kind, as well as entirely to my taste. The weather has been heavenly, and the air a delight to breathe. My husband has met with a picture, and bought it for the National Gallery: even to his fastidious taste it is 'perfectly exquisite.' It is a Bellini, and the same picture he missed seeing at Faenza,

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so he took that place again, though much out of his way. He is quite happy about this, which is a dead secret for the present.

Mrs. Somerville has done me the honour to call; I was not at home, but she was, when I returned the visit, and received me with a cordiality which was quite gratifying. She is a most gentle, intelligent old lady, who seated herself close to me because she is a little deaf, and regretted much that she had not sooner known of my being here. She talked of common subjects, and then alluded to the comet, having had an interview with Donati that morning. She told me that, though not the largest, it was the brightest comet that had been known. That comet has played no small part in the recollections Florence leaves in me. To see it, night after night, burning more and more intensely in that deep Italian sky; to go to the balcony every ten minutes and watch it until it stood almost upright, and then lose its star below the horizon—was quite an epoch in one's life.

Rome, Oct. 11.—We left Florence on the 8th, staying one night at Siena, and reaching the Eternal City, at the gates of which we knocked,

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under the light of the more eternal stars, at two o'clock this morning.

Before leaving, we drove to Settignano, the old Michael Angelo villa situated on one of the heights above Florence: it is a small, simple, and rude house, but has a glorious view from the loggia above of town, river, cupola, and convent beneath. Upon the staircase wall there is an old drawing in chalk of a satyr by M. Angelo. I don't care for his Etruscan extravagance of muscle and action, and never feel the humanity of his works, still less their divinity; but, even to such a heretic as I am, it was very interesting to see the old sketch there in his paternal home. Cavalcaselle was with us.

The rail from Florence to Siena runs through a land of peculiar Italian beauty, the stone-pine abounding like the Scotch fir with us, and every height crowned with fine lines of wall and campanile. The road from Siena is noted for its utter bleakness—a kind of stony Arabia, in which it must be misery to dwell.

Rome, Oct. 13.—Rome begins to work her mighty spell upon me, but it is ancient Rome which engrosses my thoughts. At present I have

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seen just nothing of old Christian Rome, and as for Papal Rome, with its odious architecture and miserable people, I feel it is only a very uncongenial interloper.

Yesterday morning we drove to the Coliseum, turning off through more remote parts of the city, wretched and filthy as the worst parts of the old town of Edinburgh. Soon traces of a race of giants began to appear—masses of masonry stamped with grandeur, fragments of columns—things I had always known though never realised before. Then came the Capitol, the columns of the Temple of Concord, the triumphal arches—some whose feet lay deep buried in the earth, others which stood cleared in pits below the road. Then grand forms and colours, and the Temple of Peace, making one breathless with excitement. At last we saw, through other objects of ineffable grandeur, the great circle of the Coliseum. We drove under the Arch of Titus (this seemed profanation) past the remains of a fountain, where, the coachman said, the Romans washed their hands from the blood of the martyrs. It might be true, it might be false—but the few words filled to overflowing the mingled feelings which oppressed me, and, as we slowly approached the

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tremendous pile, my tears were falling. I got down and entered its vast precincts with awe—the martyrs much in my thoughts, but also that noble race, so great, selfish, wise, and cruel, which did all man can do without revelation. It was in utter solitude, an old world of itself, dedicated to the worst passions of humanity, and yet the triumph and exponent of almost Godlike power. The blue sky shone through the bare spaces of the windows, bluer than you can conceive, thus enframed within the glowing colours of these sunny piles, as blue to me as it had been for ages to them; and as I looked around at all the grand adaptation of means to end, and at the overpowering majesty and beauty which were the result, I felt proud that my nation was more truly the descendant of that matchless race than of any other in the world. Indeed I felt that I belonged to both the Christian martyr and the Roman decemvir, and perhaps I pitied and admired the last as much as I did the first. I hope now to see something of early Christian Rome; otherwise, with all that is tawdry and wretched in modern Rome, and all that is impressive and grand in ancient Rome, one would have no choice but to become a Pagan.

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To-day I have been to St. Peter's, the Sistine Chapel, &c. The dome of St. Peter's all must admire, and no doubt all that Michael Angelo did shows the perfection of engineering skill; but as for the principal façade, you have only to imagine a magnified Roslin, and you will form some idea of the hotch-potch and dereliction of all architectural science, resulting in a building which has the double demerit of being enormously large and looking very commonly small. Indeed it does not look like a church at all, but like a club-house, with balconies and entresols, and every kind of mixed ornament, which the worst upholstery and taste could invent. It is well that I studied and appreciated M. Angelo's fine personal character before seeing St. Peter's, otherwise I could not have had so much patience. Art is at its lowest vulgarity, when the artist can only invent things bigger and odder than those before him. Nor was the Sistine Chapel sufficient to put us in good humour with him. The ceiling has that grandeur which will ever distinguish it, though coarse and ungraceful; but the 'Last Judgment' is a daub. We found, however, intense interest in the lower frescoes by Perugino, Ghirlandajo, and especially by Sandro Botticelli, one of which we pronounced

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to contain every element of art, grace, action, grandeur, splendid colour, and fine landscape, that constitutes the maturity of art. We have also to-day been engrossed by a hitherto almost unknown old master, whom my husband has long sought—Melozzo da Forli—and almost all our enthusiasms bow before him: for grandeur and beauty he seems the greatest master in the world.

I have never mentioned our lamented Rosina [the Countess Buonarotti], but you may guess how I have thought of her. I have seen the vault in S. Maria Novella, where she and her husband and Michael Angelo all lie. Peace be to them! But the old Count's will is disputed by a nephew, and there seems no doubt that the verdict will be in the latter's favour. It appears that Buonarotti never made his will till his last few hours: his room was small, his breathing difficult, and the witnesses, instead of being in the room, were only at the door. This upsets the will (he had left the *casa* and all the contents to the Tuscan Government), and is considered, besides, a very grave delinquency.

Genoa, Oct. 19.—We arrived here last night. . . . . I cannot say that Rome—except

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ancient Rome—left much impression on my mind, perhaps owing to the shortness of my stay. Also, I had preconceived ideas which had to be got rid of, and there was only time for that without getting fresh ones. Nothing but wretchedness and the worst possible taste is connected in my mind with modern Rome. The roads are a disgrace to any government: from the gates of the city they are more like what you might expect in a remote Highland district, and a bridge within a mile of Rome is worse than anything I ever saw in the Highlands. Altogether, Rome reminded me strangely of the worst view of Scotland: there were the same squalid dirt, and the same odious freewill in architecture. But, doubtless, had I had time enough to enter more deeply into its earlier remains, it would have grown on me as it does on everybody.

The whole road to Civita Vecchia is dreary and bad, and was a long seven hours' posting. Civita Vecchia is garrisoned with French, but that does not seem to have mended its manners.

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CHAPTER XXIII

1859

THE claims of society occupied 'far too much time' in the early part of 1859; Lady Eastlake constantly mentions 'no end of dinner parties and at-homes,' and complains that 'the days are too short, with their heads and tails cut off by late breakfasts and later dinners.' In the letters written to her mother during these months there are many remarks on the people she meets; for instance, writing on February 14, she says:—

Last night I went to Lady Salisbury's, where I met the Duchess of Malakoff—another French or Spanish 'beauty.' She is absolutely not at all better looking than her husband—has a great bull head, very plebeian features, and not the least the air of a lady. He looks like a corporal, she looks like his cook; people were remarking how entirely they matched.

In a long account of the Private View at the Royal Academy, she refers to the Duchess of Cambridge:—

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April 30.—My husband soon had to escort about the Duchess of Cambridge and Princess Mary. The former spoke rather too openly about politics; but it shows what the Court think of Louis Napoleon. She said 'We have been bamboozled.'

Lady Eastlake's sister, who lived in Russia, had been ill for some months, and in May this illness was pronounced to be incurable. Reluctant as Lady Eastlake was to quit London, the anxiety to be with her sister seemed at last to outweigh the thought of leaving. She started on June 1, stayed two months in Russia, and was back in London on July 31, on which day she writes:—

My old life has already come back in full force, and I am hard at work with notes, &c., for the coming Academy Soirée, which has awaited my return for final arrangements.

Before leaving for their trip abroad, the Eastlakes attended the Duchess d'Aumale's 'At Home':—

Aug. 2.—We drove over to Twickenham yesterday afternoon, and were received most courteously by the Duke in the garden, and afterwards by the Duchess. The Comte de Paris arrived just with us, in a fly; he has grown very

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good-looking. A lottery was going on in the garden, for which the tickets cost nothing, and from which everybody drew something. The young Duc de Chartres, a charming-looking boy, called out the numbers in French and English till he was hoarse.

The first halting-place on their journey was Deutz, whence Lady Eastlake writes on August 19:—

At Liège I was addressed by a giant, who proved to be Mr. Higgins ('Jacob Omnium') with his wife. They joined us afterwards in a carriage, and his intelligent talk beguiled the rest of the journey.

From Berlin she writes on August 23:—

Maclise joined us here, and is very amusing and interesting with his true simplicity.

While at Hanover, we made our way to the Kestner house, where the beautiful collections of Sir Charles' old friend, the Hanoverian Minister to Rome, are preserved by his aged brother and his nephew. The old man is wonderful; eighty-five years of age, out on horseback every morning at six o'clock, standing almost all day, writing and reading the finest handwriting, and not hard of hearing. The want of teeth is his only infirmity.

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The house is a very temple of art, which Kestner had collected during thirty years at Rome, everything showing taste as learned and refined as my husband's.

On reaching Vienna, she receives the news of her sister's death in Russia, to which she alludes in these touching words :—

Vienna, Sept. 3.—I have just risen from reading the dreaded, yet longed-for letters, which awaited me here. I am thankful to know all that concerned the last moments of our lamented, but now happy sister. Whatever novel scenes pass before my eyes, my thoughts are ever with her; and however convinced of the noble, self-denying, and righteous tenor of her much-tried life, it already rises before me with a stronger claim to our entire reverence. She *did* fight the good fight—she, the young, inexperienced, timid, and beautiful creature, was transplanted into a barbarous land, where neither form nor practice of religion prevailed, with no friend or relative to help or strengthen her. But she walked straight, talking little of her faith, always humble, unconscious of the noble example she was giving. Her life should ever be a strong incentive to good to all who looked upon her as I have, with mingled

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love, admiration, and pity. I feel that her children inherit the blessing of a saintlike mother, and time will only strengthen that idea of her ineffable goodness and sweetness, which now fills their young hearts. For us, too, that idea will be holy and beneficial. She has gone before us all, and in the prime of her surpassing usefulness. We may be ordained to outlive her for many, many years; but I think that idea will never weaken, but rather strengthen in power over us, as we draw nearer that deep flood which she has passed. Something sacred and hitherto unknown to us is added now—the knowledge that one of us has now been laid in the grave, and has triumphed over it. I think of her rest with such consolation to my afflicted heart, that it seems hard to come back to the weary troubles of this world. . . .

The letters, portions of which are quoted below, describe in full detail the journey from Vienna to Venice and Milan, thence by Marseilles to Madrid:—

Venice, Sept. 10.—The rail to Gratz was through all the beauty of Styria, a country blessed with all that nature can give, though, from its poverty and wretchedness, evidently under the vilest government of man. The sense of this

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was heightened by the troops of poor soldiers returning from the war; the railway baggage vans filled with them, as if they had been so much cattle; the streets, and stations, and waysides swarming with them; hundreds seated on the ground, with looks of great suffering—arms, heads, and legs tied up—many on crutches, young pale faces which made one's heart bleed.

At Cilli the scenery became magnificent, being backed by grand snow alps, all melting and blue in the purest ether. We soon came into that peculiar scenery which distinguishes that land of caves and mines—the ground covered with lumps of white marble strewn about in the wildest shapes, scarcely a foot of earth between; nevertheless, the silver fir fastens its roots between the fissures of the marble, and grows in dense forests. Through this Arabia Petræa the railway passed, sometimes between deep marble cuttings, sometimes overlooking boundless tracts of this sterile ground, for above a hundred miles. It was most strange and weird: not a habitation visible, except the small guard-houses of the rail, which occur about every mile, each with a well cut through this adamant soil.

Milan, Sept. 16.—Our journey from Venice

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was very fatiguing, as we started at 4 A.M. on the 12th. As we neared the great fortress of Verona, we saw the preparations that had been made to give the enemy no cover, in the hacking down of thousands of old mulberry trees, which still lie prostrate. This scene continued all the way to Peschiera, where houses also lay prostrate, and stockades of boughs stood at various weak points of the defence. The present frontier is at Peschiera: here we had to quit rail, and take possession of any carriage we could get at an enormous price for a drive of nine miles to Desenzano, where we took train, and were landed in Milan at 10 P.M. The whole way, groups of red trousers were seen, and Milan swarms with them. There must be many thousands of French here, encamped close to the principal gate. Driving that way, one sees something of the happy and careless, but smart and orderly, look of the French soldier.

We have not had much opportunity of hearing particulars, but everyone is agreed that the greatest possible humanity was shown by both parties, except in the conduct of the war, in which the French were only a little less abominably generalled than the Austrians: to this were owing

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the immense loss of life on the French side, and the absence of all important prisoners. General d'Urban, an Austrian; and his brigade were quite isolated after the battle of Solferino, far away beyond Milan; yet he was allowed to get away and join his own party, when he and all with him would, under common skill, have been made prisoners of war. Milan is resplendent with the two tricolors, the red white and green being the Piedmontese, and that floats alone from the topmost pinnacle of the lovely Cathedral. Pictures and prints of Victor Emanuel are in every window—a regular 'Bombastes Furioso' he looks.

To-day we have been to Melegnano, the scene of a very bloody battle after Magenta. We had time to observe the riddled walls, and to visit the cemetery, where 370 Zouaves rest in one pit, 1,000 bodies of miscellaneous dead in another, and so on. The consternation at the number of wounded sent into Milan was great. The Austrians went out of one gate as the French entered by another, so that the Milanese had not been allowed half an hour to prepare their hospitals. More than ten thousand beds were wanted that night. Every monastery, seminary, some

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churches, and many private houses were full: in the last they were worst off, owing to the impossibility of medical men getting there.

Count Taverni has just called, and told us of a wounded German officer carried into his house, whose first request was not to have a German doctor brought near him, saying they were as ignorant as they were cruel.

Genoa, Sept. 20.—The rail from Milan to Turin passes through Magenta, where long pits, with crosses upon them, on one side of the track, and a house riddled with shot on the other, were all we saw of the late bloody field. Nature showed no sign of change, the vines and mulberries were undisturbed. Our train carried a disbanded Sardinian reserve force, who were most noisy, and as noisily welcomed at every station.

At Turin we met Baron Marochetti, who boasts himself to be a good Catholic, but still wishes the Pope relieved of his temporal power. I am sure every good Catholic must wish the same, were it only to disunite the two ideas of Catholicism and bad government, which now are always identical.

To-day, as we were driving to see the pictures

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in the principal palaces, we met Thackeray and his two daughters: so, after we had finished our business, we fetched them for a drive above the seashore round part of the Gulf: it was as beautiful as the finest-coloured sea and sky could make it.

Marseilles, Sept. 23.—This place is anything but attractive; the aspect from the sea is arid and stony, and the reality on land far worse. It has no beauty of the South, and has all the heat; rain has not fallen here since May. The rocks look volcanic, and indeed contain both lead and copper. The town is a wretched, barren, squalid pile of rough and uncouth buildings, on very hilly ground, scorched with perpetual sun, and filled with black dust.

Madrid, Oct. 1.—This has been the novel part of our travels, and though accompanied by very much of the lowest prose, it has given us impressions of Nature's works which will be recalled with pleasure. The weather was as fine as could be wished for a sea voyage, but beyond this there was no comfort, the dirt and disorder of the vessel (a very fine one) being inconceivable. . . . A party of nuns were on board—fourteen Sœurs de Charité of St. Vincent de Paul, and

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three of the Sacré Cœur de Marie, including a very handsome Superior. They were so quiet and well-bred, that it was quite a pleasure to watch them as they stood clustered together looking out on to the sea, their white caps against the blue sky. I thought of a passage in 'Marmion,' when the Abbess and her nuns go to Holy Isle. But they were soon ill, with the smoothest sea and ship in the world. 'Presque toutes les sœurs ont vomi' was the information the Superior gave me when I went up on deck for a little air. (The horrors of the night in the cabin are indescribable.) I found her sitting alone, and we foregathered, for she was chatty and frank, and quite a woman of the world, and, judging from her features, of good family. She told me, to my surprise, that the nun's dress is forbidden in Spain, and that nuns have always to put a mantilla over their caps, or the populace would insult them.

On reaching Barcelona we went, after breakfast, to Museum and churches. The former had only the most wretched pictures, the latter had, at all events, novelty to attract us. The light admitted into Spanish churches is so very sparing, that at first it looks like absolute darkness. As to

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art, no picture could be seen, if there, and the eye fell only on barbarous-looking metal structures in such gloom, that one could not tell whether they were silvered or gilt: these were above the altars which line the churches. Also above the altars, in lieu of pictures, were coloured life-size figures, in full dress: these were striking and mysterious in the darkness, but would not stand daylight. Our guide took us to the public gardens, over the gates of which hung the light and graceful leaves and fruit of the pepper tree. Every shrub was beautiful—either things for which I had no name, or old English friends grown out of all knowledge. Thus, dahlias were twenty feet high, the hollyhock a tree, the houseleek a foot high; while oleanders, camellias, tea-roses, &c., would have gained prizes at our shows. After that the market was the next attraction: such vegetables, fruits and grain—such nuts and walnuts! Barcelona is called the 'Manchester of Spain,' having spinning wheels, and tall chimneys, and a money-making population quite distinct from the rest of the Peninsula.

We left Barcelona in the evening, and by 7 A.M. began to see Spanish coast again—very rugged and grand, of the boldest, most precipitous

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forms of sunburnt rock. We sat watching each headland we turned, the villages few, and so entirely of the colour of the rock (the houses without windows or chimneys), that they were difficult to discern: no life anywhere, no boats, no smoke, no vegetation—all tawny dust or rock. At two o'clock we sighted Alicante, a grand rock with ruined fortress, and at last turned into the bay. We went to the best *fonda*, and before dinner started for the Palm Grove, in a springless cart, over a road of alternate deep dust and high stones, so that the jolting can be imagined—indeed, any springs would have been broken. We turned towards the seashore—nothing but dust down to the very waves—the road any part the sagacious mules liked to pick. Soon we saw a patch of green forest a mile or so ahead, which was the Grove we were bound for. In time we reached this, entered a gate, and there was an African-looking vista of lofty palm-trees, closing like a groined cathedral roof over our heads. There was no limit to our enthusiasm; I exhausted every epithet. Every alternate tree was behung with stones' weight of the most glorious dates, getting yellow in the sun. One expected to see only negroes about them, and the Dead Sea in the

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distance, so Eastern was the picture. On each side they grew in lofty rows—here and there one tied up in a long point, so as to bleach the leaves for the use of Catholic ceremonies.

Next morning we drove to the rail. What an anomaly that is amidst the dirt, laziness, and total absence of all that led to railways with us! The first part of our journey was interesting—the country one calcined circle of arid red rock in the boldest shapes—the plain scattered over with Eastern vegetation, prickly pear, palms, aloes, &c.; also black grapes, which grow low, so that the white soil reflects its heat on the fruit. But soon all this ceased, and mere barren dusty plains succeeded, with occasionally a batch of Don Quixote's windmills tossing their arms, though there was no sign of what they were grinding on the parched earth.

Madrid, Oct. 8.—We are doing well here, and are much interested in the Gallery, which is indeed the only attraction, though the dreadful state of the streets makes it quite an expedition backwards and forwards. Rubens is in his glory here, Titian not seen to advantage.

Tucker has been to a bull-fight (there is one every Monday), where he saw four bulls killed

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and ten horses, under circumstances of the most ferocious barbarity. About 11,000 people there —the highest ladies in the land! They are a ferocious and frivolous people, and show their decline, as the Ancient Romans did directly they began to be such cowards as to delight in seeing the danger and sufferings of others without sharing them. All the English here speak of Spain with horror and contempt for her vanity, frivolity, and cruelty. . . .

Grisi is now here, awfully received—hissed from beginning to end, two nights in succession. Haughty Grisi had no idea of putting up with such treatment, but was informed that the fortress would be her lodging unless she went through her part. We understand that she is to be compelled to come before this brutal people according to the letter of her engagement. The row at the Opera last night was awful, but I met Grisi at the Gallery this morning, looking magnificent, and consoling herself with the Arts.

Our party is now generally Mr. Lumley, a Secretary to the Embassy, and Mr. Christopher Sykes—the latter a delicate young man, about six and a half feet high, who is at our hotel, and who is recovering from a severe illness on entering

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Spain, which he will never attempt again. He is Sir Tatton Sykes's second son. . . .

Velasquez is *the* Spanish master, who swallows up all the rest; his power and intensity of character render him unique. My husband delights all who inquire by owning his admiration of the Gallery, which it is the fashion with ignoramuses to undervalue; for one celebrated picture of Velasquez only, he says he would have undertaken this journey. With this country we are not in love, and our daily wonder is, what can induce people, who don't dote on pictures, to come to Spain. Other cities may account for the charm which some travellers attribute to the country, but certainly not Madrid. Let no one have any romance about Spain; it is a stern, barren, hungry country, torn with storms—with a half-starved population, man and beast.

Madrid, Oct. 14.—On Wednesday we dined with the Buchanans, who were extremely kind. There were several gentlemen there, among them Lord Portarlington, just arrived, a rattling Irishman.

Yesterday I went by rail, with Mr. Sykes and Miss Gayangos (whom I call 'the little Infanta'), to Toledo, which looked very grand as we

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approached. The old deserted city stands well on a mass of rock over the river Tagus, the buildings and ruins, in straight lines, stretching down to the water-side. Moorish, Christian, and even Roman architecture are mixed together, the first always with a certain massive character, which suits the situation of the city. An omnibus and six mules took us over the bridge, and then in zigzags up to the town, landing us in a piazza or plaza, beyond which the streets were too narrow for any wheeled vehicle to enter. Miss Gayangos did not let us go to the *fonda*, but had written to humble tradesmen friends the day before to expect us. We followed her, therefore, through an open oriental-looking shop, and then upstairs into a room, which was Dutch in its scrupulous cleanliness. The wife, a pretty creature, made us welcome with a natural ease and gentility of manner; and soon she and her maid had filled the tumblers with water and the glasses with wine, which is the regular custom, and we were seated before a most savoury dish. No garlic beyond what was pleasant. Mr. Sykes did not carve to her liking, so the good woman helped us herself. Mr. Sykes was delighted to hear that she sometimes took in travellers, and he and Lord

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Portarlington will soon be comfortably located with her. Why the Spanish inns should, some of them, be so atrociously filthy, and yet this humble private house so exquisitely clean, is beyond any accounting for.

We started presently for the Cathedral, taking a guide. It is a magnificent building, inside and out, ornate to an extreme, but not to a fault. The high altar is surrounded with a screen of open stonework, of such finish and minute delicacy as exceeds anything in Henry VII.'s Chapel; all partially painted and gilt, time having subdued both to the most fascinating harmony of colour; the choir separate, again richer in stone- and wood-carving of stalls than anything I have seen; all crowded with figures, till the building teems with an immovable population. Then, behind the high altar—itself a gilt structure, with the coloured wooden figures, large as life, which are peculiar to Spain, and which have a startling reality—are a cluster of wondrous chapels, crowded with gorgeous monuments, and decorated with an inconceivable richness. Sacristy, chapter-house, &c., were all of the same character, intermixed also with the Moorish element, the walls in some portions being encrusted with

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Alhambra-like lacework, which in no way interfered with or disturbed the florid Gothic of the building. This Cathedral is indeed a treasury of decoration, vain to describe.

Thence we proceeded to a convent, now devoted to a military school. Here the forms were all of the most elegant Renaissance (Italian), and again the Moorish workmen were shown in the veils of delicate diapered patterns which they had thrown over many a flat wall. Thence, through tumbledown little alleys, past many an old gateway of Moorish and Christian character mixed, to another church, San Juan de los Reyes; this, like most things done by kings, is a monument more to their vanity than to pure taste. It is over-ornate—a sort of Roslin chapel of nauseous overladen work, with the armorial bearings of Ferdinand and Isabella, eagles, &c., on each side of the altar; in short, the worst art. I remarked in the architecture there, as in the painters of Spain, that Christian art in both forms came to them late. There are no early painters—no earnest, stiff, and intensely devotional painters as in Italy and the Low Countries. Also in their architecture, judging from Toledo, no stern, round, or extremely pointed arches. In both

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cases they seem to have begun when Art in other countries was already ripe, and to have started at once with over-freedom of touch and richness of ornament. We then visited two deserted synagogues, left when the Jews were banished by Ferdinand and Isabella from Spain, and almost more interesting than any other object. Here the Moorish element reigned almost alone, combined only with the forms of a basilican building; for one of the synagogues was strictly that, though with the horse-shoe arch dividing the aisles from nave. Nothing can describe the delicate beauty of the patterned walls—such designs as only photography can render. . . .

Mr. Lumley has just been dining with us—a very charming young man, enthusiastically fond of Art. Mr. Sykes, too, whom I shall be sorry to leave, and anxious about in this hard country. Quite giants of English are about us, the Spaniards all so little—I mean of the higher classes; the lower classes are very picturesque, especially the men with their cloaks, plaids, &c., which are always of good materials and colours. The women's mantillas are quite disappointing—horrid, greasy old things; anything is worn, pinned to the back of the head. I have not

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seen a pretty mantilla, though many a pretty face.

Bordeaux, Oct. 21.—We left Madrid on the 16th, our vehicle being drawn by ten mules, sometimes two and two, sometimes : ⁝ : —such a ragged troop, but well driven, though to the most unearthly sounds that drivers ever contrived. Often the whole team were galloping full stretch, like greyhounds, a postilion always seated on one of the front mules. The road was not so execrable as immediately round Madrid, and, by avoiding great holes and deep ruts, we were not much jolted. But it would be impossible to describe the desert through which we passed; tracts of low rocks, all cracked and seamed, and of the most rugged forms, but without even a weed growing. Nor was there a human being visible, nor a human dwelling, except where we changed one set of ten mules for another. The Spaniard hates a tree, and Spain (or at least that part of it) shows how the shade and gradual manure of trees are indispensable to other vegetation, especially under such heat as a Spanish summer gives. As we advanced nearer Burgos, the country assumed a little life—a stunted tree here and there, and short, coarse weeds. It was late

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before we saw the spires of Burgos. We crossed a bridge, rattled under an archway, and stopped at the 'Parador.' Our *conducteur* had allayed some of my misgivings by assuring me we should find good and clean accommodation there, but I was little prepared for the charming rooms into which we were shown, and to which, after an excellent meal, we retired as surprised as we were grateful. All this is evidently new, and just as the Duke de Saragoza said it would be, if we waited till this year. The next morning, after rambling through the streets, we drove to a deserted Carthusian convent, the chapel of which contains tombs to the father, mother, and brother of Isabella of Castille: these surpass, in richness of decoration, all that can be conceived. But here, as at Toledo, the hand of the brutal French spoiler was everywhere evident; and the marble foliage, which embosomed the effigies, as well as the effigies themselves, was smashed in the most barbarous manner. The roads to the convent were truly Spanish, such holes as threatened to break the carriage. Then we examined the Cathedral, which is far inferior to that at Toledo, the ornament being pushed beyond all legitimate art, and very ill executed.

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We left, that evening, in the diligence, and by seven next morning reached Vittoria. The scenery, though always wild and rugged, had some character beyond that of utter death. We soon entered the Basque Provinces, which are a garden compared with what had gone before; the people, also, are very handsome—beautiful eyes, oval faces, and straight noses. Tortosa was the most important place we passed through by daylight; then evening fell, and we could do no justice to the beauty of St. Sebastian-on-the-Sea. There we stopped at eight o'clock, and heard, to our dismay, that we must not expect to reach Bayonne before two in the morning. At length we reached Irun, the last Spanish town; were bothered about passports, but ten times more so a few *yards* further on, where we crossed the river Bidassoa, which constitutes the frontier. Here the nature of the present French Government showed itself in every impertinent and quibbling interference. We were, and are, carrying despatches from Madrid to Paris, which Mr. Buchanan[1] hoped would facilitate our course; but it seemed to do just the reverse. . . . . France looks a Paradise after Spain, and we are

[1] Afterwards Sir Andrew Buchanan.

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thankful to be back in the civilised world. The road from Madrid to the frontier is by no means as formidable as it has been, and in another two or three years there will be a railroad, yet we hardly wish to visit Madrid again.

Hanover, Oct. 31.—We have been here since the 29th, having left Bordeaux on the 22nd. The approach to Tours was extremely pretty, through a garden-like country with old buildings and fertile low hills. I entered Tours with particular interest, knowing how my father had admired it; and its present air and appearance justified all he saw so many years ago.

We have to-day been at the picture sale, which proceeds slowly. The old Count Stolberg and we have made acquaintance: he knows nothing of Art, and therefore thinks his pictures are being given away, when in reality they fetch great prices. Those my husband wants cannot come on before to-morrow, if then, and we have a rival here, against whom there is little chance of contending—a well-known son of Lord Hertford. There are only two or three which Lord Hertford or the National Gallery would wish for.

Hanover, Nov. 3.—We have had the satisfaction of securing the two pictures—fine Ruys-

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daels—which were the real object of our visit, for the National Gallery; and at a not exorbitant price. The auction has been an amusing one, and great satisfaction is felt at these pictures being bought for England: Count Stolberg assured me, with tears, that this was a great consolation to him. He is a kind old man, but has blundered greatly as to the estimate of his pictures, and actually entered the auction room and prevented a picture being sold, which, thanks to the ignorance of the bidders, was going for ten times the money it will ever fetch. Lord Hertford's son, 'Monsieur Richard,' did not contest the Ruysdaels: our opponent was an agent for the King. We have converted 'Monsieur Richard' into a friend, and I have got that wonderful favour, a pass to see the pictures in Manchester House at any time.

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CHAPTER XXIV

1860

ALMOST immediately after Mrs. Jameson's death, in March 1860, Lady Eastlake, who had been an intimate friend of hers, was asked by Mr. Longman and the Misses Murphy (Mrs. Jameson's sisters) to undertake the completion of 'The History of Our Lord.' Mrs. Jameson had published two works on Christian Art—'Sacred and Legendary Art' in 1848, and 'Legends of the Madonna' in 1852—and this third work, upon which she had been engaged some years, but which her death interrupted, was designed as the conclusion of the series. The unfinished manuscript, with a plan—confirmed by many memoranda—of the book up to the intended end, was entrusted to Lady Eastlake, who accepted, with some hesitation, a task which required a different phase of art-knowledge from what she had pursued, though not a difficult one to adopt; but she felt that her acceptance of it was, to some extent, justified by her close intimacy with, and great regard for, Mrs. Jameson. She knew, too, that she might rely on Sir Charles' valuable help and advice.

'Mrs. Jameson's order,' she writes to Mrs.

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Rigby, 'is beyond all praise, and much facilitates the work. The sisters and Mr. Longman are rather frightened at the difficulty of selecting illustrations, but that's the pleasantest and easiest part in my view, especially as Mrs. Jameson has left notes and specimens from which she was to have made a selection.'

Frequent allusions are made in her letters, more particularly in those written while on her travels abroad, to the progress and absorbing nature of this work, to which she devoted all her energies.

Writing on March 21 to the Honourable H. Jane Gifford, Lady Eastlake thus refers to Mrs. Jameson:—

I am sure that our thoughts are meeting on one painful subject. You had not known the dear lady so long as I, but still I know that you are now deeply lamenting her. I fear you, like most of her friends, were totally unprepared for this sad event.

I shall miss her sorely. She was ever kind to me—excellent in judgment and advice, a very *strong* woman, though never approaching the man—profound and conscientious in all she did, and devoted to such good works as the world knew nothing of. We shall not see her like again. Sir Charles laments her deeply.

In July there was a change of ministry in

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the 'Quarterly Review,' Mr. Elwin (Lockhart's successor) resigning the editorship, and Mr. William Macpherson (late a judge in Calcutta) being appointed. 'None,' writes Lady Eastlake, 'will ever be like that dear editor whom we all admired and loved.'

Gibson, the sculptor, was staying in Fitzroy Square about this time, and we find this amusing reference to his absent-mindedness :—

July 30.—Gibson had forgotten that I was to go to Windsor; and, not seeing me at dinner on Saturday, thought I had gone to bed early; and, not seeing me at breakfast on Sunday, that I had stayed in bed late!

Arriving in Paris on August 25, 1860, for her annual tour with her husband, Lady Eastlake meets Sir James Outram, just returned from India: she had known him and his people well in her Edinburgh days.

Paris, Aug. 26.—As we were drinking coffee in the hotel after dinner last night, a very dark, unshaven man, in a grey suit, came in and sat down opposite me. I paid no attention, when, by accident, our eyes met, and up I was, and so was he, directly. Still I hardly dared put out my hand, so disguised was his face with fatigue and a two days' beard: but he knew me, and soon we were shaking hands with no common feeling. It

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was Outram, just arrived from Marseilles, travelling night and day. In spite of the disfiguring effects of his journey, he was looking in better health than when I saw him before the expedition to Persia. How much he has gone through since then! He spoke of his son Frank, and I told him how pleased we had all been with him. I told him he was sure to be dreadfully lionised in England, and he said, if I thought so, he would never cross the Channel. His is the mind to lead men and to fascinate women. I can't give you any idea of the simplicity, manly truth, and grandeur that his whole person, manner, and words express: no *show*, but rather the reverse, for he is plain, and has no facility of words; but still the great soul shines through, and I felt that he was the man to fulfil every phase from the most daring to the most tender—to face a tiger or to defend an infant.

Brussels, Cologne, Dresden, Munich, Milan, and many other places in Italy were visited on this tour, and from each Lady Eastlake wrote long letters, some extracts from which are here given:—

Cologne, Aug. 30.—We left Brussels yesterday, and fell in with agreeable people, a Scotch gentleman and his wife, who were very good company, and amused me by rather apologising for the

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singularity of their opinions about the Germans. You may guess how we fraternised on this point.

On reaching this place we found Lord and Lady Monteagle had been in the same train, and were coming to the same hotel. After dinner we went up to their room, and found our other friends there, who were introduced to us as 'the Chief Clanronald and Lady Clanronald.' Lord and Lady Monteagle were lively and untired—he especially—having travelled through the night from England, and having walked about here as soon as they arrived. There's nothing like the activity of an old English statesman. Lord Monteagle must be considerably past seventy. To complete their exertions, they started at seven this morning for Berlin.

Munich, Sept. 13.—We arrived here two days ago, breaking our journey at Nuremberg, which is known as being one of the only towns which have escaped the fury of image-breakers and reformers. The town is exceedingly picturesque, every house with oriel windows, and bas-reliefs, and little towers; the roofs almost perpendicular: bridges over streams so numerous as to recall Venice, and the streets steep and hilly. We drove up to the old Castle, which has been

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arranged for a royal palace, and I quite grudge so picturesque a nest to people so utterly devoid of all sense of it as the Bavarian line of lubbers.

The next morning we resumed our journey. The cold was great, and I can hardly believe that we shall find it warmer in Italy, though an English *lady*, just come from Milan, assured me she had found it 'quite 'ot.'

I have been working very hard in the Gallery here (Munich): I am so constantly taking notes now for my particular object,[1] that I see no chance of getting any sketches, unless I could have time to draw for my own purposes. This gallery, with its early German works, is rich in legendary subjects; but the dust and dirt are such, that, after a visit to it, my boots and dress look as if I had been walking ankle-deep in a dusty road.

We see papers when we can, and rejoice over Garibaldi.

Venice, Sept. 19.—We arrived here last night, having left Munich on the 14th at 4 P.M. We entered the Austrian territory at about nine o'clock, and had to endure one of those squeezes of heat and dirt, against which the authorities take no precautions. Several hundred people, of

[1] Mrs. Jameson's *History of our Lord.*

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all classes, are emptied from the rail into a place no better than a shed, in which examination of luggage and passports, eating, drinking, smoking, &c., take place amid the most unfavourable and uncomfortable circumstances.

We reached Innspruck at midnight, and found a miserable hotel preying upon the influx of travellers which the new railway brings. Next morning, our carriage and post-horses took us up the Brenner Pass, mounting always by a foaming, roaring torrent, which shrank into an infant rivulet as we reached the top. We slept at Briven—a lovely spot with everything beautiful growing about it, even oranges, for the soil is favourable. Nothing could be sweeter than the commencement of our tour. The very walls on each side of the road were constant subjects of interest; beautiful rock-flowers grew in the crevices, and quantities of little cactuses: the lichens were of the most brilliant colours. We mounted to a great elevation before entering the Pusterthal, which was a scene of beauty and fertility. Our route lay by the post-stations of Unterlindl, Brunecken, Niederndorf—all truly Tyrolese, the people prompt, civil, business-like. Towards evening we entered the Ampezzo Pass,

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one of the most terrific mountain gorges you can imagine. Great clouds gathered, and thunder growled: the road was utterly solitary, and the contiguity of such gigantic snow-capped mountains, between whose feet we were creeping, was almost overwhelming.

We stayed the night at a station, almost at the top of the pass, called Landro or Hollenstein—a lonely little place, about 4,000 feet above the sea—and were off next morning by six o'clock. It was a lovely morning—the sun just gilding the tops of the rocks with a red light. There was no end of sublime features, and we thoroughly enjoyed the scenery, which kept our eyes and necks on the stretch for hours; for Ampezzo is Titian's country, and the grand dolomite masses perpetually recalled his landscape background. About 8.30 we reached Cortina di Ampezzo, which all students in landscape painting should visit. As we proceeded further, the scenery became more and more Italian; lizards were basking on the hot walls, and our warm clothes became burdensome. At a place called Venas, true Italian character began—lying and open cheating: a race not brutal, but clever and ingenious; ready for any education, and getting

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only the worst at present. Let us hope better times are coming. At Piave di Cadore, Titian's birthplace, we saw a few relics of him. Thence on, through beauty and misery, to Longarone, where we slept.

Italy makes one's heart ache. Here they talk openly enough—that is gondoliers and such—longing for the great man, and anticipating that this misery, starvation, and oppression must soon have an end.

Milan, Sept. 24.—We arrived here on the 22nd, stopping at Padua and Verona on the way. We have had a terrific night of rain, high wind, and thunderstorms, and the weather is not much better to-day. This takes the shine out of an Italian landscape, which depends entirely on its great stage-light—the sun.

Cremona, Sept. 28.—We left Milan yesterday morning with the comfortable feeling of needing no passports: the neighbouring country is flat and fat as Brabant—irrigated fields and meadows teeming with produce, and outlined with mulberry trees. At about ten miles' distance we passed through Melegnano, which still shows terrible signs of last year's battle. Every house was covered with irregular holes, cannon-shot and musketry,

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forming a strange contrast to the peaceful occupations going on, the dressing of Indian corn, &c. From Melegnano we entered the country of the Parmesan cheese, where the meadows are irrigated and manured so as to produce nine crops of the tenderest grass annually, on which the happy 80,000 cows are pastured. It was like the fairest lawn on either side.

We reached Cremona at two o'clock, crossing the Adda at Pizzighettone, which will be a very strong place, as the Piedmontese are fortifying it.

All the rivers are swollen, and we hear that the giant Po is very high, but hope he may have sunk enough by to-morrow to let us pass to Piacenza.

We have been driving about from church to church, seeing the Cremonese painters. The Cathedral is a magnificent pile, with the loftiest and one of the most beautiful campaniles in Italy, only over-painted by modern hands inside, and so dirty that our noses were always disputing with our eyes. Our companion (Signor Orlandi) is an intelligent old man, with those simple manners which make Italians so sympathetic to the English. I hear and talk Italian all day, so that I am compelled to learn. The latest news is

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the flight of the Pope—the wisest thing for his enemies. Personal safety seems to have been the sole law with all these potentates: if one of them had stayed at the risk or loss of his life, how the party of princes would have risen in the scale! The embarrassment between Cavour and Garibaldi was in everybody's mouth in Milan, where some pronounced it a feint on Cavour's part to disarm French suspicion. Now there seems no doubt of the Piedmontese occupying Rome.

Ferrara, Oct. 3.—From Piacenza, which was swarming with soldiers, we reached Modena, passing through a dead level plain in fine cultivation, though ravaged by rivers, which are not kept in their beds, and which cover miles wide with stones and *débris*—a waste of land which one longs to see reclaimed; this can only be done by combination, which the late benighted governments never permitted, and would not undertake themselves.

We saw the Cathedral, which is ancient and curious, picture gallery, &c. It is astonishing what has been done already in all these cities, even in the art department. New catalogues are being made, and things have been rescued which were perishing in garrets, or, worse, in churches;

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indeed, the minds of men were ready and bursting to begin, and the change seems nature after an artificial state. There is a great feeling against the priests for the ruin of the works of art, and truly their blindness on this point is extraordinary: for instance, there is a grand 'Luini' near Milan, for which we are treating, but the priests won't hear of less than a million francs (40,000*l.*). Meanwhile, the rain and snow are pouring down the very centre of the picture. Thus, it is either folly and ignorance, or, in some cases I am sure, an ill will against the fine work.

This newly opened rail is indeed a comfort, and must have the most important effects for Italy. The States of the King of Italy will all be comprised in two days' journey. Bologna is in a state of great activity—a city of about 350,000 inhabitants—always chafing and fretting beneath the Papal Government, a strong, vindictive people. Now all stiletto patients have ceased for some months in the hospitals, and the people are occupied with projects of industry and commerce. It is curious to see the numbers reading the little Italian papers in the streets and at the blacksmith's forge, one over the shoulder of the other. I feel especially the benefit of such papers now, as they

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take the place of wretched exaggerated reports from mouth to mouth, which demoralised the people, and kept them wondering, gaping, and idle. The men are so proud in race and so intelligent in expression, that one looks at them with involuntary respect. I am grieved that I shall have no drawings to show you, but my time is completely occupied in taking notes and making observations, and thinking upon my subject, for which I find most interesting illustrations in various ways, things which otherwise have little interest. To-day I have been in the Cathedral, poring over choral books containing miniatures.

Faenza, Oct. 7.—We reached Bologna on the 4th. There we met two friends of ours who, though Catholics, are still enthusiastic adherents of the new order of things, trusting for gradual reform in all respects. Their account of present doings in Venetia was bad. . . . There has been a dreadful legal murder in Verona of a young man, which you will perhaps have read of in the English papers. Also, a lady going from Venice to Milan had her child of four years old taken from her by the gendarmes, because it was not entered in the passport! English travellers must now show themselves individually—couriers,

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maids, and all—to the police before they can obtain permission to leave; and it is with the greatest difficulty that a vetturino can leave the territory with his horses. These regulations have been made much more strict since we were there. Thus, while Piedmont releases even her prisoners, Austria imprisons free men. Cavour's speech and the King's proclamation were on everybody's lips.

Next morning, we were off for Ravenna. It was market day, and the road was one procession of noble oxen—four and six in a team—dragging carts containing long barrels of new-made wine; grand-looking fellows sitting astride upon the carts, which were painted with figures of saints. The oxen are magnificent creatures—white, with black tips to horns and tail—the largest of their kind, with long, spreading horns, and as gentle apparently as lambs. It was quite a classic sight, and looked like some feast of Bacchus. We drove about Ravenna to see pictures, passing the tomb of Dante, a very modern-looking affair, and no buildings except of the commonest modern kind. In truth, Ravenna has been entirely modernised, and externally has not one-tenth of the interest of the commonest Italian cities we have seen.

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The galleries contain wretched trash, fit only to burn. Yesterday evening we drove to the confines of the great pine forest, which surrounds two sides of Ravenna, at about three miles' distance. We went along the side of a canal, which leads to the sea, and which makes Ravenna in some measure a port, till we reached the outskirts of the great forest. Nothing could be more solemn—every tree a stone-pine with rich underwood — ancient, storm - beaten creatures, which stretched in an undulating line, denser and denser, as far as the eye could reach, and lost themselves on the horizon. This forest dates from time immemorial, is mentioned in Dante, and extends along the coast more than twenty miles in depth and breadth. This was worth seeing, as the sun set ruddily through and into it. Ravenna stands in a marsh devoted to rice grounds—the most unwholesome of crops, swarms with mosquitoes, and looks as if sinking into the ground. Hardly a tower is seen, no church presents itself to break the outline, and no one would think that there was anything worth seeing in the place. But this morning we went into some churches, and what we saw inside made me forget for a while the wretched exterior.

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Noble mosaics—fresh as yesterday, of the most grandly treated Christian subjects of the sixth century. Many of them I knew from engravings, but they are far finer in reality; and many more which have not been engraved—wonderful things, which have survived all the neglect, ignorance, and malice of man. Most of the wall mosaics have been knocked down, but the vaulted ceilings, being beyond common reach, have remained. A 'Baptism' in a small baptistery is the finest representation of that subject I have seen. Also tombs of Byzantine empresses, marvels in their way, with the earliest Christian symbols and types sculptured upon them. Our round included a magnificent basilica about three and a half miles off, standing in a marsh, the marble floor half flooded. All these grand places have sunk *feet* into the ground, the bases of the columns in most instances gone under water. Strange to say, most of these buildings give no sign of their interest or antiquity externally, and look wretched, low, whitewashed, modern things, having indeed been despoiled of all their character. The change from exterior to interior was startling; one went from the most wretched forms of the nineteenth century to the finest remains of the sixth and

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preceding centuries. We find this little inn bursting full with twenty German officers, prisoners from Ancona. Serve them right, and a lesson to the Germans not to fight for tyrants, or rather for money. An immense dinner is being prepared here for the military, to celebrate the fall of Ancona, and fifty plates are laid in this most dirty *salle à manger*. I have just been to see the preparations, and was amused at the waiters, who were puzzled how to place a bust of Vittorio Emanuele without turning his back to anybody. Garibaldi's bust the same. The enthusiasm is immense; every house has 'Evviva Vittorio Emanuele, il nostro legittimo Rè!' written, or printed upon it; wherever there is room for the sentence, it appears.

Bologna, Oct. 8.—We were off early this morning and reached this at 11, taking some coffee at a place called Castel San Pietro: we sat out in the street, as the cleanest place, to drink it. The whole road was studded with soldiers, horse and foot; most of the latter, prisoners—many with the French red trouser. There are already above 1,000 prisoners at Faenza: they are being treated with the utmost kindness that circumstances permit, so as to convert them to the good cause.

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Milan, Oct. 12.—To-day we have had a long visit from an old acquaintance, Conte Lorenzo Taverni: he is a thorough gentleman, like so many of these Italians, and gave us much interesting information about the state of things. He brought us intelligence of the vote of confidence being carried by 290 deputies against 6. A vote of confidence was also given for Cavour and Garibaldi together, so as to show that all misconception was over. Taverni said the whole arose from Garibaldi's believing others to be as honest as himself, and allowing scamps to hold office. Bertain has been acting like all snob revolutionists—setting up equipages and giving dinners; and now above 100,000 scudi of the money paid into his hands is missing. The sooner safe men are put in the better. Taverni speaks in the highest terms of rising men, and says that among Neapolitans especially are some of their most promising statesmen.

Turin, Oct. 17.—To-day we repaired to the Chamber of Deputies, where, from a kind of balcony, we looked down into the house—the heat dreadful. The chief object of attraction was Cavour, who has the broadest head and the broadest back I ever saw: a very grand and

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powerful head, with great humour and good humour. He answered some attack, and smashed his opponent very easily—his little short fat arms being much brandished about.

Bezzi,[2] now a deputy, was there, and we sent in for him when we came down. He, thinking it was Lord Llanover, approached us looking very solemn, and almost jumped over our heads with pleasure. He is as happy as possible—full of Naples, which is their hardest task. The Sicilians, he says, are simply honest rogues and brigands; but the degraded populace of Naples have been educated in the worst of schools, though there are some splendid men among them. He only begs time for Italy: speaks of Garibaldi as all do—magnanimity and political ignorance together—a man to whom they want to vote a million francs, but who, they know, will refuse them.

Paris, Oct. 21.—We have found several friends here, among them Beaucousin: Lord Hertford's son too, who has kindly shown us his father's treasury here. He began by the *garde-meuble*, which is a story set apart to contain the spare furniture Lord Hertford has accumulated. A sort of stage had been erected in the centre of

[2] Formerly Sir C. Eastlake's secretary (Fine Arts Commission).

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a large room to accommodate the clocks alone, all of which are of the greatest beauty. The furniture is priceless: such things as would adorn, and have adorned, royal chambers in the most luxurious times. Then he took us into an entresol of the tiniest dimensions, looking out on to the noisiest part of the Boulevards.

There Lord Hertford lived for thirty-six years, thinking it a bore to move into his present gorgeous apartments. He made us sit down, with an easel before us, and handed us up a succession of small pictures, of great value, which were piled on the floor. I am sure we saw what would fetch 50,000*l.* at Christie's. The young man was most kind, and worked as hard as a drayman, lifting heavy frames for our gratification. Thence we went into Lord Hertford's present apartments, which are laden with everything that inordinate wealth can buy, besides the finest pictures of the Dutch and Flemish Schools. His Lordship is at 'Bagatelle,' a country house in the Bois de Boulogne, which is also a depôt of treasures.

You must not expect a single drawing this time, as I have been too busy in other ways: indeed, where have we stayed long enough for me to

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draw? I have been several times to the shop of the celebrated archæologist, M. Didron, looking at ivories and photographs; also to the Louvre, and to the Public Library to see miniatures.

Brussels, Oct. 30.—I spend most of my time here in the old library of the Dukes of Burgundy, one of the richest in the world in illuminated manuscripts.

We dine very unwillingly at table d'hôte: the table is good enough, but the guests are vulgar English and the most hideous Russians—women who ought to cover their faces or cut off their beards. I have never seen such a set of ugly creatures, and they don't attempt to improve their appearance by any grace of manner. One of them puts out her tongue as far as her ear every time she gulps up a colossal mouthful. But the hotel (de Belle Vue) is most respectably conducted. Behind, is the view into the beautiful park, with the palace around; the trees now thinned and coloured by autumn, but quite charming. Brussels strikes me as far prettier than Paris—so much cleaner and better finished, and with gentlemen's houses, of which no sign appears in Paris. Paris is like a great advertising shop, all glitter and puff; but behind the

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scenes, all dirt and dilapidation. It is the occasional brightness of the sky, especially at the season of visitors, which gilds the imperfections of Paris.

London, Nov. 14.—We have had a cause of great regret; but when I tell you that it is only for a thing, you will not be apprehensive of any real calamity. Our beautiful 'Fra Angelico' ('The Last Judgment'), an exquisite gem by the rarest master in the world, has gone where so many treasures lie—to the bottom of the sea! It was coming in a steamer, the 'Black Prince,' from Genoa to England. The vessel collided with another—how or why we don't know, and a telegram has brought the tidings from Gibraltar, adding, mercifully, that no lives were lost, but all cargo. It was accompanied by a picture by Borgognone for the National Gallery. I am afraid to speak of it to my husband, who feels the loss acutely. It was insured for 500*l.*, exactly what it cost, though not above a third of its value: but money can't compensate. We try to be thankful that no one went down with it. The picture would have been the pride of our collection.

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CHAPTER XXV

1861–1863

In May 1861 Lady Eastlake accompanies her husband on a short visit to Paris and Bruges. From the former place she writes, giving her opinion of the pictures at the Salon :—

Paris, May 10, 1861.—Returning the day before yesterday alone to our hotel, I found the street impeded by the passage of military—one battalion after the other; so, seeing I might wait half an hour, I plunged between the ranks, held up my hand, and positively stopped them—they all fell back before such a grenadier! My height is almost as great a wonder here as it was in Spain! . . .

Yesterday was Ascension Day, and very much interfered with all our business. Far from public places being all open on holidays, as people in England say, it is just the reverse. Thus the Louvre Galleries, the Libraries, and Museums were closed, and only the great Modern Exhibi-

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tion, which corresponds to the Royal Academy, open, so this was our sole resource. Everybody here is talking about its merits, and we are glad at any rate to have seen it. You know my husband is always ready to see merit, no matter where, but French art is now of a class in which neither the most enlightened nor the most indulgent eye can take pleasure. One great principle it proved to us, namely, the effect of unlimited space. Dozens of magnificent rooms and miles of wall are hung with abominations which disgust and fatigue the eye: hardly a picture there would have been admitted into our Exhibition. The necessity for selection has never given head to such a torrent of horrors in England. One such exhibition as this in Paris goes far to ruin art for half a generation; and truly the subjects are so odious—mere frippery, vicious boudoir scenes, or things of refined cruelty or undisguised indecency—that they tell a terrible tale for the people who can delight in them. On the score of subject only, some of the best executed pictures would have been excluded from the Royal Academy. Coming so straight from our walls, I could the better compare the two. In this awful *embarras des horreurs* I could not see a picture which pre-

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tended to any sacred and natural pathos. The few, who speak the truth and know what is what in art, agree with us in seeing the utter fall of modern French art. There were above 4,000 pictures, many of them 50 feet long, and only in two instances did I remark any subject taken from the history of France, and those were pictures of the murder of Marat by Charlotte Corday.

The provincial picture-galleries are criticised in a letter from Bruges, dated May 13, 1861 :—

We came here *viâ* Douai and Lille. At all French provincial towns there are *musées* (picture-galleries), which are much cried up. Douai was a specimen of an accumulation of trash, which no English gallery would accept. At every place we see the difference between French words and our interpretation of them. I have long heard the provincial French museums puffed in England, and the gifts of private individuals and of the Emperor, and the liberality with which these places are opened to the public, also the civilisation they are supposed to disseminate; but it is only by seeing the real thing that we get at the truth. The public of such a place as Douai are only admitted to their *musée* for two hours in the

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week (on a Sunday); anyone wanting to visit the pictures at any other time must pay. Then the gifts of the Emperor are impertinences—rubbish which must be astonished to be exalted into a national gallery; and the gifts of private individuals are worse still, having evidently no other motive than vanity, and no other excuse than ignorance. I shall mistrust all I hear of the superior sense and liberality of France and other foreign governments in these matters. Here, in Bruges, fine old pictures by Memling and other native masters are perishing, because the government is not even liberal enough to warm the rooms they are kept in during their always inclement winters.

Lady Eastlake now devotes all her spare time in London to her work upon Mrs. Jameson's 'History of Our Lord,' which she calls her *maximum opus*, complaining occasionally of the interruptions caused by callers and dinner parties. One of the latter is thus mentioned:—

May 27, 1861.—Yesterday we were at the Mansion House, at a dinner given to the Royal Society and Royal Academy. As there was no lady to represent the former, all the honours were heaped upon me! I sat next to the Duke of

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Cambridge, whom I found very good-natured and agreeable: we had some interesting talk. The Duke made an excellent speech. He drank the loving-cup with me, as I was his left-hand neighbour; he is an immense man, so that, as we stood together, face to face, I could not have chosen a better supporter.

After their usual travels in the autumn (the letters written during this trip have not been preserved) the Eastlakes returned to Fitzroy Square in November, and Lady Eastlake 'attacked her work with renewed energy,' though at times in despair at the extent and magnitude of a task, which, indeed, required a life's devotion. That she allowed herself some relaxation is shown by allusions to visits she paid to the theatre, for instance:—

Nov. 23, 1861.—Last night I dined with Mr. Christopher Sykes and his sister, and went to see Fechter in 'Othello.' I must say at once that his interpretation of Othello is an utter failure: nothing more discordant with the real character can well be imagined. His English was worse than ever, his speaking almost unintelligible, and his manner detestable. I could not have believed that he could so completely miss the real thing. But, on the other hand, the rest

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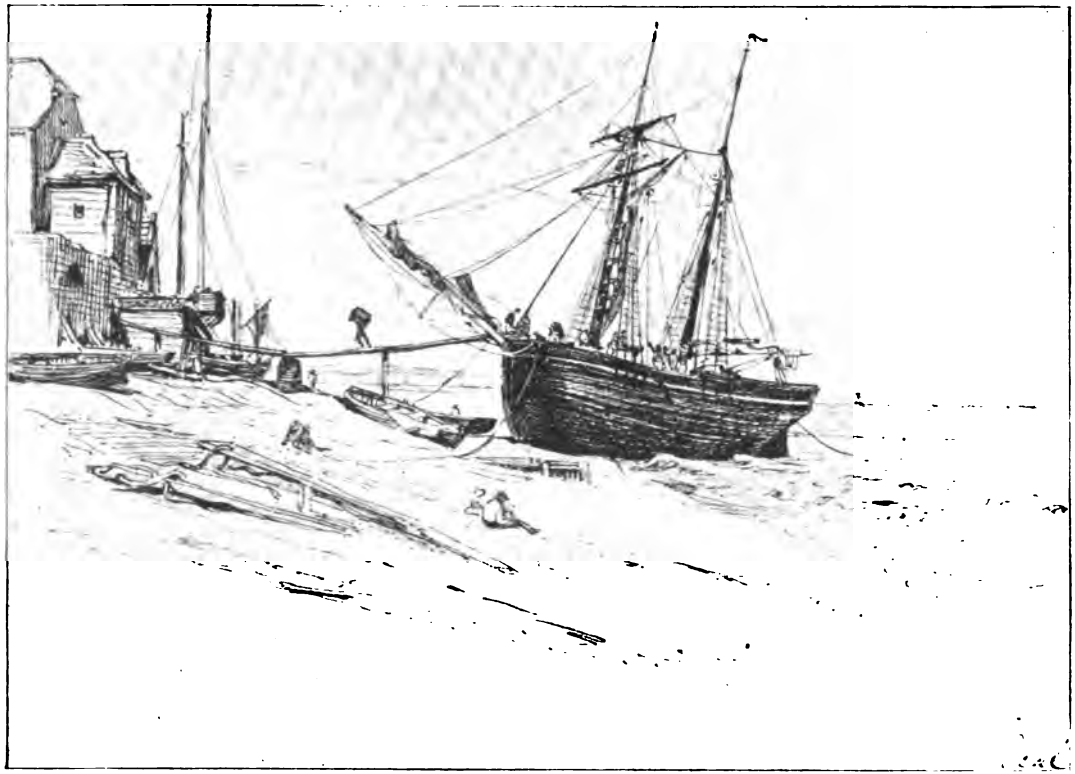

DEAL BEACH

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of the actors were capital—Iago horribly fine: the scenery and dresses were beautiful, and Shakespeare came out in all his inexhaustible wealth and power of thought. It is a tremendous tragedy as one sees it working up, but the last scene would be better omitted. It was the old version—Desdemona being killed on the stage—and my instincts of art so rebelled that I would not look at it, so made Mr. Sykes take my place in front of the box. I would not see a dog killed—how, then, a woman? Yet all the audience seemed of a different opinion.

It was while she was staying in Liverpool that she received the intelligence of the Prince Consort's death:—

Dec. 15, 1861.—I am overwhelmed by this incalculable affliction which has fallen on us all. I had buoyed myself up with hope, and this morning's letter from my dear husband gave me further hope; but at church the omission of that honoured name—no longer needing earthly intercession—awoke the congregation to the truth, and the sensation was painful in the extreme. Alas! that Royal Widow indeed needs all her people's prayers. Little did I think to survive that noble creature.

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London, Dec. 17.—I got home yesterday, finding my husband in very low spirits: the news had quite unhinged him. Your account of the house of sorrow at Windsor is most touching. Truly our suffering Queen seems to be exerting herself in that strength which the prayers of her subjects help to gain for her. If she be enabled to keep up this fortitude, she will win a higher place than ever in our affections. I hear that the Prince of Wales seemed most affected, becoming several times very faint during the last sad hours. Mr. Theed has been here to-day; he was summoned to Windsor to take a cast. He says the face was peaceful, all but lines of suffering about the mouth. The Prince lies in a large room, where the children usually have their Christmas-tree, on a small bed, with no curtains, now covered with flowers which Prince Leopold, little guessing their destination, had sent from Nice.

Lady Eastlake at once undertook to write an article for the 'Quarterly Review' on the Prince Consort, a task for which she was peculiarly fitted. This was published in January 1862, just a month after the Prince's death, and is referred to by her in a letter to her mother of January 24:—

John Murray has sent me a letter from Sir

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Charles Phipps to him, acknowledging the 'Quarterly Review.' 'He has read with deep emotion the article upon the Prince Consort, written by some one who has studied deeply and well understood that great man's uncommon mind.' Mrs. Stanley told me that Arthur [1] was delighted with it, and that all at Osborne had been telling him that it was the best thing on the Prince. I think Mrs. Stanley suspected me, but I carried it off.

Late in August 1862 Lady Eastlake went with her husband to Italy—Bellaggio, Milan, Naples, and Florence being the principal places visited. Some extracts from her letters written during this tour are given:—

Bellaggio, Aug. 31.—Here we are in one of the loveliest spots in Italy, on a promontory of Lake Como, and have a panorama of glorious forms around us, each part contending for the palm of highest beauty as the sun falls, successively, most favourably upon it. We came over the Splügen, and then by steamer, finding a much more convenient and reasonable order of posting under the new Italian regulations. . . . I long to be a botanist on these occasions; for the mountain flowers are strange and beautiful, and the rough

[1] Afterwards Dean of Westminster.

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stone-walls, which support the impending rocks, are full of little wonders, with which I feel more sympathy than with the desert of fearful masses of rock defying all life, animal or vegetable, to approach them, and seeming to be of no use in this world except to provide a difficulty for man to overcome.

All my knowledge of Italy has not shown me so lovely and truly Italian a spot as this. It is bordered with villas, most of them uninhabited but well kept up, standing in the most beautiful gardens. You can have no idea of the pomp of aloes, oleanders, magnolias, camellias, the latter covered with a sort of fruit: for the fruit and seed-vessels of these flowering shrubs and trees are as wonderful as their flowers. The magnolias are covered with things like pine-apples, the tulip-tree with bunches like walnuts.

The people who keep the hotel are extraordinary for Italians, who proverbially do not understand hotel-keeping. But here, as in most cases where daily cleverness and care are needed, a woman is at the bottom of it: the landlady is a superior person, and has succeeded in introducing every comfort.

Milan, Sept. 4.—I find I have told you

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nothing about a letter from General Grey. Lord Elcho has been interfering about the Royal Academy, and wanting to put it on a foreign footing, and has got the House of Commons to consent to a commission of inquiry. The Queen feels the absurdity of this as much as we do, and desired General Grey to write to Sir Charles that she will not appoint the members of the Commission, until she knows whom he approves. She sends him the names proposed, and marks those she objects to, requesting him to do the same, and also to name anyone he would like. All publicity can but redound to the credit of the Royal Academy, which is just now higher than ever in form of organisation, by the recent passing of a measure which my husband has long desired. But, should Lord Elcho succeed in altering the Constitution of the Academy, the principal members, with Sir Charles at their head, would instantly leave it.

Naples, Sept. 15.—We are here in heat of which an English midsummer can give no idea, the sun blazing upon a melting scene, and every object dazzling the eye. We arrived this morning in hot rain, to the great loss of the effect on entering; but since then the curtain has been

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drawn up, and the stage-lights are more brilliant than can be believed. . . .

After leaving Milan we spent a short time at Pistoja, seeing Cathedral, &c. The buildings are beautiful, but oh! so filthy. I think the Italians pave their churches with white marble on purpose to see the dirt better upon it. Luca della Robbia is there seen in perfection: an old hospital has bas-reliefs round it in figures as large as life, and as fresh in colour as yesterday. Neither rain nor sun can hurt this style of art, and it stands beyond the reach of man to defile. . . .

We found Admiral and Mrs. Codrington on board the steamer at Leghorn, and their company was most fortunate for us: the best accommodation in the vessel had been placed at Mrs. Codrington's service, and she most kindly placed it at mine. Admiral Codrington is a true British sailor and gentleman, and she a true sailor's wife. He told us anecdotes of the deposed Grand Duke of Tuscany, who, having fled to the furthest coast point in his dominions, was waited upon by the admiral then cruising on the coast. By his advice the Grand Duke issued a proclamation for his subjects to rally to him at a certain point, and then made the most paltry excuses for not

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joining them. Many men, Admiral Codrington said, are cowards, but few own the fact. The Grand Duke, however, fairly admitted that he had no wish or taste for anything, which could possibly involve danger to himself.

We were up on deck early (five o'clock), but Vesuvius was not smoking, which was quite a disappointment; and it was soon obscured by heavy rain, in which we passed the magical scenes and poetical names of this southern region. Not that even this rain could dull the view as it would have done elsewhere, for the forms looked transparent through it, and the villages scattered along the coast white with a kind of inner light.

Naples, Sept. 17.—At this season this place is not bearable for Northern constitutions, as the heat surpasses all I have felt anywhere, and, I suspect, gives with its accompaniments some idea of an Indian life. The mosquitoes are the worst part, they swarm by day so as to prevent any occupation, and at night they are accompanied by a smaller sort, which get through the nets.

We have managed a drive through Portici and Torre del Greco: the latter place, which was partially overthrown by an earthquake in 1860,

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stands upon Herculaneum, and we saw the cave through which one descends to it; but, in this hot weather, it is dangerous to visit the underground city, which is like a cellar. But for the few peeps of Vesuvius and the sea and islands, no London suburb could be uglier than this part. The Italians love the highest, frightfullest stone-walls on each side of a road, broken either by the most hideous houses, apparently roofless (for only the chimneys appear above an ugly box), or by a squalid and *filthissima* street. Nature ever does her part in exquisite beauty and luxury, and occasionally such flowers and fruit, shrubs and trees, peeped above the dull walls as showed the paradise within.

Yesterday we went to the Museum, situated on one of the heights of this climbing city, and managed to get round the usual sights of the gallery. The one where I most forgot the overpowering heat was that of ancient bronzes and other objects from Pompeii: either for beauty or for interest, and generally for both, every object had a fascination. I could have lingered over the household relics of a buried race, nearly 1800 years old (Pompeii was overwhelmed A.D. 79), for months. There we see their furniture, their

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kitchen utensils, their stoves and contrivances for hot water, all practical and always of exquisite taste. The very top of an urn was a gem in itself, and the vessel of perfect shape and costly material. Their bread is there—all charred, but keeping its form; their eggs, some not broken; their walnuts, wheat, olives, &c.; and, what was most curious, pieces of fine linen just wrung into tight lumps before being spread out to dry. Nets for the hair, very like those now worn, are there too. Objects of the highest art, much earlier than the destruction of Pompeii, are being continually found, such as bronze figures of antique perfection. The best bronzes have been excavated since the Bourbon left. . . .

Florence, Sept. 30.—We have been passing our time comfortably here. I get some drawing of a morning, first in one place then in another, either perched up behind an altar, or shut up in a convent, or surrounded by chattering men in a sacristy, and generally find great civility and kindness. My object is to get what will help my work, and other people don't copy a picture so much to my liking as I do myself, though I say it, that shouldn't.

On Monday I was at the convent of S.

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Marco in order to copy a miniature in one of the choral books. I had a letter from the head of the Academy to the 'Padre Priore,' a fine Dominican monk, by no means advanced in years, who was rather short at first, saying that there was nowhere for a lady to draw, as the convent admits no women, and that he was afraid of my not turning over the leaves carefully enough. I assured him that, if everyone had the same respect for works of art as I, the choral books of Florence would be in better condition. In short, I talked him over till he grinned from ear to ear; and I got my big book, and a comfortable place in a kind of refectory.

Milan, Oct. 17.—We have just been to the celebrated Casa Borromeo, built in the fourteenth century, and, till lately, for seven years the abode of an Austrian regiment, who have left it a wreck, having burnt above eighty pair of venetians, twisted all the handles off the doors, and filthied and spoiled it in every way. Now the family have returned, and are by degrees getting the enormous old palace, which contains nine courts, to rights. For this purpose they may be induced to sell pictures; so the present Count met us there, and my husband made him an offer which

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I fancy he will accept. The Count said he would take an offer from a gentleman, but from no dealer; and we are always glad to avoid go-betweens, as then the sum goes intact to the proprietor. My husband has just done the same with an Italian gentleman, whose pictures we went to Bellaggio to see, and who came last night and accepted the terms offered for a glorious portrait of a tailor by Moretto. It is a celebrated picture, called the 'Taglia Panni.' The tailor, a bright-looking man with a ruff, has his shears in his beautifully painted hands, and is looking at the spectator. This will be a popular picture.

Portions of the most interesting letters, written from London during the next half-year, are here quoted. They tell their own tale :—

Nov. 24, 1862.—The Queen has been showing her fidelity to my husband. We were rather annoyed last week by a letter from William Cowper (Minister of Public Works), regretting that the Fine Arts Commission was to come to an end, and that Sir Charles' services would not be needed. Sir Charles pleaded his long service of twenty-one years, and the interruption it had been to his profession; but Cowper assured him that no pension, or diminished salary for the work

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still to be completed, could be had. The Queen had, before that, told my husband that she did not intend to bring the Commission to a close; so he let Her Majesty know, through General Grey, what William Cowper had written. As soon as an answer could come, it did, enclosing a copy of what the Queen had written to Cowper, directing that the Commission should continue, that Sir Charles should still direct it, and that some arrangement should be made for him to receive a pension or allowance for his long services. So we are chuckling over Cowper and Gladstone. The allowance will probably be small, though adequate to the work now to be done. I was much touched by the Queen's promptitude and staunch fidelity to her old servant.

Jan. 12, 1863.—My husband is back from Osborne. He saw the Queen twice, and reports her as outwardly cheerful. As to her sense, order, and uprightness, he has no bounds to his admiration.

Jan. 31.—We had a pleasant dinner-party at the Bence Jones', breaking off early for the lecture, and reaching the Royal Institution by 8.30, which we found crowded in every part. We were the chief party in point of science, as Dr. Bence Jones

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is Secretary and Sir Henry Holland, who dined with us, acted as President; but we could hardly get places. In due time Cardinal Wiseman appeared, preceded by sundry very demure-looking ecclesiastics, among whom, the palest and thinnest creature imaginable, was our late Archdeacon Manning. No man can look more miserable than he. The Cardinal is portly, with a feeble, sweet voice, and most beautiful hands, which were always in movement. He did not give a very able lecture; it was confused and illogical, though in parts very clever and eloquent. He took me captive at first, for he began by expatiating on the admirable proposal of the Committee for the Prince's Memorial, of a hall to unite the purposes of science and art; then he read a few lines from the Report. He told, also, some good stories, showing his aptitude for humour, which his slight Irish tone makes one expect. His lecture, like his sermons, I suppose, was meant for an illogical audience, and brevity was as little studied as close reasoning, for instead of one hour he was just two.

Feb. 4.—My husband has been to Windsor again: he is more and more impressed with the duty of working for our bereaved Queen—and she does give him plenty to do!

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March 25.—I have just returned from Outram's funeral. A public funeral is not the place for a real mourner, and I was much oppressed with the number of idle, chattering people about me. I, therefore, went with kind Mrs. Trench into the choir, where the service was read and chanted, and where all those following the coffin came. There I could see poor Frank, who would, I am sure, have preferred some quiet parish church as regards feeling. After the crowd had a little dispersed, I went to the deep grave, and looked down on all that remained of the beloved and mighty dead. The body of mourners was large, and included a great many men I knew.

April 29.—There is some intrigue going on about the Prince's Memorial, of which I think Her Majesty must be ignorant. You have doubtless seen the absurd 'Times'' statement, that it is to be 300 feet high, while we, who have the design, know that it is to be only 150 feet. But Delane,[2] in answer to my husband's attempt to set him right, writes *knowingly*, and says we shall find it 300 feet. Now we have received intimation, that Mr. Cole is working at General Grey to get a plan of his adopted. We must wait quietly, so

[2] The editor of the *Times*.

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say nothing about it. I foresee that fiery Lord Derby won't stand any interference, and ought not. The only point one cares about is, that the Queen should remain firm, and about this there is no doubt.

May 4.—All went perfectly well at the Royal Academy dinner. My husband was quite enchanted with the Prince of Wales, and with his natural manners and simplicity. The Prince hesitated in the middle of his speech, so that everybody thought it was all up with him; but he persisted in thinking till he recovered the thread, and then went on well. The very manner in which he did this was natural and graceful. He was so moved when mentioning his father, that it was feared he would break down. After the speech, the Prince turned to my husband, and told him he was quite provoked with himself. 'I knew it quite by heart in the morning'; but he evidently had no vanity, for he laughed at his own 'stupidity,' and immediately recovered his spirits. 'Hesse' was next the Prince, who chaffed him from time to time, and told him he would have to sing a song. Lord Palmerston's speech kept them all in roars of laughter.

May 23.—Yesterday afternoon I was intro-

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duced to Colenso. He is a very unhappy-looking man, and soon spoke of the 'controversy.' Though moved to pity by his evident unhappiness, I fought the good fight against him—no difficult thing to do, for his arguments were of the Tom Paine and German school; and I can't understand his stopping even where he is now. He seemed to consider himself an apostle of liberty, but I told him I knew a little about that liberty, and how it worked in private families as well as in nations. He is a young man—at most forty—tall, handsome, and elegant, but grey.

After spending the months of August and September in Scotland, Lady Eastlake joined her husband for a tour in France and Germany; and, on her return to London, put the last touches to the work on which she had been engaged since Mrs. Jameson's death in 1860. The book was published by Messrs. Longmans in March 1864, under the title: 'The History of Our Lord, as exemplified in Works of Art, with that of His Types, &c. Commenced by the late Mrs. Jameson: continued and completed by Lady Eastlake;' and was reviewed by Lady Eastlake in the July number of the 'Quarterly Review' ('Christian Art').

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CHAPTER XXVI

1864

In a letter dated January 15, 1864, there is this interesting reference to Professor Jowett, whom Lady Eastlake met at dinner at a cousin's[1] house :—

'He is delightful: a happy, gentle-looking, grey-haired, young man, very agreeable indeed, and very amiable.'

On April 17 she witnesses Garibaldi's ovation at the Crystal Palace, and a few days afterwards meets him at Mrs. Gladstone's house.

April 18.—Our expedition to the Crystal Palace was a success. We got there with comfort in spite of the crush, and had seats in the best place; indeed, without reserved seats, we could have seen nothing, as all tenable standing-room was occupied by a dense crowd.

The place for Garibaldi was on a kind of balcony, projecting from one of the corner piers

[1] Sir Francis Palgrave.

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of the transept. He came punctually, and the gradual hum, which swelled to a roar, was electrifying. They put him forward alone to face the welcome that thundered forth from the thousands. He took it simply enough, and soon sat down. Then his eldest son was brought forward—a fine, military, young man—and I saw that he flushed to the eyes as the roar saluted him too: the same, somewhat modified, for the younger—quite a lad. They sat on each side of their father, and in a few minutes the young Duke of Sutherland took a seat too, and had his small cheer. The photographs of Garibaldi are so precisely like him, that it seems superfluous to see him. He has a noble head, serene and quiet, with no foreign gesture—a fair, tanned man. He put on his glasses to read the words of the music, and seemed quite unconscious of the public gaze. Then the music struck up, and it was worthy of the occasion. One of the singers was Santley, but the chorus must have been all Italian, from the precision, expression, and enthusiasm of their pronunciation. All the pieces had allusion, direct or indirect, to Garibaldi; but at last came a chorus to him—his name brought in in every stanza—which was sung like the tramp of an army; and when his name came

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the singers seemed to lose all self-possession, waving their music and their handkerchiefs. The audience rose every time—half of them singing, too, half of them Italians. The rapture was electrifying. Of course Garibaldi rose also, and all with him. This was encored: it was most overpowering, and in itself very beautiful music. Then 'God save the Queen' was sung, with scarcely less enthusiasm. Afterwards Garibaldi and his son received swords on the great balcony facing the gardens.

April 21.—Last night I was at the Gladstones' evening party in Carlton Gardens. The great man [Garibaldi] has evidently no clothes beyond his daily attire; for he had dined in his heavy grey cloth cloak, lined with red, which entirely envelops him, and was sitting in it in the sweltering hot rooms, being too tired to stand. He reminded me of an invalid in a dressing-gown, with fine ladies ministering to his wants. The sight was not pleasant, for I felt that Mrs. —— and her tribe would have equally run after General Tom Thumb, or a great criminal. He looked like the working-man, and his hand, though finely formed, showed hard work. Lord Palmerston talked animatedly to him for some time. He went away

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in an hour, with Mrs. Gladstone sentimentally hanging on his arm.

Lady Eastlake's letters, portions of which are given, now describe the last tour she made with her husband. When they were at Bologna, the memorable trial of the hundred and four brigands was being held.

Geneva, Aug. 16, 1864.—We have seen a good deal of a new beat since we left Paris. Our journey to Dijon was truly through 'la belle France,' for the scenery was rich and cultivated, with plenty of hill and dale. At Dijon (the capital of the old Dukedom of Burgundy) we spent two days, seeing the Cathedral, and the very interesting churches and remains of the splendour of Dijon. I thought of Cotman's fine etchings all the time, for there is much that recalls the architecture I used to copy with such gusto. It has suffered from the violence of the Revolution, but still almost every street has some grand old building to show, and the Museum is full of beautiful remains of monuments and sculpture. Also there is a particular object just outside the gates, which is alone worth coming to Dijon to see. This is a kind of column, standing in a deep well, of hexagonal form, and bearing the

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life-sized figures of six prophets—called hence 'le puits de Moïse'; and is almost the finest work of art that can be seen north of the Alps—far finer than anything Italian of the same epoch. It is obvious that all the finer qualities of the Van Eycks must have sprung from it, as both Hubert and John were in the service of the Dukes of Burgundy, and this object is anterior to the Van Eyck school, having been erected in 1397. We had heard and read of it, but had no idea (very few have) of its perfection.

Ouchy, Aug. 20.—Here we are (Beau Rivage Hotel) in the midst of all that is beautiful without and comfortable within: nothing can exceed the charm of this place. If I were not here. I should like to be at Lausanne, which is most picturesque. . . . Little Prince Arthur arrived here the day before yesterday, and is at a detached part of this hotel called 'The Châlet.' Yesterday I met Colonel Seymour on the stairs, who said he had seen me, the day before, going up to Lausanne: then I remembered passing two dusty pedestrians with a young boy. He told me that the little fellow is an indefatigable pedestrian, and had been up to the 'Grands Mulets' of Mont Blanc—a walk of thirteen hours. Well, yesterday

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evening, as we were coming down to dinner, we found two gentlemen and a boy at the foot of the stairs in the hall. Colonel Seymour presented me to the little Prince, who instantly shook hands, and we had some conversation about the rain and drought. He is very like his mother, with beautiful teeth and a winning smile. While I watched him, I felt tickled that a boy should address me so boldly, looking up with such a self-possessed kind of condescension, as if reversing the usual order of things. Then he said all that was kind and proper to my husband, remembered that I had told Colonel Seymour that Sir Charles was unwell, and said 'You don't look so well as I could wish.' Major Elphinstone,[2] a most interesting man, is the other gentleman, and I hear that the Prince walks them off their feet.

Schaffhausen, Aug. 25.—This hotel ('Rheinfall') is directly opposite and above the falls of the Rhine, which are magnificent—their roar never ceasing: our windows vibrate with the concussion. Before leaving Ouchy we met Arthur and Lady Augusta Stanley, after service in the beautiful little English church erected midway on the hill between Lausanne and that place. They came

[2] Sir Howard Elphinstone, K.C.B.

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down to Ouchy with us. To Lady Augusta everything was new and most delightful, and the view from our windows enchanted her.

The rail from Ouchy passes through glorious scenery. Owing to ill-managed trains, we had to stop three hours at Berne, the filthiest city in the world; for here we had entered German Switzerland, and the change was immediate. The arrangements at the station were disgraceful, and fleas and Germans were in a paradise of their own. We drove away in a carriage floored with cigar-ends, and went to the fine Cathedral, where fleas seem to be one of their articles. The building stands on a terrace commanding grand views.

Rorschach, Aug. 28.—We left Constance yesterday in bitter cold and rain, so that a cabin in the little steamer was really welcome. The day before, we drove into the country to see pictures at a place, which is to be sold. The place —Schloss Salenstein—is pretty enough, being a very old building, part of the twelfth century, perched on a rock, with gardens and vineyards sloping from it, and well kept up; but the pictures were absurdities, and when they are sold, or attempted to be sold, the family will find out the trash they have bought, and the ignorant non-

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sense they have talked. It is always melancholy to see such vulgar delusions reckoned upon as fortunes for children.

Bellaggio, Sept. 4.—We have had a most successful passage; the views of the stupendous Alps increase in grandeur every time one sees them. We had an open carriage, which added to the power of enjoyment, but almost overwhelmed us with heat and dust. We stayed two hours at Splügen, and found that the hotel, like all others, has improved with the increased demand for accommodation. . . . Some little way down the Italian side we came to parts I well knew, a tract of fallen rocks, like Scott's description of the Trossachs, 'the fragments of a ruined world'—fallen from precipices above, and long ago; grand old chestnut trees, all gnarled and wrung with centuries of wind and sun, have forced their way among them. And between the masses is the most beautiful greensward, kept fine and close by the browsing of the hardy mountain cattle and goats. This is a region for a painter to study, such colours, such forms, and, between the rocks, the green and chequered shade for noonday rumination. . . .

I took a walk early this morning, following the narrow paved ways between walls, which led to

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the top of the hill, on the south-east side of which Bellaggio stands, whence you can see the lake on each hand. The lizards ran along the walls, and kept pace with me, and a great snake (a harmless creature) glided frightened away. The grapes and figs hung above my head, the former unripe, the latter out of my reach.

We have seen a good deal of Signor Morelli here, the Deputato for Bergamo, one of those extraordinarily clever men whom even the slavery of Italy did not extinguish. His conversation is most charming, both on Art and Italy, and many other things. He is a great statesman and politician by nature, by education a physician, by taste a connoisseur; but with power and memory for everything, and a grand-looking man besides. His account of various signs of progress in Italy is full of interest—the rise of wages; the education of the most elementary kind; the difficulties which they find in getting teachers for schools; the Neapolitan soldiers, who, when they have their furlough, return before it expires, not able to endure the filth, misery, and disorder of their old homes. As he expresses it, 'no end of dirty linen to wash.'

Venice, Sept. 11.—I feel the mistake of being here at such a season, the heat is so trying; and

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then come all the *beasts*, as the Scotch call them, which like me as much as I hate them. This place is insufferable in that respect, the people poverty-stricken and apathetic, the hotel ('de la Ville') poor to an incredible degree: everything in rags, all furniture in pieces. I shall not be sorry to leave in spite of all the charms of gondola, and sweet, soft, warm moons, and exquisite gliding under the studded sky. The sight of so much indigence is depressing. Not a light is to be seen in palaces and houses. . . .

I am reading a new Italian work which is making a noise here, 'The Mysteries of a Neapolitan Convent.' It shows more what Neapolitans are than convents; but there are things which can only be compared with the worst horrors of Brahmanism and with the Car of Juggernaut. It is interesting to hear the other Italians speak of the Neapolitans; though commenting on their utter degradation and corruption, yet all thinking men acknowledge that, in point of natural gifts, they surpass the other races of Italy.

Milan, Sept. 18.—On our way here we stayed at Verona, which is so charming, and has so much to interest the traveller, that only the bad accommodation keeps people away. We saw some fine

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things there in the queerest places; sometimes a true palazzo, with a high-bred sickly marchesa—sometimes little better than a garret, with a beautiful Italian woman more worth looking at than her pictures. I think my husband will acquire some important pictures there, but the prices asked are exorbitant. We went about also to churches, &c., and to the matchless amphitheatre, where 40,000 people are easily accommodated, and still look on at horse-riders, jugglers, &c. But, like the Coliseum at Rome, it depressed me, as all remains of Pagan strength and brutality do.

Florence, Sept. 21.—We stayed only one day at Bologna, but, yesterday morning, I saw something there which I shall never forget. I had set my heart on seeing this troop of brigands who are now on their trial in Bologna, after having been the terror of the city and of the surrounding country for two years. An Italian friend, Signor Gualandi, got me a ticket for a reserved seat, and took me in by ten o'clock. The hall was open to the public, who thronged it below; for people with tickets, there were two galleries, whence we saw everything. The hall was low and arched, and in it stood a great iron cage containing 103 men, and one woman, who sat in the centre, in

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no way distinguished from her male accomplices. They sat on benches, as in an orchestra, quite comfortably, and were talking and laughing together in a bravado manner. In a few minutes the counsel, jury, &c., came in, and all the prisoners stood up and sat down again. Then their names were called over, and each man stood up in his place, so I managed to count them. I studied them carefully through my opera-glass, so that I saw features and expression. There were no boys or old men: men from twenty-four up to fifty-five perhaps, including creatures of a grand type of face and figure. No poor men were among them, no one ill-dressed; the lowest were in blouses, well shod and clean; the highest dressed as well as any gentleman. None very debased in look, and all more or less with the nobility of the Italian race upon them. The woman was in no way remarkable, though she looked perhaps more wicked than the men. All have been criminals of a terrible kind, and several murders, as well as innumerable robberies, burglaries, outrages, swell the list of indictments, which amount to nearly fifty. Some are shopkeepers, innkeepers, &c., with ample means: one is an engraver, a young man of such skill that he easily earned two

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napoleons a day. It appears that it was an enormous *combinazione*—a band who were leagued together in a kind of club, conducted on the most practical principles for the most abominable purposes. They robbed and murdered in bands of six; if one of their number was taken, all the others contributed money to defend or to rescue him; if one fell ill, they allowed him so much a week; if one died, they allowed his widow a pension. No wonder so many joined the band—it was the most profitable thing going. This trial has been in progress four months, and will probably terminate next month. The greatest patience and fairness are exerted, the prisoners are well defended, and each is as separately tried as if he had robbed and murdered solely on his own account. All will doubtless be found guilty; hard labour, either for life or for a period of years, will be the lot of most; some will probably be condemned to death; some are already under sentence of imprisonment for offences, for which they have been tried at Genoa—among these is the woman, who is undergoing ten years of *travaux forcés*, and who, it is hoped, will get ten years more. The trial will do much good, as a standing proof both of the strength and fairness of the present admi-

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nistration. A daily report, word for word, appears in a kind of newspaper, 8,000 copies of which are sold daily.

I hardly took my eyes off the cage, the inmates of which became very serious, and even depressed, as the Prosecutor General addressed the jury, and pulled the defence to pieces. Then they became very restless, like pent-up animals. Water was handed to them, and the lawyers occasionally went in front of the cage, and spoke with some of them. The young engraver seemed to be especially on his trial, as he was taken out of the cage, and stood before the tribunal some time. Stories are told of his great talent: that, since he has been in prison, he has modelled a crucifix in bread, also made a flute out of macaroni. I remained there two hours.

Mentone, Oct. 9.—We arrived here yesterday. The first part of our journey from Genoa was bitterly cold, but we soon came to signs of the temperature of the Mediterranean shores in the hedges of aloes, butting their grand, horned forms at us with a vigour and strength, which showed how nourishing was the white sunburnt soil. It was strange to see them side by side with cabbages, like Dignity and Impudence: indeed any common

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well-known plant looked vulgar, and the blackberry was quite out of place. However, these home sights soon disappeared, and the ilex, the olive, and the fig-tree filled the glorious landscape, and the caper plant hung in masses from every hole in every wall. After leaving Savona (where we stayed the night), bay after bay we skirted round, and headland after headland we turned, each turn opening fresh glories of the shore. Generally we were high above, and directly over, the sea, which lay a vast moving pavement of colours —greys, and pinks, and various hues, but oftenest of the intense blue of the peacock's neck, and most intense when seen next the shore, which glowed with dazzling white and orange. Indeed, every object seemed to emit light—the road, the walls, the rocks, the commonest village, dazzled the eye. The sea itself looked like the firmament reversed, and as for the sky—there are no words for that. Still the beauty of the vegetation continued to increase. An occasional palm-tree added its tropical form, and oleanders, cactuses, orange and citron trees laden with fruit; and over and through all, the endless olive groves, through which we passed as through private woods. Nor must I forget the tall reeds, creatures twenty feet

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high, jungle-like, which waved on each side in the wind. The afternoon was more lovely than ever, the villages more picturesque, the olive more prevailing with its soft ever-grey tints, until the colour of sea and every other object only gleamed more jewel-like in contrast. With all this close, as it were, to the eye, the hills rose above into the grandest Alpine forms, wildernesses of precipitous rock, so that no feature of beauty was omitted. That night we slept at Oneglia—a beautiful little spot with excellent accommodation—and were off early next morning. All along, we were keeping company with the railway works going on in patches, and outlined the whole way. Sometimes the work was being carried on by convict labour—poor, ill-looking, but strong, fine men, with a chain wound round the ankle: on cessation of labour, this chain would be attached to the wrist. But there was plenty of free labour, too, and the people were among the beauties of the scene—a magnificent race: every young woman would be a belle in an English ball-room. Great activity was obvious in every form; all along the coast boat- and ship-building was going on, while the culture of the earth was incessant. The result of all this was the utter absence of

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beggars, a most welcome fact; though, strange to say, beggars commenced within half an hour of the French frontier. That day, the beauty of the shore rose to its culminating point. The landscape waved with a sea of olives interspersed with the vivid green of the lemon-tree and still vivider green of the orange. The ripe lemons and oranges (the latter not so frequently ripe as the former) shone like stars out of the intense green. Nor could there be any sign of autumn, as all this green was evergreen. At San Remo we stopped for two hours; thence we came to groves of palms mixed with the olive groves, and towering with them up the mountains. This was chiefly at a place called Bordighiera, which stands on a promontory—most other towns nestle in the bays. At about 4.30 we crossed the French frontier, though I believe our Government does not yet acknowledge it to be so, the Prince of Monaco having sold the district of Mentone to the French. There began the fiddle-faddles of a nation of bureaucracy. We were twice detained while the lazy French officials measured each horse, took down its colour, and the length of its tail! This was done twice within half an hour, our Roman vetturino looking on in high disdain. I suggested

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that they had better measure me. But the descent to Mentone banished all fidgets. That is the very cradle of orange and lemon groves; the fruit hung over the walls, and dropped like apples upon the road. The place has a neatness and cleanliness inspired by English visitors, which made it more sympathetic than any other, without diminishing the picturesqueness. One would wish to send every pulmonary sufferer there for the winter: there are plenty of nice houses, just fit for English. Then the glorious sea, bordered with young palm-trees, and the roads hedged with oleander, and scarlet geraniums growing wild in patches, while hedges of roses were too common to be mentioned.

Yesterday morning, we started at nine o'clock in an open carriage, and perhaps our first two hours from Mentone were the quintessence of all we had seen. We passed high above the town of Monaco, which occupies two lovely bays, and, with its palace and hells (for 'only man is vile'), looked like the choicest spot this earth can hold. Nice lies in a plain of orange groves, with high mountains and grand sea; but it was like coming back to the vulgar world, and seems to be an odious place, with French cafés and new

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wretched buildings springing up to entice visitors. How any one can hesitate between Nice and Mentone I can't conceive.

Marseilles, Oct. 13.—We arrived here last night from Cannes. . . . The enjoyment of foreign travel all depends on being strong; when one is at all unwell, there is no saying how odious the cuisine is—all bread sour, or too new to eat; never a fresh potato—always twice cooked and messed up; meat salt or bad—if fresh, then hard with baking, or so underdone that even the most carnivorous English protest against it; milk, except in a very few cases, half water; tea, a nasty mouldy compound. This is no overdrawn picture, as any one who is delicate abroad well knows. The only things I have enjoyed have been grapes, of which we had abundance along the Riviera, but which have vanished from our sight here, though we are surrounded with vineyards.

I told you that Nice was an odious place. We left it with our worst wishes, hoping that it might have but few visitors this year to fleece and torment. We had a horrid night there, worried by mosquitoes, which there was no possibility of getting at: our nets hung from the ceiling, and

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that a lofty one; so there the mosquitoes have a complete monopoly, being comfortably lodged over the unfortunates, on whom they descend at their ease, and then fly up out of reach and cannot be dislodged. We hated the place, and spoke our sentiments before leaving; but they naively defended their arrangement by saying, that with very long ladders they could mount up to the top of the nets and get the mosquitoes out! Cannes was as bad in another respect as regards this serious nuisance, and there we spent a night of misery. It is a scandal that, in countries infested by these mosquitoes, the simple precautions adopted at Florence, and the easiest and the cheapest, should be neglected. But all innkeepers ignore the mosquito, as they do the ——, and say you must have brought them with you. Otherwise, Cannes interested me much. So many English villas, with their gates and lodges, have been built, that the road looked quite English.

Montpellier, Oct. 19.—We left Marseilles on the 17th, and reached Arles that afternoon, when we at once took a carriage and drove about. The first batch of sights was about four miles off, being a group of extraordinary ruins, formerly abbey, convent, and hermitage, with two very

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early churches. The place, called Montmajeur, is built on a rocky eminence, which crops up above the hot plain. These ruins, the work of the Revolution, are well worth visiting. One of the churches (itself of the highest architectural interest, doubtless formerly a tomb, and having no window in it—the light coming from two small doors) is surrounded by the open empty resting-places of early devotees, cut in the rock.

Then we went to a place nearer Arles, called Aliscamps (*Elisii Campi*), being the ancient cemetery of the Roman colonists. For half a mile we drove through tombs—some open, some still with their lids on—most of them Pagan, a few early Christian. Then the road opened into a wider part, in which stands a most remarkable church of very early date, also in ghastly ruins from the Revolution. This was altogether a most pathetic and funereal place, the beau idéal of an ancient necropolis—weeds overgrowing everything, and obscuring inscriptions and decorative forms of the highest interest.

Next morning we took the sights close at hand. The Cathedral of St. Trophimus is an extraordinary edifice, full of Roman, and therefore of Greek, reminiscences: of course utterly

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debased, but showing how strong the Roman feeling lingered. Then on to the Museum, in which all the richest sculptured sarcophagi have been placed—Pagan and Christian—with other antique relics. (The celebrated Venus of Arles was found there.) This was most interesting to me, who am trying to clear up the history and dates of the Catacombs; for all these sarcophagi agree exactly with those found there, and most of them are repetitions. Thence to the ruins of the Roman theatre, a great open sunny place, with the circular seats still standing, and a few grand columns and the outline of the building quite distinct. Then to the Amphitheatre—one of the most perfect remaining, and used still for horse-races, and for a modified kind of bull-fight. . . .

Pure French cooking, as one finds in such a place as Montpellier, is an abomination; and there is such beautiful produce of the earth in all forms, that it needs someone who shall be nameless to rend the cooks, who thus ruin everything. I wish the people who rave about French cooking were banished here for a little while.

Dijon, Oct. 23.—We are passing Sunday here in the enjoyment of real rest, for this little hotel ('de la Cloche') is one of those homely clean

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houses, which are the more delightful after such unspeakable places as the great modern hotels of Marseilles and Lyons. We have had a busy week, sleeping last Sunday at Marseilles, Monday at Arles, Tuesday at Montpellier, Wednesday at Nismes, Thursday at Avignon, Friday at Lyons, Saturday at Dijon: to-morrow we go to Paris.

At Nismes there is a peculiar beauty in the arid landscape, with the grand winding Rhone, the town and castle of Villeneuve, in lines of indescribable grandeur, and the foreground of the battered walls and towers of Avignon. It is even a little like Rome itself, in landscape and features, as if chosen by the Anti-Popes for that reason. There is also an interesting Cathedral, and that palace of the Popes where the worst butcheries of the Revolution were perpetrated.

At Lyons we expected at all events decent comfort, as that city is luxurious and wealthy. Of course we went to the best hotel; but in no remote Italian town, in no neglected railway station, have we ever found such abominations. The place flared with gas, and mirrors, and gilding: fountains played in the halls—they had better have played elsewhere! We were over-

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run with cockroaches in the bedroom, and pestered by mosquitoes. The whole house was so pestiferous and so hot, from utter want of all circulation of air, that it will, I think, take spontaneous combustion some day.

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CHAPTER XXVII

1865–1870

ALL the letters which Lady Eastlake wrote to her mother from January 1865 to September 1872 (the date of Mrs. Rigby's death) have been destroyed, with the exception of those, most touching in their pathos, written from Italy during Sir Charles Eastlake's last illness and shortly after his death. In the short memoir of her husband she thus alludes to the blow which almost crushed her :—

He left England on August 3, 1865, exceedingly unwell. This condition had too often occurred for us not to press forward to that desired land, the soft air of which had so often restored him. On my part, however, there were, on this last occasion, more than usual misgivings. On crossing the Simplon, and reaching Domo d' Ossola, he immediately felt relieved, but the next day, which took us through the beautiful scenery which leads to Baveno, on the Lago Maggiore, was the last day of health to him. At

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Milan, which was soon reached, twelve sad weeks —though broken by intervals of partially returning strength—were passed. They were succeeded by five weeks, sadder still, at Pisa. He died there on December 24.

The grief, which overshadowed the rest of her life, is too sacred to be dwelt upon here, though from the many letters of condolence and sympathy received by her at that time, we venture to quote one from Sir Charles Phipps, conveying the Queen's gracious message to her :—

Osborne: Dec. 27, 1865.

Dear Lady Eastlake,—The Queen has only just heard of your sad affliction, and of the loss not only to yourself, but to England and to the cause of Art throughout the world.

You will believe how sincerely and truly Her Majesty can sympathise with you, how deeply she feels for you; but Her Majesty directs me also to add that she herself laments with unfeigned sorrow over the loss of one for whom she had a sincere respect and regard, and to whom she had looked upon many occasions, and never in vain, for assistance and advice in questions connected with the fine arts.

The Queen prays that God may give you

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strength to bear this trial, the weight of which nobody knows better than herself: it is to Him alone that any one can look for consolation, though Her Majesty knows the soothing effect of kind and sympathetic words.

I will not add a word from myself, though I had the strongest feelings of attachment for Sir Charles.

Sincerely yours,
C. B. PHIPPS.

Florence: Jan. 3, 1866.

Dear Sir Charles Phipps,—The letter, in which you convey to me Her Majesty's most gracious words of condolence, reached me here yesterday.

May I beg you to express to the Queen my humble and most grateful thanks, and to say to Her Majesty that nothing in this world could be so soothing to my heart as to know that she recognises the devotion of my beloved husband to herself and the ever-lamented Prince Consort, that she regrets his loss, and deigns to sympathise with me in my unspeakable affliction?

Will you also assure Her Majesty that I turn beseechingly to God for help, and to that future when all tears will be wiped away and husband and wife re-united?

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I pray God to bless Her Majesty and to give her more and more of that comfort to which she condescends to direct me.

I beg you also to accept my thanks for the kind words you have added.

Believe me yours truly,

ELIZABETH EASTLAKE.

A kind letter from her old friend, Dean Ramsay, is also transcribed :—

23 Ainslie Place, Edinburgh :
Jan. 13, 1866.

Dearest Lady Eastlake,—I was sure you knew I have been feeling for you and deeply feeling: I have not therefore teased you with letters. I have always thought that, on the first blow of a great calamity, the spirit had better feel its way alone. 'I would die alone,' said an eminent Christian, and I can fancy it said, 'one would suffer alone.' I may be wrong. At any rate I know the powers and the deep feelings of your mind so well, as to know that your real consolation must come from yourself. You have had your blessing—you have enjoyed it; and now you must cherish the memory, and think upon the virtues and noble qualities, of Charles Eastlake, till you are taken away yourself. Your language

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must be in the glorious strain of the noblest Book in the world, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'

I write these few lines, myself an invalid: I write merely to have the pleasure and honour of addressing you as an old and affectionate friend. Our friendship is not a tale of yesterday. We can look back on pleasant and interesting hours of Auld Lang Syne.

May God Almighty bless and keep you, my dear, ever prays your loving and admiring (now really) old friend,

E. B. RAMSAY.

Sympathising and kind friends had sent Lady Eastlake books and pamphlets intended to give comfort and consolation in affliction; but finding such writings for the most part inadequate and inappropriate, she sought to relieve her sorrow by sharing it with others, and by giving her own views on sympathy. The result was a charming little book, published anonymously by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. in March 1868, under the title of 'Fellowship: Letters addressed to my Sister Mourners.' This book is written with great tenderness of feeling and beauty of expression, and contains a mixture of piety and good sense which makes it at once useful and palatable. It appeals to all mourners, and has comforted many stricken hearts, giving them the assurance of true

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and intelligent sympathy, and showing, by its simple and natural delineation of the workings of sorrow in the heart, unmistakable traces of the conflict the writer had gone through. Every great sufferer suffers the more from feeling or thinking himself alone in his trial. We not only crave for sympathy, but want fellowship in it: the former is not so certainly given, but the latter is sure to be found. Many will remember that their desire to know and thank the author of 'Fellowship' was the beginning of their friendship with Lady Eastlake, who often said that the little volume had, in this respect, procured her more pleasure than anything she ever wrote.

The Queen graciously accepted a copy of the book, through Sir Arthur Helps, to whom Mr. Macmillan had sent it, and Her Majesty's opinion is thus recorded by Sir Arthur:—

'The Queen sat down and read it through without stopping, as soon as she received it. It is one of the most wise, kind, and sensible little works she has met with on that sad subject; and she knows too well everything it so truly describes. Could not the Queen be trusted with the secret which she would not divulge?'

In reply to this Lady Eastlake writes to Mr. Macmillan:—

While venturing to claim the promise of secrecy, I cannot hesitate to permit you to make

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known to the Queen the name of the writer of the little book, which has received Her gracious approval. It will not lessen Her Majesty's interest in it that she knew and honoured him, the grief for whose loss has taught me what I have attempted to express.

Of the criticisms, which appeared after its publication, perhaps that in the 'Contemporary Review' was the most appreciative:—'This is a very touching, and at the same time a very sensible little book. It is written by a mourner, and in the earnest desire to grapple with the realities, not the mere conventionalities, of the sorrow of a life-bereavement. It breathes throughout the truest Christian spirit, while it deprecates and repudiates nine-tenths of what is commonly proffered as Christian comfort. Solitude in a crowd is not so dreary as the greater part of the heartless commonplaces, which are uttered and written by religious friends to one stricken with the loss of a beloved object. But those who are thus stricken will find none of these in the work before us.'

As indicating her wealth of sympathy, apart from the expression of it in 'Fellowship,' it would appear convenient to quote here a few sentences from some letters, which Lady Eastlake wrote about this time to a dear young friend, Miss Elliott (now Mrs. Handley Moule), who had recently lost a sister:—

Many lessons have I learned since we parted,

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deep are the floods I have struggled through—for it is not in the first days of a great life-bereavement that we can estimate the weight of that Cross. Much have I studied the ways and purpose of suffering—one purpose obvious from the first, namely, that of knowing better how to sympathise with others. God's Holy Will be done, even though He has taken your sweet Isabel. Our beloved ones are living, and, I believe, not far from us: we have but to bide our time with patience and faith. Even earthly flowers, I hope and believe, will blossom yet for you. One heart and home is always open to you here. . . . We are destined to meet under sorrow, but I have learned to regard sorrow as a sign of our Father's favour, and I feel *at home* with the bereaved. . . .

Pilgrims and sojourners are we: let us try to be thankful that one pilgrim has reached the heavenly shrine. All must be well that our Father appoints; but the living faith grows very slowly: all we can do in our anguish is to set our faces straight towards it. God will do the rest in His own time and way. . . .

No subject could touch a deeper chord in my heart than that which refers to the beloved ones gone before. I dwell much with them—the cer-

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tainty of reunion is a reality more actual than any worldly prospect. 'They are still our contemporaries, though on a higher level of life.' That line will never be forgotten by me.

Of all Lady Eastlake's friends, Mr. Austen Henry Layard perhaps stands foremost: she had become acquainted with him shortly after her marriage, and, this acquaintance having developed into a firm friendship, she turned to him, after her husband's death, for advice and counsel in all matters connected with art and literature, valuing his opinion as highly as had Sir Charles Eastlake. Her correspondence with Mr. (afterwards Sir Henry) Layard is a striking proof of this friendship, and the extracts, given from her letters to him, carry on, almost without a break, the story of her life's work to its end.

While occupied in writing 'Fellowship,' and in preparing an article advocating certain changes and reforms in the British Museum,[1] she had been gradually reading and copying her husband's MSS. and journals. She was in no hurry to edit anything, for she felt that there were so few who could advise her on such matters, and she was anxious to let time and deliberation supply the lack of other help. She writes in February 1868 to Mr. Layard:—'I shall certainly not decide what to do with these MSS. without giving myself the chance of obtaining your judgment and advice, for which I shall be only too grateful.' Mr. Layard encourages her to proceed with the

[1] *Quarterly Review*, January 1868. 'British Museum.'

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Memoir, and also to undertake the Life of John Gibson, the sculptor. These two subjects are frequently mentioned in her letters.

In April 1868 she paid a visit to the Bellenden Kers at Cannes, by which her health, which had been failing, was much benefited, though she writes :—'It is of no use your hoping to find me in good spirits—I shall never be that again.'

A short digression is here made in order to quote a characteristic letter from Sir Edwin Landseer, who, when dining at Lady Eastlake's house, had promised to allow a lady—a well-known French artist—to paint his portrait.

St. John's Wood Road, N.W. :
May 25, 1868.

Dear Lady Eastlake,—It is always embarrassing to refuse a lady anything. I had not pluck enough the other evening to say 'no' at the right time : it is a nasty, discourteous syllable. Dare I trust to your good nature, and ask you to get me out of the dilemma, which my want of courage has got me into with your foreign friend, Madame ——, who did me the honour to ask me to sit to her ? At the risk of your laughter, I tell you I am shy, and dislike passing printshops where my sins are exhibited : if, in addition to these misfortunes, I saw a photograph or portrait of myself exposed to view, I should leave the country. In one word, I cannot part with the copyright of my

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own phiz. I have had the same flattering proposal from no end of kind English friends. Say to your foreign friend that I am unworthy the highly flattering compliment she proposes—say that I am crazy—only pray release me from the scrape the appearance of 'yes' has got me into.

Believe me sincerely yours,

E. LANDSEER.

The Memoir of Sir Charles Eastlake was completed in October 1869, and published early in the following year.[2] This tribute to her husband's memory is remarkable for the delicacy with which Lady Eastlake abstained from placing herself in the prominent position she really occupied in Sir Charles' life. Those who knew them both could not forget or undervalue the importance of her sympathy, advice, and assistance, which he was always so ready to acknowledge. The book did honour to him and to his devoted wife.

Almost simultaneously was published her life of her old friend John Gibson.[3] This work, which is admirably put together (proving Lady Eastlake to have been far more than the mere editor she so modestly describes herself), is the record of a born sculptor, who took refuge, and lived, in his art, a child-like, simple man, happy

[2] *Contributions to the Literature of the Fine Arts by Sir C. L. Eastlake:* with a Memoir compiled by Lady Eastlake. London: John Murray, 1870.

[3] *Life of John Gibson, R.A., Sculptor.* Edited by Lady Eastlake. London: Longmans, 1870.

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in an ideal world of statues, a true genius, and with many of a genius's eccentricities. The book attracted much notice at the time, and she expresses her gratification at its success in these words:—

'I can conceive nothing more grateful to the good old man's shade than this popularity of his biography.'

She then began to re-edit Kugler's 'Handbook of Italian Art,' importing into it all Cavalcaselle's latest information. She had undertaken to do this more than a year before, but had delayed it in order to complete her other more special work.

In February 1870 she attended a lecture by Mr. Ruskin at the Royal Institution, and writes to Mr. Layard on February 13, 1870:—

The other evening I heard Professor Ruskin's lecture at the Royal Institution. He was so much in request that above 300 persons were turned away from the door. I have little doubt that these consisted mainly of young ladies, who were his great supporters within. Before the lecture began, he went about benignly among their ranks, and parts of the lecture were graciously suited to their comprehension; some parts were beyond mine, but upon the whole it was a brilliant, ridiculous, and interesting performance. I believe afterwards the horses were taken off his carriage, and he was dragged

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home to Denmark Hill in triumph by his fair hearers.

In April 1870 Lady Eastlake writes :—

I have had the honour to meet Her Majesty one afternoon lately at the Deanery, Westminster. She had been reading the Memoir, and was most gracious and kind to me about it. I fell very much in love with our thorough-bred lady, who was all attention to others and unconsciousness of self. A few notable men, Froude, Tyndall, Lecky and others, were there, and nobody, after the Queen was gone, seemed to wish for a King again!

From this time forward Lady Eastlake became more and more intimate with Mr. and Mrs. Grote, staying much with them at their house at Shere, whence she writes to Mr. Layard, April 8, 1870 :—

I am enjoying the society of our kind friends here. Mrs. Grote is exuberant with wit and thought, and asserts her usual prerogative of walking me off my feet. Professor Tyndall came yesterday, and is the happiest and lightest-hearted of men, albeit wifeless.

She joins the Grotes at Chatsworth Inn in August 1870 :—

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We have been inspecting the treasures at Chatsworth House at leisure. Especially did Mrs. Grote and I enjoy the study of the 'Liber Veritatis,' which is a wonderful volume, just as it came out of Claude's hands, with his handwriting on the old-fashioned mountings telling, in ill-spelt French, for whom the picture which the drawing represents was painted. The drawings are the result of years of the knowledge of Nature, till only her permanent, and therefore grander and more familiar, qualities seem to have been precipitated, like a precious residue, on his mind's sight. They illustrate much of the pure philosophy of art, and are pre-eminent for taste. Great breadth is the prevailing characteristic, and the most graceful lines. You know the fac-similes, but the difference between them and the originals is incredible. Mr. Grote was as happy in poring over some old editions of rare books as we were over the Claudes. I am always astonished at the richness and variety of Mrs. Grote's gifts, which I admire the more from her soundness of mind. Her society is a perpetual feast to me. I am very fond of the fine old man, and that without any danger of giving the lady uneasiness!

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IN WINDSOR FOREST

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Lady Eastlake was, like everyone else at this time, keenly interested in the progress of the Franco-Prussian war:—

Oct. 2, 1870.—Your thoughts must be engrossed with the tremendous history of the last two months. I don't think that the late ruler of the French was a hero of yours, and I do not doubt that you now share the prevalent feeling about him here. He has even lost the credit of being clever, and the attribute of that folly, which the gods bestow on those they wish to destroy, is all that is left him. That he could have held absolute sway for so long only shows what materials the French are made of. The cession of territory by France is necessary for the welfare of Europe, were it only as a precedent to show, that she may be dismantled without the world coming to an end. The very vanity with which the French stickle for a prerogative, of which they have robbed so many other nations, makes it necessary to break that spell. The successes of the Germans do not alter my opinion of them: we run the risk of exalting them to the skies now because they are successful, just as the ex-Emperor was exalted while believed to be the same. There is great talk here of the superiority

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of the Teutonic over the Latin races. At all events, I doubt whether Prussian successes over decrepit Austria and rotten France suffice to prove the fact; and I hope that your knowledge of the Italians, and even now of the Spaniards, may lead you not to give up the Latin races.

The following letter deals with the same subject, giving also a glimpse of Madame Mohl, a well-known figure in Parisian society, and of Père Hyacinthe:—

Christmas Day, 1870.—Mme. Mohl is here, having come for her annual visit to London in June, never dreaming that a fallen empire would obstruct her return. She is a most delightful companion, imperishably young, but with a fund of experience and knowledge of the world, which have not in the least impaired her heart. We talked much about the Latin races; and, having an insuperable objection to taking any credit to ourselves in which Germans would share, we endeavour to persuade ourselves, that it is the Roman Church and not the Latin race which is in fault. If we could see the one tried without the other, I think the race would do itself better justice. Such men as Père Hyacinthe encourage that hope. That good man is now at the

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Deanery: kind Arthur and Lady Augusta looked him up—a stranger to them—at an hotel, and carried him off to their comfortable house. I met him the other day, and had some conversation with him. I had read some of his 'Conférences de Notre-Dame'—noble things, and struck upon the string of 'La Famille,' which the good Father expatiated on most glowingly in theory, however little he may know it practically. He told me how terribly domestic life has declined in Paris under the Empire, and that Haussmann's houses were a positive hindrance to it. Then I heard him lecture the other day, to an immense audience of French-understanding people, on France and Germany, and the present struggle, from a moral point of view. I have had no opportunities of knowing what eloquence is (since I never attend the House of Commons![4]), but I suspect that the good Father came very near the best sort.

Of course people talk and read of little else but the war, and it is terrible to feel that the very sameness of the horrors is becoming wearisome. I retain my definition of feelings towards the combatants: I condemn France, but I dislike

[4] Mr. Layard was then M.P. for Southwark.

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Germany. I have no fears of the Germans meddling with us, or even with others for long; but a great military despotism in the heart of Europe, represented by a people who have never fought for their own *rational* freedom, is a dreadful thing. I attribute their success in arms to two things, the incapacity of the French (as of the Austrians), and the enslaved condition of the German soldier. The slave makes an excellent fighter, to wit the poor Russian, and the Germans think much more of serving their pharisaical King than of serving their country. It will be deeply interesting to watch the working results of their unity: I have no confidence in it as regards the real dignity and independence of man.

I see something of Dr. de Mussy, who attends Mme. Mohl. He is miserable, and only attends misery now in his numerous patients among the refugees. He sees the Orleans Princes frequently, who are suffering intensely in their enforced inactivity. He tells me that they receive hundreds of letters entreating them to come forward: but the volcano will have many more eruptions before it cools down for them.

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CHAPTER XXVIII

1871–1875

In April 1871 Lady Eastlake was present at the opening of the Albert Hall. After describing the ceremony to Mr. Layard, she says:—

The Hall looks ill at a distance, being low and formless in outline; but, seen near, it has much to recommend it, and is both sumptuous and elegant. Much depends on its keeping its agreeable colour, which I believe is warranted by Mr. Cole, whose latest offer is to pull down all London and build it again in his particular terra-cotta.

In September she took a trip abroad, making picture-galleries her stages—first Cologne, then Brunswick, Leipsic, Dresden, Berlin, Cassel, &c., her ostensible object being the Holbein Exhibition at Dresden. On her return to London, she writes Mr. Layard a chapter of picture-criticism, some portions of which are here quoted:—

The chief interest of the Holbein Exhibition at Dresden is the comparison of the two

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Madonnas. No one, without closer and longer and minuter inspection than was possible to a traveller, could thoroughly interpret the relation in which the two rivals stand to each other. But I did examine them with considerable care, and came to a very different solution from that which you report to be Morelli's. There is no question that the Darmstadt picture is the earlier, and in that sense, and in a genuine sense, the original; but there are circumstances evident in the Dresden one, which entirely remove it from the category of a copy. In all accessories it is an excellent copy, but there are many deviations from, and improvements upon, the Darmstadt one, and those evidently by the hand of Holbein in his later and matured time. The Madonna herself and the Child are so far finer in drawing and expression, and so different (certain things exquisitely painted, which do not exist in the Darmstadt picture), that I can hardly conceive any close observer coming to Morelli's decision. It is my conviction that two hands worked on the Dresden picture, the one truly a mere copyist, the other so superior, that, taking the important improvements of proportion and drawing into account, it is difficult to suggest any other hand than that of the master himself.

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Where so many of the master's second thoughts are obvious, I cannot believe that his hand could be absent. Many minuter reasons, which I noted, could be given why it is impossible, that any but the master could have presided over and partially painted the Dresden picture; but I need not enter into those. As an impartial observer, Morelli's opinion is entitled to all respect: otherwise, the question is now made one of party—Prussia *versus* Saxony, and the most ignorant and outrageous abuse, in German epithets, which I should be shocked to translate, heaped on the Saxon picture.

I met Motley and Mrs. Ives at the hotel at Dresden; it was amusing to see his indignation at being *Milorded* by the waiters and porter.

I much enjoyed the pretty gallery at Cassel and the charming country round. Also I paid several visits to Wilhelmshöhe, where I had the honour of dining with the Crown Prince and Princess. They were both most gracious and kind, and I was delighted with his humane and frank talk on subjects connected with the war. He is a splendid-looking fellow, too, and you know how far that goes with me.

Shortly after her return to London she wrote

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an article on 'Italian Art' for the 'Edinburgh Review.' This appeared in January 1872, and was described by an eminent critic as 'the product of a mind saturated with the knowledge and feeling of Art.'

She stayed a few days, in January 1872, at Mentmore, Leighton Buzzard, and in a letter to her sister describes her visit and her host and hostess, the Baron and Baroness Meyer de Rothschild :—

Jan. 27, 1872.—I arrived here yesterday, and it was like fairyland when I entered the great palace, and got at once into a grand hall—40 ft. by 50, and about 100 ft. high—hung with tapestry, floored with parquet and Persian carpets: an open arcade above runs round and looks down through arches into the hall, which is filled with gorgeous masses of flowers and every sumptuous object that wealth can command. From this great centre hall, branch off lobbies floored with white marble; then three splendid drawing-rooms, two libraries, billiard room—every place almost crammed with precious articles in enamel, bronze, gold, silver, amber, jewels, &c. The house is a museum of everything, and not least of furniture, which is all in marquetry, or *pietra dura*, or *vermeille*. I don't believe the Medici were so lodged in the height of their glory. The Baron and

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Baroness received me most kindly: he is an unaffected, kind-mannered man, much interested in his farming—she a handsome woman, pale and very delicate. Their daughter, Hannah, is a fine young creature, with a kind of Semiramis profile; she has a most splendid voice, powerful and sweet. The Baroness is a clever woman, perfectly open about church and synagogue, knowing much about our Church and the School Board, and evidently the soul of liberality. She and 'Meyer' seem very devoted to each other and to the girl. The mansion stands on a hill: the view on all sides is immense, and they own all they survey. I should think their residence here is a great benefit to the neighbourhood, though she says, laughingly, that she was at first accused of 'trying to unchristianise the district.'

In April 1872 we find Lady Eastlake in Paris, from which place she writes to her sister describing the traces, still left, of the Franco-Prussian war. She also gives an account of M. and Madame Mohl (with whom she stayed a fortnight) and of the people she met at their house:—

Paris, April 18.—I went to the Louvre yesterday morning. As I turned into the Rue Rivoli the ruin of the Tuileries lay spread before me,

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the massive mighty walls with their huge windows, all sign of entresols vanished, roof utterly gone, not a beam left, only indestructible iron and richly carved stone, and stacks of high chimneys breaking the sky-line. The whole garden front is a ghastly ruin, the light streaming through it. The long front to the Rue Rivoli is unbroken, but one-third of it is roofless, with huge gaping portals. I walked into the Place de Carrousel, which, all smiling as it was with lilacs in full bloom, showed endless signs of havoc in the different *pavillons* around, evident smashes from shells, carrying away the sculptured architraves of doors and windows—glass entirely out in many, broken panes in others. Scaffoldings were up and repairs going on. Afterwards I drove through the Champs-Elysées and the Bois de Boulogne to St. Cloud. Everywhere the same traces, houses being repaired, young trees planted, a bareness which told the tale. The Arc de Triomphe was being repaired on both sides, and the coachman pointed out what the Commune had done, and what the Prussians: evidently the latter had committed the most havoc. The Bois de Boulogne, always a poor stunted Northern-looking wood, is now entirely gone on the left side—a bare scrubby

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moor, dotted with hideous ruins. Houses have not only been riddled with great holes, and with no shape of door, window, or roof left, but some are absolutely without the outer walls, and present a tangled mass of inner stair and rafters, quite horrible. Many houses have been rebuilt, but plenty remain to give the air of ruin to the scene. St. Cloud is a beautiful spot, the most beautiful in these environs, with the river and rising woods, but they rise behind masses of skeleton ruins. An enormous barrack occupies the foreground with blackened walls and staring open spaces, and above are seen the ruins of the Palace. A more ghastly picture would be difficult to conceive, and it is set off by the sweet freshness of spring.

April 19.—Yesterday I drove to Notre-Dame, and there, directly in front of the choir, are signs of violence and fire. I soon found the sacristan, who told me the tale. The Commune broke in, piled up all the chairs, poured petroleum on them, and fired them in two places. The one in front of the choir consumed a grand carved wooden screen, and partially the stalls on each side: the other fire has only left traces in the blackened piers and arches. He showed us the marks of

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the petroleum on some of the stonework, stains which nothing can obliterate. I asked him if he witnessed the scene. 'Non, j'étais en prison; je me suis enfui.' Two black marble tablets record the names of the 'ôtages,' one 'les ecclésiastiques,' the other 'les laïques,' the archbishop heading the one, M. de Bon Jean the other. Close by stands the ruin of St. Jacques de la Boucherie, and here are the later trophies of the same demons. The glorious Hôtel de Ville, a worse ruin even than the Tuileries; and the Palais de Justice with the roof of one tower gone. The entrance to the Palais Royal is a mass of ruins; also the different Ministères, in the Rue Rivoli, now being carted away. In short, Paris is filled with ruined materials and new stones, and many of the streets are impassable owing to the repairs.

As for the French, their attitude can only be accounted for thus—every man looks ashamed of his neighbour, not of himself. The lower orders and the women look industrious as usual, but the fellows who loll in carriages, with kid gloves on their hands and cigars in their mouths, are innumerable, all thinking, apparently, that it is no affair of theirs. Everywhere is painted in big letters 'Liberté, Egalité et Fraternité,' or 'Pro-

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priété Nationale,' or 'République une et indivisible.' I wonder what they understand by all this trash. Where are the sensible people who permit such declarations in their name? However, these inscriptions are meant to be washed out: they are not carved on undying brass or stone.

I went to Madame Mohl's yesterday afternoon, and Dean Stanley came in while I was there. He had been everywhere; to Belle Ville, to La Rocquet, &c. He had also seen 'Rabagas,' and so fired me with his description, that we went last night to the Vaudeville Theatre. I can't describe 'Rabagas' except as one of the cleverest and wittiest of compositions, and splendidly acted. The scene is laid in Monaco, where Rabagas, a low clever demagogue and lawyer, gets up a revolution, goes through various adventures, changes his colours several times, and is at last kicked out by all parties, exclaiming as he goes: 'Je m'en vais dans le pays où les esprits de ma trempe sont appréciés.' 'Où ça?' says the Prince. 'En France' is his answer, at which all the audience were in furies of joy. The whole way through the piece there were laughter and applause at everything that hit the late occur-

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rences—upon the same principle—every man thinking his neighbour hit, not himself.

April 22.—I am now staying with the Mohls, and have much to occupy my thoughts pleasantly. The dear woman is very feeble, but her spirits are the brightest in the world, and when we get into talk, books lie in vain on my lap. M. Mohl is a very noble and interesting man, Professor of Persian Literature at the 'Collège Français,' 'Membre de l'Institut,' &c.—a man of universal knowledge, which is all given out most readily and pleasantly. Madame Mohl's evening of 'reception' is Friday, and many people came in last Friday; some English and Americans, but chiefly French. M. and Madame Léon Saye, and a M. de Lomeine were here: the latter, who had been in Paris during siege and Commune, stood in the middle of the room, described scenes, and harangued with immense gesture and humour. He had no mercy on France, giving her up as incurable. Last night we were at a Marquise de Forbin's: she told me that she heard, that the ex-Emperor was a great favourite in England. I assured her that it was 'tout au contraire.' All the company gathered round me to hear that, and expressed the greatest delight. I asked them

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why they did not read the English papers, and they owned that no one read a word. Yet it is not for want of power, for a Comtesse de Montessieu and Comte de Richemont both conversed with me in English perfectly. They are not in the least shy of talking about their miseries, of course laying them on the Empire, but they never think that they could have done more to help themselves. . . . I wish I could bequeath to someone my knowledge of French, German, and Italian, with a smattering of Russian.

The other day, I was joined at the Louvre by an old acquaintance, M. Ravaisson, now Conservateur des Antiques, who showed me interesting ideas he has about the Venus of Milo, and quite converted me to them. Of the two casts, the rectified cast is infinitely nobler; the head is freer, the figure taller and more commanding. He believes that she formed a group with Mars, and that her hands, one lifted, the other level, were employed in taking off his baldrick and sword. The statue of Mars (called Achille Borghese) is in the same gallery, quite passive. M. Ravaisson is about to have a cast made of each (Mars and Venus), and to place them as he believes they were originally placed. The Venus of Milo is in two pieces.

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When brought to Paris in 1801, those who put her up introduced wedges of wood, which have raised one side and depressed the other: also her right foot is placed flat instead of slightly rising. M. Ravaisson told me much that is not known as to the entrance of the Prussians into the Louvre: at all events, from his position in the Louvre, where he then resided, he gave one particular page of that dreadful volume. The Government behaved much worse than the Prussians, and deceived him and the public in the grossest way.

In September 1872 occurred the death of Mrs. Rigby, in her ninety-sixth year, after a short illness. Full of years as her mother was, Lady Eastlake felt her death most keenly. For obvious reasons, no extracts of a private nature have been quoted from the numerous letters, but every letter shows how deep was the love which mother and daughter bore each other, and proves that to think of and for her mother was the habit of Lady Eastlake's life. When going through Mrs. Rigby's papers at this time she remarks:—'These are occasions when the past comes so near, as I feel it will come when our mortal coil is thrown off.'

The first five months of 1873 were spent at Shere, where Lady Eastlake had been thinking of buying a few acres and building a house, as she had long wished for a small place in the country;

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but this plan afterwards fell through for various reasons, into which it is unnecessary to enter.

The following letter to Mr. Layard relates how she had passed the autumn of this year :—

Dec. 21, 1873.—You must not measure my gratitude for your kind letter of November 12 by my slowness in acknowledging it. In my lonely life the few old friends, who are true to me, are very precious ; and the sight of your handwriting (however illegible !) is always a pleasure. It is true I have no need to be lonely, but I lack the spirit for company, and find work a more congenial filler up of my days than any amusement. Soon after our parting in Savile Row, I made my way to Scotland, having business in Edinburgh ; and then on into hills and lochs I had not seen for many a year. My chief stay was on Loch-gilphead at Sir John Orde's, whose wife is an old friend of mine. I fancied I was coming to the world's end, but no sooner did the steamer touch the little remote pier, than the Duke of Argyll stretched out his hand, then Mr. Motley, Mrs. Ives, Sir Bartle Frere, and lastly the Archbishop of York. Soon after, Mr. Pender made his appearance, which completed the constellation.

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The Freres are cousins of the Ordes—the others were all guests of the Duke and Mr. Pender. As I am no walker, and fond of staying indoors, I was rather amused by the incessant rain. Of course it rains every day in those Western Highlands, and often all day long: the consequence is, that the once barren hills and sheepwalks are being turned into a luxuriance of rhododendrons, fuchsias like trees, and heaths like shrubs. No fruit ripens, but the most astonishing flora flourishes. I enjoyed my stay with the Ordes, where there was a succession of visitors. Among them a young Major Euan Smith, who reminded me of a certain Layard of twenty-five years ago, and interested me much. He is not unknown to fame, having been appointed to settle some boundary questions in Persia, having had important charges in the Abyssinian War, and lastly having accompanied Sir Bartle to Zanzibar. Also, he is the youngest recipient of the Victoria Cross. From the Ordes' place I went on—twelve miles further up—to Pender's. He has a beautiful place, and is an interesting man: I have long known him. He was full of a plan for utilising the endless accumulations of coal dust, by a form of compression; and blocks were burning in his grates which I

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should be very glad to get for 1*l.* a ton—the price he hopes to put them in the market for. . . .

Mill's Autobiography is still the talk. It is a most curious book—treating a poor child like a cucumber, and putting it into a case where it could grow only in one direction. It gives me great respect as well as pity for him. You will be sure to quarrel with me about it when we meet.

At the request of Mr. (afterwards Sir Charles) Newton, she began a paper on the Hyde Park Memorial to the Prince Consort: this paper was never finished, but the following fragment, found in her notebook, shows how she intended to treat the subject:—

The Albert Memorial. The larger groups of sculpture are too much crammed: Foley's, for instance, has a tea chest—a mere lump of marble, stuck between the elephant's hoof and the Chinaman. Is the elephant rising? If so, the whole group is in danger—the Chinaman would be upset in a moment. The contrast between the calm repose of the two side figures, who lean against him as against a rock, and the animal's impossibility to keep the same position, is very false. Also it is a law in sculpture, that whatever needs colour to explain itself is not fitted for white

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marble. Foley has put something on the head of the elephant, flat on the head, and yet interfering with the grand outline of skull: that something in painting would have been red, and therefore distinct—in sculpture it is not. The drapery, too, is slovenly.

Real marble things should have been avoided. A marble Sphinx and a broken marble column, in Theed's 'Africa,' are not representations, but realities; and, as realities, they turn the living things to marble. 'Europe' is altogether tame, a very tame bull, and five ladies, all crowned, all pretty, all young, but finely executed. Bell's bison and the male figures are the best. His women are stagey, like Miranda in Boydell's Shakespeare, with one foot forward, the other back, and impossible drapery.

The smaller groups are not so much to be criticised as to be regretted: no groups were wanted there, and are much out of place. They form the wrong angle, lying from and not to the monument.

With regard to the iron structure, which is so covered with decoration as to look like stone, one thing should never look like another. Iron should look light, stone heavy; but as iron here looks

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heavy, the eye wants the appearance of the weight to balance what looks like the lateral thrust.

Sculptors in England model and execute in their studios: they never have a sense of the effect the work will present in its future place. They put together a number of parts, which naturally refuse to form a whole. Detail is most conscientiously done, but the larger instinct of the artist is wanting. How would Raphael have treated Agriculture, Manufactures, &c.? Who else have treated such subjects? Mosaics and frescoes should teach the necessity of the allowance to be made for distance.

She sends Mr. Layard in May 1874 a long account of the pictures at Burlington House. After mentioning 'a very remarkable picture of "The Roll Call,"' by a Miss Thompson, she says:—

Watts stands finely: a head of James Martineau, the Dissenting preacher, is a type of a grand, ugly, spiritual head. Contrasted with that, is a head of J. S. Mill, quite fit to be a frontispiece to his memoir—compressed and even extinguished in feeling, and unnaturally expanded in intellect; the mouth tight shut, the eyes not looking at you, the cranium immense. Millais is in great force

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with a picture he calls 'The North-west Passage' —an old navigator (painted from 'Greek' Trelawney) sitting with a fair girl at his feet reading to him: the allusion to the north-west passage very remote. It is Millais' finest work, with a harmony of tone and line quite refreshing after the host of trash on the walls.

In August 1874 she took a house at Albury, Surrey, for a few months. Here she completed Kugler's new 'Handbook of Italian Painting,' and was so struck with the many-sidedness of Leonardo da Vinci, that she began to set out her views about him in a paper, which appeared in the 'Edinburgh Review' of January 1875; this was followed by an article in the same review on 'Thorvaldsen' in July 1875. Thus she tried to beguile the time.

A letter, dated March 30, 1875, to Mr. Layard, treats of lectures she had attended at the Royal Institution, and of the 'Greville Journals':—

Your kind and long letter of the 13th was a very welcome pleasure and reproach to me, for I am quite aware that the debt was on my side. But though I sent you many thoughts, and felt myself very guilty, yet, like most guilty people, I had a host of excuses ready, all of which I now forget, except that I have been really very busy. I can assure you that I am quite well; I do not

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grow stronger, but much the reverse, and begin to comprehend what is meant by the infirmities of age.

During the winter I have attended some lectures at the Royal Institution, and have heard Tyndall, Huxley, and Lubbock—all three deeply interesting. The first was very complimentary to 'fair hearers,' and very impatient and irritable with his unfortunate assistants, while he showed the—to me—conjurer's trick of a gas flame jerking up and down as a particular note was sounded, and even to a particular chirp from his own lips. Huxley was very grave and sententious, detailing the wonders of the red sand at both poles, and the green mud in the central parts of the globe, or *vice versâ*, which had been fished up by the 'Challenger,' and found to consist entirely of minute shells of defunct invisibilities, at a depth of two miles or so, which drop incessantly as they die. Then Lubbock was quite charming on insects and flowers, and himself so good-looking.

You are the first person who agrees with me as to the dulness of the 'Greville Journals.' I could hardly wade through the petty squabbles of ministries, detailed by a man who thought himself wiser than them all, and who never tells a story

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without taking the shine out of it. I hear that Disraeli has said: 'Greville was the vainest man I ever met with, and I have read Cicero and known Lord Lytton.' Doubtless, the abuse of the powers that be, and of people's fathers and mothers, is not a thing to be defended; but the chief thing apparent in these memoirs is the harm which his arrogance and vulgarity do to his own patrician class. Even such a red republican as you say you are supposed to be could not pull them down more effectually.

The 'Quarterly Review' of October 1875 contained an article by her on 'Drink: the Vice and the Disease,' which is so powerful that we are tempted to quote freely from it; one extract, however, will serve to show her grasp of the subject:—

The vice of drunkenness has spread over the length and breadth of our land, pervading country as well as town, agricultural as well as commercial districts, army as well as navy; sparing the young as little as the old, the woman scarcely less than the man; the destroyer of all health and virtue, the breeder of all sickness and sin; filling every haunt of vice, every prison for crime, every hospital for sickness and accident, every asylum for madness.

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CHAPTER XXIX

1876–1878

AFTER completing this article on 'Drink,' Lady Eastlake began another for the 'Edinburgh Review,' on the correspondence and journals of the two Ampères, father and son: the latter was the youngest lover of Madame Récamier, but the twenty-three years between them only served to increase his ardour, while they never affected his fidelity, for he remained her devoted friend till her death. He was also an intimate friend of De Tocqueville. The strength of friendship among the French struck Lady Eastlake as 'very enviable.' She writes to Mr. Layard: 'What a rich and interesting group of French "hommes d'esprit" were collected in Louis Philippe's time! —Ampère, jun., Tocqueville, and Mohl were close friends: so few are left in Paris now.' It is astonishing how Lady Eastlake caught the spirit of that delightful society, which she never saw: nothing could be more vivid or more true than her picture of it all. This article, 'Les deux Ampère,' was published in the 'Edinburgh Review' in January 1876, and was received most favourably in Paris. People, especially the French, like nothing so much as to read about

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themselves. It was translated for the 'Revue Britannique' by a lady, who says, 'C'est une perle fine, enchassée par un véritable Benvenuto Cellini.'

At this time Lady Eastlake's health was causing her friends much anxiety: an hereditary enemy, in the shape of rheumatism, had been gradually creeping upon her, chiefly showing itself in diminution of strength; the winter also had told much upon her in that respect.

Early in January 1876 she sends Mr. Layard her report on the Old Masters at Burlington House:—

An exhibition which, in many respects, or, rather, in respect of English masters of the last century, is one of the best we have had. Reynolds and Gainsborough appear in all their glory: a Gainsborough of Queen Charlotte in her youth is one of the most exquisite examples of his art. Boxall, who knew it of old, said that he could go down on his knees to it. I am sorry to say Boxall is very feeble, and complains much of loneliness. Nor can I conscientiously recommend the experiment of a Lady Boxall so late in the day!

The extracts here given from a long letter to Mr. Layard tell their own tale. Mr. John Forster (mentioned in this letter) was an old friend of Sir Charles and Lady Eastlake, and was, it will

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be remembered, the author of several standard works, such as 'Life of W. S. Landor,' 'History of the Grand Remonstrance,' 'Life of Oliver Goldsmith,' 'Life of Charles Dickens,' 'Dean Swift,' &c.

March 9, 1876.—An exhibition of Walker's works, lately open, was very attractive. He was a fine colourist, and gave a charm even to Thames scenery: his village children and old women, dogs, sheep, and geese, are delightful. He has been succeeded in the same room by an exhibition of Pinwell's works, to some of which I had long lost my heart. Pinwell works in a kind of distemper, highly favourable to his small heads, which are quite exquisite.

I think dear John Forster[1] was not dead when I last wrote to you: his death came like a shot to me, for I had ever had kindness from him, and he loved Sir Charles. The South Kensington Museum accepts his fine library of books. His collections of all kinds are numerous, especially of autographs.

I have got Michael Angelo's letters: they are more curious than interesting, and go far to upset all ideas of the romance of that period. It was

[1] In his *Memoirs of an Author* (Bentley, 1895), Mr. Percy Fitzgerald gives an admirable sketch of John Forster.

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indeed a most wretched period for everything but Art—even for artists, who, like M. Angelo, were cheated by Popes and Princes. The more I look into the letters, the more I detect the lies of Vasari, and now I do not trust a word he or Condivi says. All the story of the twenty months only spent on the Sistine ceiling is upset by these letters, though they are edited so badly that the editor tries to twist the dates to suit the old story. I have also got Charles H. Wilson's just published 'Life of M. Angelo'—a very respectable performance. Indeed I have accumulated quite a collection of recent works on the master, including Aurelio Gotti and Grimm—the latter great twaddle.

Lady Augusta Stanley's great sufferings, death, and burial have been the principal topic here. Few are treated as they deserve to be, but that gentle and kind woman deserved all the sympathy and honour: she was good to high and low.

The result of her researches (referred to in the above letter) into Michael Angelo's life and times was an article in the 'Edinburgh Review,' 'Michael Angelo,' July 1876: this was succeeded by a paper in the 'Quarterly Review,' December 1876, on 'London Alms and Pauperism.' 'In

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no case,' she writes, 'must the heart be more carefully ridden by the head than in a career of philanthropy. When we try to imitate the Divine attribute of love, we are soon reminded of the need of that of Divine wisdom as well.'

The first four months of 1877 were spent by Lady Eastlake at Venice in Mr. Layard's house, which he had kindly placed at her service. She takes an early opportunity of sending him her views on his collection of pictures—indeed, the first three or four letters are full of little else. In a letter dated February 4, 1877, she alludes to her constant visits to the Accademia, 'which,' she writes,

I have been studying, always with increasing interest—learning to appreciate the great *Assunta* better. I hate the subject of the Virgin ascending, with a dozen great men, in frantic action, turning their backs on the spectator: therefore, one must search for the resources the painter showed in overcoming such conditions, and in this sense I think the picture deserves any reputation. Ed. Cheney, in a privately published work on Venetian painters, thinks Titian's treatment of the *Padre Eterno* unfortunate in this picture; on the contrary, I feel that the foreshortening of the figure was an intentional and clever device to reduce so unrepresentable a figure to the minimum of size. . . .

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I am infinitely better in health, as was proved yesterday by my mounting up all the stairs of the Ducal Palace, going through all those splendid apartments, and not dying of it, as I should have done a few months ago. I could but think of what had been there by Bellini, Carpaccio, Titian, and others before the fire of 1577. Still, there are glories by Paul Veronese and Tintoretto left—not the 'Paradiso,' in which I hardly see a redeeming quality, but the four pictures in the same room as P. Veronese's 'Europa,' which are first-rate—especially that of Bacchus and two female figures. Then I have been in S. Zaccaria, and have no words to express my admiration of the Bellini altar-piece on the left. Also, the Palma Vecchio 'S. Barbara' in S. Maria Formosa looks better than ever. In that campo we visited the artesian well, and saw the water flare up in flame at the touch of a lighted match. I am interested in the wells of Venice, and these artesians show what suppressed combustibilities lie under the islands. . . .

Now I have not time to enter into the Eastern Question, and won't give you any more handle for perverse interpretations—not that you need any! But I think I love the Turkish people better

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THE RIALTO, VENICE

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than you do, for I heartily wish them better rulers and the Sultan more toothache. Under all his wickedness, in which, I grant, past European history shows him not to stand alone, there is nothing developed—no progress, no learning, no arts—nothing but what depends on the misery of those he oppresses or swindles, and which must tumble to pieces in spite of treaties. The reports in the 'Times' of the discussion in their Grand Council are like the palaver of a North American tribe.

She returned to town in May, and began to prepare a paper on Venice,[2] for which she had collected materials on the spot. She took Yriarte's late and present work, 'La Venise,' for a handle, and also some volumes published by the Society of the 'Dotti,' which contain much curious information. Ruskin's 'Stones of Venice,' which she read again for the purpose, were also utilised:

'but,' she confides to Mr. Layard, 'they excite, for the most part, I am sorry to say, the same feelings in me which time has not modified—or rather, I acknowledge my extreme ignorance, for I have no conception of what is meant by the "moral" forms of dolphins and of arches. You, who admire him

[2] *Edinburgh Review*, July 1877. 'Venice Defended.'

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have doubtless the key! Dear old Boxall tells me of some discovery Ruskin has made of the greatest perfection in Venetian art in the Carpaccios in S. Giorgio degli Schiavoni, with a description of which he (Ruskin) intends to exalt the minds and purify the lives of the Sheffield workmen. I have no doubt that Carpaccio will always charm me, though I may not be capable of moral reform as is the Sheffield workman; still, I hope I may find something to quarrel with Ruskin about even in him!'

The R.A. Exhibition at Burlington House forms the principal subject of a long letter to Mr. Layard in May 1877. A few extracts are given, to show that Lady Eastlake's art-knowledge was not confined to pictures by old masters:—

I managed the Private View, and have been again since, so am better able to tell you about the pictures. As to Millais—an old Halberdier, in red coat and black cap, is one of his strong, effective pictures: also a large picture of a young man and a young woman standing opposite each other, called 'Yes'—so you may guess the tender moment. Fortunately for him, his face is averted, so his inexpressible *spooneyism* is concealed; his chief expression is an immense Ulster coat and

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half a portmanteau, brought in for two purposes —to fill the picture and to indicate that he is on the point of departure. She is a lady of the accepted, decided type, who looks as if she could say 'No' too, when occasion requires. Watts is not seen to advantage in two portraits—'Lord Cowper' and a 'Lady.' Then he has an extraordinary picture, called 'The Dove returned not any more': simply a forked tree, and the dove nestling in the cleft. The tree is apparently in the Isle of Wight, with nice English ivy twining about it, and a view of the Needles. Poynter has a well-drawn portrait of a very beautiful woman, Mrs. Archibald Milman, who has by nature the quantity of golden-coloured hair and the complexion, which some ladies endeavour to create: but he has not quite done her justice. Leighton has an exquisitely finished picture—child and mother—called 'The Music Lesson,' with all his beauties, and a few of his faults, but a charming thing. His bronze statue of a man and a snake has great merit. The snake is coiled round the man, who holds it at arm's length by its throat, and, it is supposed, will strangle the animal before the animal overthrows him. But Professor Owen enlightens the world by stating that you cannot

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strangle a snake, and that therefore the man will have the worst of it, which I don't think Leighton intends. At all events, it is a most meritorious work. Painters supposed to be rising do not shine. . . .

I forbear any remarks upon your Turks: so good and wise a Government must carry everything before them.

The idea of writing an article on Titian for the 'Edinburgh Review' was at this time engaging her attention: she writes to Mr. Layard on August 19, 1877:—

I stood before Titian's 'Bacchus and Ariadne' a few days ago in perfect amazement of admiration. He seems more entirely at home in such a world of fiction than in any other class of subject. His Saints and Madonnas are exquisitely acted, his portraits are what his sitters wished to be thought—quite true to old Gibson's definition, 'Men thoughtful and women calm'; but the Bacchus and his rabble rout are realities. It is a very curious study how far the intensity of fancy in one mind can commend itself as truth to another—like La Motte Fouqué's 'Undine.' Perhaps Milton saw this picture and wrote his 'Comus' the easier for it. I am, indeed, rather

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immersed in thoughts of Titian, who appears to me the most complete of the old painters, running his course unchecked, and working out his own art from beginning to end. I am puzzling myself also with ideas about 'colour,' which could not but occur to me in my deeply interesting time under your generous roof in Venice. That expanse of fine neutral tones, always seen around the city, and rushing through it, must have intensified the sense of colour to her artists, and, I fancy, may be credited with their pre-eminence as colourists. I doubt Titian's being of a high type of taste in life: his *compar* Aretino was not much to his credit, unless Aretino can be whitewashed, or (which is probable) was an irresistibly good fellow. I am hunting for his letters to see, without touching any pitch, whether I can make him out. Mrs. Grote and I talked much the other day of Voltaire, who *is* being whitewashed by modern analysis, and whom I often heard vindicated by Mr. Grote.

Blackwood (Edinburgh) is employing known writers to form a series of Lives of Celebrities: it is being edited by Mrs. Oliphant, who has herself undertaken *Dante*; Reeve is doing *Petrarch*, and Hayward *Goethe*. For no writer have I so

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little sympathy as for Goethe. (Should we fight upon this?) I read his *Wahlverwandtschaften* not long ago patiently, and came to the conviction that I never read such unmitigated trash. Hayward, who has made him the study of his life, and is taking great pains with his subject, did not disagree with me in this verdict.

In September, while staying with Mrs. Grote at Shere, she writes:—

Professor Jowett arrived here the other day, and I renewed my acquaintance with him. He and Arthur Stanley seemed to be of the same class of reputed 'Atheists,' and most real and lovable philanthropists. I fear I must confess to a very scandalous liking for 'Atheists' of this sort.

In a long letter, dated from Brighton, on October 12, 1877, she again refers to Titian, on whom she was then writing a paper:—

It is doubtless my own fault, but I do not find the subject so full and so varied as that of his great compeers, Leonardo da Vinci and M. Angelo. Your mention of his realisation in art of what a Greek painter would have been confirms me in some timid ideas I had in that respect, and I find the suggestion as fertile as all true ideas are

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sure to be: so you may expect to see that I have expanded on this topic.

I am amused at your remarks on Titian's choice of companions. I suspect that his art was the best part of him. The more I look into those 'glorious' (?) times, the more I am disgusted with the greed, the baseness, the treachery, and adulation: every letter of Titian's, and certainly of Aretino's, is directly or indirectly to beg for money or place. The poets and sonnetteers, who surrounded Princes, only thought of the *cento ducati* they expected to receive, and were ready to sell themselves to the next bidder for the same. I am aware that we went through something of the same phase ourselves, but that does not mend the matter, nor have we been so much extolled. I love and admire the native Italians the more—of course I mean the best of them—when I see the vile times and influences they have come through.

Alluding in the same letter to the Russo-Turkish war, and to a fund started by Mr. Layard at Constantinople for the Turks, she says:—

I fear you have not patience to hear anything about Russia, but I cannot help feeling that, apart from all issue of the war, this trial of her powers will go far to show those corruptions,

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which must be exposed before they can be reformed. The Crusades of the Middle Ages were neither wise nor just, but they did no end of indirect good to those who undertook them. You know I am not a Turk (you always were!), and I have my ideas that (unhappily) one can no more interfere between an iniquitous Government and its wretched subjects, than between bad parents and their unhappy children. But my practice is not so wise as my principles, and therefore I have sent a contribution to your Fund—indeed, I should have contributed to the Old Gentleman himself if you were to ask me. But I have not sent it under my own name.

This article on Titian appeared in the 'Edinburgh Review' for January 1878, and was one of her best contributions on Art. It was followed by 'The Englishwoman at School,' dealing with female education, in the 'Quarterly Review' (July 1878). As usual, she takes Mr. Layard into her confidence:—

Jan. 27, 1878.—I am now thinking of taking up a subject, which you may consider more suitable to my powers, namely, Female Education! There is quite a literature on the subject now—the worms have turned, and insist on knowing more and better. Considering that we

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have no 'mariages de convenance' or polygamy, and that therefore a good many ladies, in default of either resource, are left to starve or to maintain themselves, I think they have a right to break through that ideal of feminine helplessness which gentlemen deem so attractive, and prepare for the possibility of helping themselves. If every single gentleman would maintain a single lady, or every widower a widow, the need for better female education would not exist; but there might be some difficulty in the rating. I fear the poor ladies themselves can't be acquitted of blame: I am always ashamed of their low grade in art, and unhappily our Government Schools of Art are not calculated to raise it. South Kensington continues to practise on the ignorance of the young—to fill its classes, and ruin the taste and hands of its pupils.

And again on March 17, 1878:—

The subject of Female Education here in England still engages me, and will for some time, for it has bearings which make it intricate. The higher the education, of course the better. The wonder is that England should be, in this respect, so much behind other countries, where Universities, as in Italy, are thrown open to women, and

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classes instituted for all grades and mixtures of grades. But the question is not education for itself, but for the bread and cheese purposes to which it can be turned. The number of single, destitute, and helpless so-called ladies is so great as to become a very sad and pressing matter; and the great object is to give this class the power of maintaining themselves, at least in the rising generation. While, however, it is so difficult to secure profitable employment for our boys, it seems in vain to expect it for our girls. I must do your sex the justice to say, that they do not deserve all the abuse levelled at them by some lady-writers. In the movement for improved female education the gentlemen have been most liberal—both individually and as University authorities. From all I read I am sorry to shock you by saying, that I find Russia very forward in promoting the education of her ladies; so much so, that, on the marriage of the Duchess of Edinburgh, several Russian towns presented her, by way of acceptable present, with endowments for girls' schools. Talking of Russia, I shall horrify you further by acknowledging, that I am thinking of paying a visit to the Baltic Provinces this early summer.

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This letter concludes with the following amusing anecdote :—

I met your brother, Colonel Layard, the other day at dinner. He sat next me, and I was glad to hear 'the voice of Jacob,' for his voice is the same as yours. He told me an anecdote of a little French prig of a boy, who said he would like best to be 'un soldat anglais'; and on being asked why (your brother expecting a flattering reply), lisped out: 'Parce qu'ils ne se battent pas.' Your brother expressed quite a Layard-like wish to throttle him.

She carried out her project of visiting the Baltic Provinces, and, while staying with her nieces at Reval, writes Sir Henry Layard an account of her experiences :—

July 3, 1878.—You see I have fulfilled your hope that the fact of no war might enable me to make good my journey hither. Many a kind friend expressed anxiety at the prospect of my venturing, at which I laughed in my sleeve, but promised to be very circumspect. I wish they could have seen the welcome with which I was received, how all Russian Custom-house regulations were suspended in my honour, how there is no chance of my being killed except with kind-

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ness. I had a rough passage to Hamburg, but made good Emerson's dogma that 'Great minds are never sea-sick!' Thence by rail to Lübeck, and so three days and nights' passage to Reval upon a perfectly smooth Baltic. There you would be quite happy, for Turkish officers are seen at every street corner, walking about in perfect freedom, and evidently enjoying themselves. At present they have not murdered anybody, and the peaceable inhabitants begin to look upon them with less apprehension. I only hope Russian prisoners in Turkey may have fared no worse, that is, if allowed to live at all.

Of the effects of the war I see nothing. The land is one flowing, if not with milk and honey, yet with milk and cream, and every other good thing. Everybody eats three times as much as we do in England, and is none the worse for it. This year the crops promise to be magnificent, and if the taxes promise to be high in proportion, at all events they will be met without difficulty. Of course, I hear, what I knew before, much good of the Russian people, much bad of the Government: there are no complaints of cruelty —indeed, they complain that the laws are morbidly humane, and that rogues and villains do

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not get their deserts. It is the caprice and uncertainty of the Government, that is the real tyranny—the interference with freedom of commerce, which is the short-sighted folly. For a wonder, they have a low postage, and derive a proportionally increasing revenue from that source; but they apply the same principle no further.

I am delighting in reading the forbidden books—of course upon Russian matters, and have thus a better chance of getting at some truth. What did I not hear of Schouvaloff before leaving London! There was not a name that my good —— did not call him, proving him to be quite as much fool as rogue. Here, he is the object of the highest respect. His governorship of the Three Baltic Provinces proved the wisest and justest they had ever experienced, and he is looked upon as one of the few Russian officials who can be trusted for truth and honesty. These Provinces are allowed great independence: they have their own administration of police, roads, church, schools, post, &c., and their Barons may be really compared to our average country gentlemen, fulfilling the magisterial posts gratis, and being at any rate not exposed to bribery.

I am without public news for the last week,

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for my 'Times' has failed. I only hope that no disturbances in Constantinople have complicated matters and given you fresh trouble. Your account of your conversation with the Sultan in his Summer Palace sounds like a page from the 'Arabian Nights.' I heartily wish your next promotion might be to be Sultan in his place, though with the strictest guarantees for only one Sultana.

The subject of Russia is continued in the next letter, written after her return to London, special reference being made to the pictures in the Hermitage, St. Petersburg :—

Nov. 10, 1878.—The last time I addressed you was from a country house in Estonia. As you are not very popular among the Russians, it is possible that the letter never reached you. It is not often that ladies of my age can expect to be worshipped as I was there, so I made the most of the last opportunity. I returned by land, and I am sorry to assure you that the Russian railways and carriages are excellent. I spent twenty-four hours between St. Petersburg and the frontier more comfortably than on any other line. I had visited Petersburg twice before in early days, but Sir Charles had never been there: thus I went through the pictures at the Hermitage

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with no pangs of association, only wishing for Boxall or for you to share in the pleasure—or, as Mrs. Grote expresses it, 'for some one to pinch.' It is a glorious gallery, tolerably well furnished in the schools we like. Some of the later acquisitions from Italy are well known to me, such as the so-called 'Leonardo' from the *Litta* house in Milan, and also the Costabili 'Raphael.' I was enchanted with it, and with the 'Alba Madonna,' which I had seen, almost before you were born, in Mr. Coesvelt's house in Carlton Terrace. The last is the *ne plus ultra* of Raphael's perfection in this class. But the strength of the Gallery lies in the Rembrandts, chiefly from the Houghton collection, about forty in number, including every phase and subject of his brush: they are quite sublime, and one acknowledges all, but two, as indubitable. A small picture of 'The Lord of the Vineyard' is one of the gems of the world. The Gallery terminates in the pictures executed by Reynolds for Catherine II., and it is well they are placed last. I think I should have pronounced them horrors even in England, or standing alone; but, after the feast of Rembrandts, they were intolerable—bad colour, bad composition, egregious affectation.

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'Cupid loosening the girdle of Venus' would make you ill, and of the 'Infant Hercules,' which is a pile of theatrical men and hysterical women, it is truly said that it matters not which way upwards it stands.

Petersburg left no pleasing impression on me, though the weather was fine, and the streets full —at least the principal one: but when you have streets as wide as the Neva there can be no effect, let the houses be never so large. As for architecture, it is the most wretched mixture of all styles and no styles—all plaster, and that painted. Here and there a truly Russian church —the Isaacs Church especially—and the Admiralty show you where you are. I can't pretend to have gained much fresh information about Russia: the natives themselves know nothing—in truth, they have not come to the reasoning period. They hear nothing, and read nothing (except novels), and have nothing to reason from. The emancipation of the serfs—a fine thing, but most dishonestly executed—has affected the condition of the peasantry throughout the Empire. Thus the peasantry of the Baltic Provinces, though long enfranchised, had not hitherto been able to purchase land; but now this liberty to buy

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land has begun to work a kind of revolution. The upper classes, who are all a German *noblesse* —giving, as in Germany, their titles to every man and woman of the family, and dividing their property equally—have, by the logic of such a system, come down to utter poverty. Estates come into the market which no one can buy, and the peasants, who have been thrifty, come forward as purchasers. Formerly, none but a noble could purchase an estate, and I witnessed much fruitless indignation at the cessation of their privileges.

I am astonished that you should pay the Russians such a compliment as to give them credit for having taught the Turks immorality. What a clever people they must be! I often wonder where the Philo-Turks are to be found here, except in rabid newspapers and in the two Quarterly Reviews. Wherever I go, I hear but one voice as to Turkish misdeeds, ill-faith, and incapacity—but this, you will say, is only a proof of the bad company I keep. It is well we have the delightful field of Art to adjourn to, in which I believe we never did quarrel! . . .

The successor to Sir Francis Grant will be appointed perhaps this evening: I wish it may be Leighton.

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CHAPTER XXX

1879–1885

THE death, on Dec. 28, 1878, of Mrs. Grote was a real sorrow to Lady Eastlake, who had much valued the friendship of that large-minded, generous, gifted woman.

An extract from a letter which she wrote on January 12, 1879, to her friend Miss Gifford, bears on this sorrowful event:—

I greedily accept all sympathy on my great loss in Mrs. Grote's death. It is true she was 86, but the mind only gained in clearness and sweetness, and seemed still in its prime. To me she had been a true friend in time of need, just when the worldly leave one, and I have blessed her in my heart for many a year. No one realised the certainty and approach of death more than she; we buoyed ourselves up with temporary rallies, but she never doubted, and had made preparations long before her final illness. She endeared all to her—from the lowest servant—by her generous, loving, forgiving life. She

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is mourned by all who knew her—by nieces and nephews as a mother, by friends as a strength and stay, by her servants and the poor as a benefactress. She was a most noble creature, as good as she was great, without a petty thought or feeling. I can have no higher ambition than to live as wisely and as well as she did, however differently in minor respects.

In deference to the wishes of Mrs. Grote's relatives, Lady Eastlake undertook, early in 1879, to write a short memoir of her friend: this was published in the autumn of 1880.[1] While preparing this, she wrote an article—'Bastiat: an Apostle of Free Trade'—for the 'Edinburgh Review' of April 1879; and another—'Albert Dürer'—for the 'Quarterly Review' of October 1879: for the purposes of the latter article she paid several visits to the Print Room at the British Museum, 'which,' she says, 'have opened my eyes to Albert Dürer's marvellous merits; indeed he has every one in art, except beauty.'

An extract from an interesting letter to the Hon. Mrs. Swinton is here given (the Swintons of Kimmerghame had been intimate friends of Lady Eastlake since her Edinburgh days):—

July 11, 1879.—All the world talks of and goes to the French Play, and whoever has been

[1] *Mrs. Grote.* A Sketch by Lady Eastlake. (John Murray. 1880.)

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once insists on going twice, for the company seems exceptionally excellent. I have rummaged up a copy of Molière, and oh! how charming he is! Humorist, satirist, and therefore moralist. I place him next to Shakespeare: and the men's lives were something akin—both actors as well as playwriters, and of both too little known. But I never heard of sonnets by Molière, and those are Shakespeare's most exquisite legacies. Shakespeare foresaw his fame—he said as much in more than one sonnet: I wonder whether Molière, who ranked as a vagabond, ever did!

I quite forgive you for admiring Bazzi:[2] I have seen him but little—chiefly at Siena; and I never was at Monte Oliveto. He is a ripe painter, wielding all the resources of his art, and especially good in colour of flesh. Still, I must acknowledge that the Quattro-Centisti—Botticelli, Ghirlandajo, the Lippi, &c.—are my passion. They are the *buds*, and have something which the glorious full-blown never retain. But, happily, my heart is large, and catholicism in art is everything.

The sensation in England caused by that tragedy in Zululand has been intense and universal. It almost wipes out the remembrance of

[2] Giov. Antonio Bazzi, surnamed Il Sodoma.

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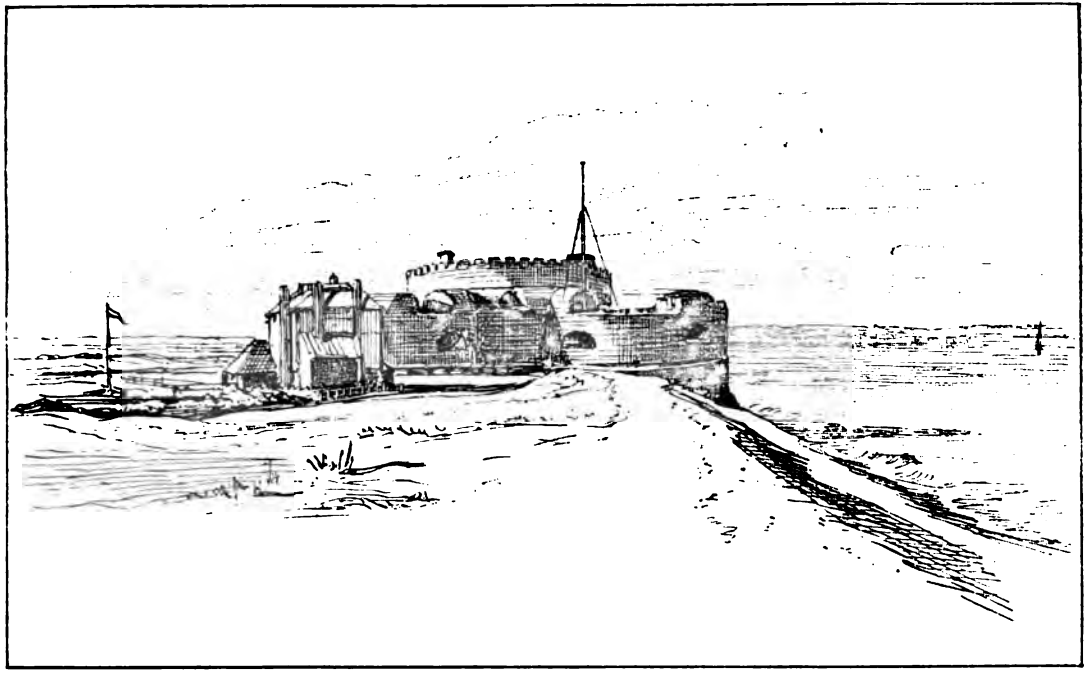

SANDOWN CASTLE, NEAR DEAL

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the Buonaparte crimes. People have wept, and lost their appetite and sleep, and the Empress has received a sympathy and respect, which hardly anything short of this would have given her. The poor young prince is perhaps not to be pitied: I mean not for his early death—no enemy to his family has inflicted it. Lieut. Carey should have saved him, or died with him. I feel, too, that what man, humanly speaking, could so easily have prevented, we are especially bound to ascribe to the Higher Will. It was to be. I find in to-day's 'Times' that he is reported often to have said:—'My Father dragged the cannon-ball of the Coup d'Etat all his life with him; I would not for the world have such a weight tied to my feet.'

During the autumn of 1879 she stayed with friends in Devonshire and Hampshire, and, in spite of her increasing feebleness, much enjoyed her visits there. Later, she contemplates editing her father's 'Letters from France' (see vol. i. p. 2), and writes to Sir Henry Layard:—

Nov. 9, 1879.—I have been diving a little into the French Revolution, for I am thinking of editing some interesting letters from my father from France: he entered Paris at the outbreak of the tumults in July 1789. This sent me to

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Taine, Tocqueville, Lanfrey, and Arthur Young, till I could not sleep at night with the sense of the iniquities, not of the Paris rabble, but of the *Ancien Régime.* I am not inclined to make light of the Terror, but the horrors of a century and a half of oppression, and the starvation of millions seem to me a blacker page. I am afraid you will pull me up for being Rouge. No works of late times are more remarkable than those on the causes of the Revolution. After reading some of them, I opened J. W. Croker's 'Essays on the Revolution,' and they made me ill.

She is now busily engaged with Mrs. Grote's Journals and Letters, and writes to Sir Henry on December 22, 1879:—

There are most powerful and interesting things in both journals and letters, especially in a few letters of hers to Tocqueville—returned after his death. Altogether, her correspondence with, and friendship for, him forms a remarkable instance of friendship between minds of different nations but similar calibre. Tocqueville, it appears to me, was one of the few foreigners, who stood on a level with the distinguished Englishmen of the higher middle class—independent both in thought and purse, a landholder living in an old family

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place, a member of Parliament, a scholar, with general culture and enlightened views. His 'Ancien Régime' is a master work: Mrs. Grote conversed much with him at St. Cyr, near Tours, while he was engaged on that work; and in Senior's 'Conversations' with Tocqueville, which I have just been reading, are introduced some of her recollections, which are intensely interesting. Certainly her marvellous powers of conversation did not come by chance; the pains she took to record passing events, and to generalise what she read, were such as few would undertake. At the same time, her powers were of the highest order, and she had a magnificently educated companion.

A letter of April 15, 1880, deals with the sudden reversal of political prospects:—

I am too old to be much moved by such changes. The utmost extremes of party under a constitutional government cannot, happily, do the harm—or even the good—which the change of one despot for another would create. The laws are above all parties, and their common ground and interests are great. The next few months will be very interesting for us at home to watch,

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but the team of the nation cannot suddenly be driven in an opposite direction.

Writing on May 29, 1880, she hits off, in a few words, the peculiarities of the Chinese countenance :—

I met the ladies of the Chinese Embassy yesterday afternoon—two ladies whose faces consisted of a series of greatly developed curves, with a decidedly concave curve for their noses. A little boy Chinaman was with them, whose face had evidently been sat upon.

While staying at Albury for the autumn she wrote a paper—'Germany Past and Present'—for the 'Edinburgh Review,' October 1880, going a good deal into Goethe's works, which she describes as 'strange extremes of power and puerility.'

Her next effort was an article on Madame de Staël[8] for the 'Quarterly Review,' to which she refers in a letter of January 2, 1881 :—

I am prosecuting my reading and thinking about Madame de Staël, whose 'Considérations sur la Révolution Française' strike me as equal to any of the later works upon it, and as anticipating them. I am fascinated with her writing, which seems to me a compound of the solidity of

[8] *Quarterly Review*, July 1881. 'Madame de Staël. A Survey of her Life and Times.'

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Johnson and the brilliancy of Macaulay—and a compound which is better than either. I am deeply interested in Necker's character too—a man who never took a salary for all his work. But his daughter had strong nerves and decision, which he failed in.

In the same letter there is an allusion to the difficulties in Ireland :—

All the world, as you may guess, are talking of Ireland, and Gladstone is much abused: even I give a man up who could not forgive atrocities in Bulgaria, and yet encourages them in Ireland. So far as I hear and see, I never remember society so unanimous in condemnation of the present Government, the lawyers especially so: the omissions and commissions are equally disapproved. It is believed that the Cabinet intend making Lord Cowper their scapegoat. I wish Bismarck had the governing of Ireland.

Alluding to the assassination of the Czar in March 1881, she writes to her nephew :—

You can believe that the Czar's murder has shocked me terribly: well do I know the panic in Reval—they will be afraid to sleep in their beds. These old despotisms cannot stand the light of the present day, and one wonders that any man

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in his senses should undertake them. No man can really feel himself able to rule singly over eighty millions of people, or over one million. A Czar who would start with only one-tenth of the present useless army, one-tenth of the wretched 'chinvoniks' (common officials), and no secret police, might have a chance of dying in his bed.

In September 1881 she met Jenny Lind, whom she had known for many years, at a country house near Tonbridge. She writes to Sir Henry :—

I quite enjoyed Jenny Lind's company; her knowledge of the world is not slight—her own caprices seem to have given her the key to other people's, and she had some curious tales to tell. I told her she ought to write her life. More than once she sat down to the piano voluntarily, preluded a little very finely on the keys, and then burst forth into song. Her voice is as good as ever for a room, and she has the same perfect justness of time. . . .

You remember my dining with you in Savile Row before you went to Norway. Why on earth did you attack me about my false judgments on my sex generally? It has dwelt in my

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mind ever since, and so now I will give you my simple answer. I judge of my sister women in a very matter-of-fact way—as to whether, namely, they are good daughters, wives, or mothers, and there are few of them who do not fill one of these characters. I have no other test of character. If you fancied me censorious about fast ladies, I beg to say that they are not in my line, and I still less in theirs; so we do not come across one another.

During the winter, Lady Eastlake again takes up the subject of the French Revolution, with a view to an article in the 'Quarterly Review.'[4] She is inclined to draw a parallel between the Jacobins and the Irish Land Leaguers, and writes to her nephew, November 10, 1881:—

If the Land League were allowed to rule unrestrained, finding no resistance from Government, killing all landlords, and intimidating everyone, Ireland would be just what France was under the Jacobins. It is quite curious how parallel the cases are: only, Ireland never suffered from our Government as France did from her own. Nor do Mr. Parnell and his sister quote Brutus and Marcus Aurelius as the patriots did then. It is the strangest picture, and did I not

[4] *Quarterly Review*, January 1882. 'The Jacobin Conquest.'

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know how it ended, I could never have believed it. All came originally from a despotism, and a wretched dependent *noblesse*, who sucked the poor people dry.

She also mentions her occupation to Sir Henry Layard :—

Dec. 14, 1881.—I have been preparing an article for the 'Q. R.' on the late works by Taine and others, on the interminable subject of the French Revolution. The task has been rather above my powers, and I have felt anxious about it. I am not so strong as I was, and cannot expect to be; but I hope my head, such as it is, does not show signs of decay. A definite object of occupation, and a definite subject to read about and think over, are a great resource of comfort to me, now that my powers of locomotion are so small, and that a lonely life inclines me to too great pensiveness! . . .

It is true that there is a society for doing Mr. Browning posthumous honour in his lifetime. I was invited to join it, but I pleaded too great stupidity, and was excused. Dryden, Milton, and Pope are, I understand, quite commonplace in comparison; that I am inclined to believe. But I like Browning himself.

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On the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke she dashes off a letter to Sir Henry in her 'heat and horror':—

May 7, 1882.—My mind is so full of horror at this awful Dublin atrocity, that I must brim over to an old friend like you, who can go along with me in indignation, and beyond me in power and knowledge. There is not a right-thinking man in England, who ought not to make it his duty to protest against the Government, which has brought our country to such a pass. An immediate change of measures may arrest the evil, but nothing can redeem our character. England is disgraced and humiliated, and has allowed herself to be so. She has looked on with apathy when the innocent mother of young children was murdered: we can only hope that these more distinguished, but not less innocent, victims may elicit more manly feeling. What can be done? Cannot any leading man call a meeting, and petition the Queen to dismiss her counsellors? I do not venture to say that you should do so, though you were meant to be the leader of men; but you will hear the feeling of the country gentry around you, and most thankful should I be to know that they kindled into some patriotic action against the real authors

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of this foul crime. What is the good of our freedom, when our perverted use of it only turns the laugh of despots against us? You see I am chafing under the trammels of my sex, and should like for once to possess your prerogative of redressing injuries.

For the autumn of 1882 she took a house at Yarmouth, where she began to work up a paper on Raphael, taking Lermolieff's (Morelli) book, 'Die Werke italienischer Meister,' as a peg to hang it upon. On the completion of this she writes to Sir Henry:—

I have been very busy with Morelli's book, and with the subject of Raphael generally; the result appears in next January's 'Edinburgh Review.' It was difficult to say anything new about Raphael, except what Morelli supplies. Certainly, in looking up photographs and prints, my admiration for the artist has waxed higher and higher. The *man* was doubtless very nice, but he does not come up to a high standard, and I hate the courtier-like characters of the time. As to the 'recently discovered records' about Raphael which Crowe and Cavalcaselle advertise, there is not a sign of them in this first volume, but a series of conjectures which lead to nothing. . . . I am interested in your new application of Murano

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glass, and shall be glad to hear, when we meet, how it is disposed of, and whence the demand. Old Palace windows in Venice don't often get broken. I am glad you have succeeded in stirring up some of the old families: the commercial faculty should be latent in them, but they have vegetated so long that you must be a kind of phenomenon amongst them. I am sure there is much still to be written about Old Venice, if any one could get at records and take the trouble.

Lady Eastlake's opinion (given in a letter to her nephew) of Rossetti as a painter will perhaps be regarded as heretical:—

Feb. 17, 1883.—On Thursday I managed to get to the Rossetti exhibition in Savile Row. If you care for my opinion, it is that the pictures are *horrors*, without a single merit. Layard calls them 'women with cadaverous bodies and sensual mouths.' I say, that part look as if they were going to be hanged, wringing their hands and poking out their chins—and others look as if they had been hanged, and were partially decomposed. It is disgraceful to hear so much nonsense talked by people who know nothing of art, but it is exactly those who are the most presumptuous. People don't talk law to lawyers, or medicine

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to doctors, but their conceit about art is incredible.

Her rheumatism was now increasing so much, and her powers of locomotion becoming so restricted, that she yielded to her friends' urgent entreaties, and went to Aix-les-Bains for treatment. She writes from that place to Sir Henry :—

June 6, 1883.—I seem to be so near you, that it is doubly unnatural not to try and communicate with you; but the life here is idleness without leisure, and fussiness without work—quite a new experience to me. It is exactly a month now that I have been living thus, and, while there has been much enjoyment in it, I can't report any improvement. I have had my share of 'douches' and 'vapeurs,' and all the usual course of treatment—and not without effect of some kind, for I feel considerably lamer and feebler than when I came. This, however, I am assured is the usual result—you must be worse before you are better—and this part of the programme I have faithfully performed. But it has been a great interest to me to witness for the first time the burst of spring in a southern climate, and most wonderful it has been. This hotel ('Venet at Bristol') lies in a beautiful garden, with plenty of

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seats for the dowagers, and lawn tennis for the young—surrounded with no end of flowering shrubs and trees.

The hot springs here are marvellous: the chief one sends forth more than a million gallons of sulphurous water daily, of which my unfortunate person receives a full share; for a douche means the application, through different fire-engines, of a thousand concentrated showers of rain, till you can neither see nor hear—your attendants on the occasion being a cross between water-nymphs and opera-dancers. I can't say that it is unpleasant, but it is very exhausting. A long siesta is the next act; then there comes much eating, and drinking, and driving, and lounging; so my usual letter-writing has been much curtailed.

The visit to Aix-les-Bains was unfortunate, as, almost immediately after Lady Eastlake's return to England, occurred the death of Mrs. Anderson—her old and faithful housekeeper, who had been in Sir Charles's service since 1845, and who had accompanied her mistress to Aix. Lady Eastlake herself also had a serious illness, from which she recovered but slowly, and which left her feebler and lamer. She writes:—

'I am going through a trying time of it, and with no chance of dying, which is doubly hard.' She acknowledges that the time is fast coming

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when 'I shall not be able to move at all: I hope to devote the short remainder of my life to the enjoyment of reading interesting books, as my habits have become necessarily rather recumbent. I only grudge two things in my imprisonment—the Exhibitions [of pictures] and nice dinner parties. I think everybody should die or be killed off at seventy: by that time we have had enough of this life, and people are getting tired of us.... It is said that England is famous for consumption in the young, rheumatism in the middle-aged, and bronchitis in the old. If so, I have a right to the last, which would be shorter and decidedly merrier than rheumatism.'

Several kind friends had urgently recommended her to try various quacks, but she answered them each with three objections:—

'They take up your time, they spoil your things, they steal your money: I decidedly prefer my rheumatism to them.'

Her articles (slightly revised) on Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Titian, Albert Dürer, and Raphael were published by Messrs. Longmans in October 1883,[5] with the following Preface:—

'In venturing to reprint in a separate form

[5] *Five Great Painters.* By Lady Eastlake. 2 vols. (Longmans, Green, & Co. 1883.)

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(permission having been kindly granted) the following essays, originally contributed to the "Edinburgh" and "Quarterly Reviews," the writer founds her claim to the indulgence of the reader on no study or thought of her own, but solely on the advantages enjoyed by her for long years at the side of the late Sir Charles L. Eastlake.'

Commenting on politics in 1884, she writes to her nephew July 15, 1884 :—

'I suspect that Mr. Gladstone and his crew will soon come to blows with their opponents : at all events they have exhausted all mendacious and abusive epithets.' And later, November 1884 :—'How ungrateful, as well as silly and wicked, are the Radicals to want to upset such a Constitution as ours! I wish they had a taste of the oppression of German and Russian Governments, or of the ever-troubled sea of French politics. No men deserve better of their country than our Peers, whatever black sheep there may be among them.'

She feels keenly the death of General Gordon in January 1885 :—

The thought that, after all his patience and

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faith, our great Gordon should have thus perished without seeing the fruit of all his long endurance and sacrifice accomplished—I mean the rescue of the helpless creatures over whom he had watched —that thought has much disturbed me. I never thought that public calamity and shame could weigh so heavily on me. My axiom is, that all afflictions are blessings of a high order. I am sure Gordon thought so. But one must turn a sharp and difficult and long corner before realising that truth.

She pays a tribute to the memory of Lord Shaftesbury, who died in October 1885, and whom she had long known :—

I feel the death of good Lord Shaftesbury most deeply, though he was old enough to deserve to go. Good as he was, he was not one of the 'unco guid,' and was delightful as a man of society. There is no one to replace him, but he has taught people how to work. England may decline publicly, but she never stood higher privately. Still I am prepared for great public anxieties and catastrophes : the failing revenue is a serious sign.

The condition of affairs in Ireland, in October 1885, rouses her indignation : her remarks on

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this and other subjects are quoted from a letter, dated October 10, to her nephew :—

What a state we are getting into in Ireland! I am almost inclined to echo the cabman's wish that 'we could borrow Cromwell of the Devil for a year, to put Ireland to rights.' But it will be too disgraceful if we cannot oppose and neutralise the brutal organisation formed against the liberties of orderly subjects. We shall have to come in the end to martial law, and under far worse conditions than if it had been enforced three years, or more, ago. The Irish are the thorn or pike in our side.

I read all Lord Salisbury's speech with attention and great interest, and quite approve his proposal to convert the Church glebes into fair prices for the Clergy, and thus deal with the land in the really best way for the people. But with this one-sided Free Trade, all at our expense, there is no fair way of dealing with land.

I have no doubt that women will have votes before long: I care little about it myself—it is simply a matter of sense and consistency. Low as the qualification is now, it is still a property-, not a sex-qualification; and if women can hold

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property, then *that* should give the vote. I have been surprised at the decided way in which gentlemen have talked to me lately of the fitness of women to vote—putting them sometimes before the merely ordinary man. In the lower classes, a respectable woman is often wiser than a man of the same class. The Board Schools would never be what they are now if women's common sense were more represented. But I don't approve of Board Schools or compulsory education at all for the poor, more than for the rich. Would you, as a father, bear to be compelled to send your children to any stated school? I utterly disapprove of gratuitous education for the poor, except that, since it is compulsory, it ought to be gratuitous as the proper compensation.

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CHAPTER XXXI

1886–1891

THE dispersal of the Blenheim collection of pictures in the summer of 1886 (the celebrated 'Raphael' having been previously purchased by the National Gallery) is the subject of some remarks by Lady Eastlake in a letter to Sir Henry Layard.

Of course [she writes] I was not able to go to Christie's to see the Blenheim Collection. I have been at Blenheim, and do not readily forget pictures. It is humiliating not to have been able to buy any but one little uncelebrated picture—not even the Teniers, a most interesting lot, which only fetched something over 2,000*l.* He might copy whom he would, he always remained Teniers. I quite agree with you that, for the next seven years, a Director is superfluous. I am disposed also to agree with Lord Thurlow, that the purpose of the National Gallery is to attract pictures hitherto unknown, to draw them

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out of odd places in Italy or elsewhere (anybody can buy well-known pictures from English collections), and to leave it to the generosity, ambition, or vanity of private individuals to present and bequeath at home. I am so glad that you agree with me on all these points!

The sale, following that of the Hamilton pictures and library, is hardly creditable to two English Dukes, who date from palaces. For all that, I am not one to despair of our glorious country, never higher in many respects than now.

While staying at Albury, near Guildford, she busies herself with the translation of Professor Brandl's 'Life of S. T. Coleridge': in a letter of August 6, 1886, to Sir Henry, she deals with this and also touches on the political situation:—

Some little time ago I rather incautiously undertook to translate a German Life of S. T. Coleridge. But then the Professor, for of course he is one, is a good-looking young man, and you always said my proclivities that way would get me into a scrape. He keeps ahead of me, and I get his proof sheets in succession. Upon the whole, his work is thus far very ably done—all that great reading and passion for the subject can

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do, with a little playfulness not quite of such a cart-horse kind as Germans generally indulge in. My fear is, that it will prove too clever for our English public: there is too much technicality as to poetical terms in parts. All this will be delightful to a German reader, but I think I can judge what will suit an English one, and threaten to omit what bores me, which puts the Professor into a fright. The interesting part is the connection between Coleridge's early modes of thought and the revolutionary tendencies of the time—he was born 1772: also the analysis of his extraordinary mind.

I have known chief of the living Coleridges, who have all a vein of cleverness, which must come from the same source as his did. Not that I call young Bernard C. clever, who, being direct heir to a peerage, votes for the abolition of the House of Lords. In short, he is a Gladstonian. I fancy no retreat would be secluded enough to isolate me from that subject.

Now we have a temporary calm, with the Old Man out of power. The worst a man can do is over, but what some will call worse is doubtless still to come. However, I hardly think those Irish rebels would fight, more than the crofters of

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Tiree have, if they saw that we were in earnest. The future is full of incident and anxiety.

The same subjects are referred to in her next letter :—

Oct. 31, 1886.—I am still working at my translation. John Murray wants me to boil down 429 pages of German into 329 of English text: I quite approve of this, and am cutting out a good deal about Kant and Schelling, greatly to the improvement of the work. At all events it has taught me something, and Coleridge is a character to ruminate upon. It sets me thinking how to define genius, which I find very difficult, unless it be as a disease. I have Coleridge, Goethe, Burns, Gibson, and your friend Gladstone before me, and what five men can be more various? Goethe and Gladstone are the black sheep of the party, for selfishness and vanity.

It is useless to speak on politics. One has only to hope that our present men will do their duty, which is principally to stand firm at any cost. I feel that we ought as strenuously to oppose Russia now as we did Buonaparte at the beginning of the century, no matter what income-tax or any other tax. The late history of Bulgaria

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and its much sinned-against young Prince would hardly be believed in a novel or drama. . . .

High time to release you now, but I must give you one anecdote of an Irishman: 'And sure the times are bad: here am I going on my honeymoon, and can't afford to take my wife with me.'

The translation of 'Coleridge's Life' was published in March 1887,[1] and was followed by an able article by her hand in the 'Quarterly Review' on the book.

Referring to the disturbed state of Ireland in the autumn of this year, she writes on October 16, 1887:—

Surely the English people are the most patient in the world, and the English Government the most pottering, to go on dawdling with such a mass of crime and rebellion. These are the abuses of liberty, and the follies of humanity. People talk of there being a traitor in the Cabinet: of that I don't believe a word; but there seem strange mistakes in their management. However, we have seen worse times than this, though none precisely like them.

[1] *Samuel Taylor Coleridge and the English Romantic School.* By Professor Brandl. English Edition by Lady Eastlake. (John Murray. 1887.)

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Both in this and in her subsequent letters, Lady Eastlake shows the deep interest she took in the illness of the Crown Prince of Prussia:—

Alas! from two sources I hear depressing accounts of the Crown Prince. The one from Morelli, who writes that the Prince's altered appearance has made a most sorrowful impression on him: the other from Dr. Frank—the well-known Cannes doctor—who shakes his head at Dr. M. Mackenzie's hopes. One shrinks from carrying out these fears to their ultimate conclusion. What royal couple ever seemed more destined by Providence to bless a land, which so much needs humane and liberal institutions? The blighting of such a prospect is a loss to the world. I shall be very anxious to hear what you think of him.

Nov. 30, 1887.—Foremost in interest is that engrossing subject, in which I am sure our thoughts often meet—the state of the noble Crown Prince. He is truly cared about in his wife's country, and the papers are eagerly searched for the accounts of him. One must be thankful for this delay in his symptoms, during which he and our Princess may be said to be almost enjoying a period of rest in each other's

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company. If ever one could long for a miracle, it is now: instead of which, the world has to face a complication of ills, in which the future for Germany appears darker than ever.

The question of Fair Trade was much occupying her mind at this time:—

I am feeling interest in the conferences upon Fair Trade and the Sugar Bounties, and have been much struck by an axiom of Sir E. Sullivan in a long letter to the 'Morning Post,' that cheap living and low prices are no sign of prosperity, but rather of the reverse—witness Ireland, and other degraded parts of the globe. I am not a great consumer of jam, so am all for retaliatory duties on beet sugar. Indeed, if I were a poor man, I would far rather pay more for bread, and earn more wages and have constant work. I know, too, that Adam Smith does not advocate free trade for the foreigner and protection for ourselves. Dr. William Smith has lately seen a rich Frankfort merchant, who could not conceal his astonishment and derision at our persistence in benefiting the foreigner at our own grave expense, though very glad we do persist in so doing.

Lady Eastlake takes an early opportunity of

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giving Sir Henry her opinion on his 'Early Adventures in Persia,' recently published by Mr. Murray :—

Christmas Day, 1887.—I only wish your 'Early Adventures' had been doubly as long, for, after living with them at every spare moment or half-hour for a week, I felt quite lonely when I came to the end. By this time, you know from the reviews how enthusiastically the work is received. The only wonder is that you lived to tell such tales: I was obliged to stop and remind myself that you really had not perished by treachery, hunger, fatigue, or nakedness, but had to my certain knowledge been in a flourishing condition for years, before I could turn over the next page and see what it brought. Would that I could have the same consolation regarding many of those with whom you were thrown! Those sinning and sinned-against fellow-creatures, with their strong contrasts of good and bad, ruled by such demons as Metameh. The poetry of your work is the character and fate of the noble Bachtijari Chief and the poor Khanum. Nor did your subsequent information about them relieve my mind. One can hardly enjoy one's own liberty and laws while knowing what fair

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portions of this earth, and what noble souls, languish under such tyranny. I am by no means an enemy to Mahommedanism; but Mahomet's followers no more obey his teaching than too many Christians do that of Christ. Your generous Jew at Tiberias refreshed my heart: I am glad his generosity has through life given you a kindly feeling for the race. There are plenty of pictures, in your description, which would do for the R. Academy; but your Lazarus condition at the gate of Bagdad is the one I should suggest. Your adventures fit on perfectly with those of Hooker and Ball in Morocco, which I had lately been reading: all the same tale of wicked oppression and misrule. My cousin was astonished that you had not retailed them in London society for the general entertainment, and was evidently taken by surprise at your modesty! . . .

Now let me congratulate you on the approaching visit of Mr. Gladstone to Venice. How he will talk about Art when he returns!

Two articles by Lady Eastlake appeared in the 'Quarterly Review' for 1888; one, 'Kaspar Hauser,' in April, and the other, 'Reminiscences of Samuel Rogers,' in October. While completing the latter, she had been asked by the editor to

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write a paper on Venice, and warns Sir Henry Layard that he must prepare himself to be asked many a question *en route*. One of the pegs for the article was Mrs. Oliphant's 'Makers of Venice,' which Lady Eastlake describes as an 'agreeably written book, the worst part of which is, perhaps, the title, for neither soldiers nor sailors were the makers of Venice, but liberty, and commerce, and position.' Again, on December 6, 1888, when she had finished her task :—

The occupation of the article about Venice, and the continual reference to your books, have kept my thoughts much with you, though preventing my writing to you so soon as I wished. I felt all the romance of Venice ooze away, the deeper I went into her history. It is more romantic now as an historical shell, than it ever was when the creature within it was alive. No State was ever like it in varied interests, but its past history does not touch my imagination as its present decay does. It is a wonderful mosaic in character, partly Italian, partly Eastern—but, as a whole, like nothing but itself; plenty that was wise and judicious and eminently practical, but no salient, noble, and generous actions. And the wisdom belongs to the earlier part of her history; after the sixteenth century there is not even that: indeed, the last two centuries of her existence

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seem to me despicable. In her earlier time, she was better than her reputation—in her latter, worse. I hope I have vindicated her from some of the accusations against her, but there is no defending her at last. I ascribe her decline to a mistaken caste of *noblesse*—the greatest misfortune that can befall a nation: I have seen society in Germany and Russia too closely not to be convinced of that. Pride, poverty, and pretension always *crescendo*. I sometimes wonder what will pull England down, and whether it will ever decline as other countries have. Our antecedents differ from those of all other European States, present and past. Our higher orders have not oppressed the lower ones—indeed, have protected them; there is no chasm between classes: we have an enlightened national church. Other causes seem to me trifling in comparison. With all her mistakes, follies, and stupidities, England never stood higher. There is one universal mania to do good, in some form or other.

I shall not be quite easy till I know, that you do not positively condemn my partially heterodox opinions of the government of Venice, and that Mr. Horatio Brown does not set me down for a

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presumptuous ignoramus—there is of course no such thing as an ignorama.

This article was in the 'Quarterly Review' for January 1889—'Venice: her Institutions and Private Life.'

The new London County Council is thus referred to in a letter of January 18, 1889:—

The chief excitement of late has been the elections for the County Council. I was sore pressed to go and put my X at a house, up high steps and down a dirty narrow lane, in order to help to bring in two gentlemen, who were opposed by a billiard-ball maker and a greengrocer; and I am happy to say the two gentlemen were returned by a large majority. I hope they may help to solve the pauperising problem in London, which puzzles me more and more, and which, apparently, one cannot justly judge without a certain hardening of the heart. My hard-hearted opinion is, that the evil will not be met until the Poor of London bring up and treat their children better. . . .

A lady was telling me yesterday that she had met Herbert Bismarck at the Duke of Westminster's, and never came across a more conceited prig. I should like to toss Herbert Bismarck

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and Herbert Gladstone in one blanket and the two Papas in another. I must not venture to say more, or I shall shock even you.

During the autumn (1889) Lady Eastlake wrote a paper for the 'Quarterly Review'—'Alexander I. of Russia and the Poles'—based on the Memoir of Prince Adam Czartoriski and his Correspondence with Alexander I.; and in a letter of Dec. 1, 1889, to Sir Henry Layard sums up her views:—

I have brought my 'Czartoriski' article to a conclusion. My reading for it has given me the lowest possible opinion of the Polish race: vain, frivolous, boastful, and cruel, they had not a single quality, unless perhaps a reckless bravery, which fitted them to rule. They richly deserve their subjection, and, in the nature of things, were predestined to the position they now occupy, and will for ever occupy. Czartoriski was a poor thing, with no political capacity: to my view, he was no real patriot, but only one of a short-sighted caste, who wanted time to roll back and restore to them their powers of tyranny. How ungrateful, too, to that real patriot, philanthropist, and hero, Alexander I., of whom his posterity has made far too little! He was a man after my own heart—a compound of Prince Albert, the

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Emperor Frederick, and himself: and good-looking too.

I have read the life of the 'Grande Dame Polonaise': indeed, I have inserted it among my headings. That alone, I think, would tell what Poland has been. The Poles—at least the caste who fancied they represented the country—may have been heroic, if rashness and foolhardiness mean heroism, but they certainly were not patriotic. . . .

Of all the books I have read lately, 'Motley's Letters' are the most delightful. He was a perfect letter-writer. His account of the great struggle of the Northern States has impressed me intensely.

With reference to the death of Robert Browning, she writes, Dec. 13, 1889, to Sir Henry:—

Your letter prepared me for the death of Browning, which appears in to-day's 'Times.' I knew him tolerably well, and liked him better than his works. He had a peculiar set of readers, who adored him—Lord Coleridge and his family were among those. There are always peculiar admirers for peculiar writers, painters, clergymen, &c. I knew Mrs. Browning—he certainly

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showed his taste there: she was so interesting a woman, that half an hour of her company gave one much to remember. Browning was happy not to have lived to extreme old age—there is extra death in that.

She writes on February 9, 1890, to congratulate Sir Henry on his article—'Sir John Hawkwood and the Italian Condottieri'—in the current 'Quarterly Review':—

You have summarised a subject which is one of the most significant of Italian history—when Italian States had become rich and selfish, and shortsighted enough to prefer to fight by proxy, and thus to introduce elements of violence and danger highly detrimental to themselves. I have been long interested in the question of Carmagnola, and now I think you have solved it. There was, apparently, no real patriotism in the Italian character, and this basis of all public good has only grown up through much tribulation, and during a comparatively late time. Only a longing for Freedom can excite it, and only Freedom itself develop it. A history of Patriotism would be curious.

Her letters about this time contain many a criticism of books she was reading; for instance:—

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Feb. 17, 1890.—There is a book I am reading, which is much talked of and recommended—namely, 'Le Journal de Marie Baskkirtsheff'—a young Russian girl, who sighs for fame as an artist, and dies at twenty-four: a vain, frivolous, forward young lady, fancying herself in love with the Duke of Hamilton when she was twelve years old—with tirades which she should never have been allowed to put into print. I have now waded through 300 pages, and am ready to pronounce it the most detestable and unhealthy rubbish I ever read—very like what I have known of Russian girls in the schoolroom. Some fashionable ladies have gone wild over it as an interesting 'psychological emanation'—psychological fiddlestick!

And in September 1890:—

I have lately been reading Voltaire's 'Peter the Great': he has whitewashed him all he could, but has not succeeded in concealing the *brute.* A more extraordinary character for energy and perseverance never existed, and this, combined with absolute power, made Peter a tremendous man. He must have driven his attendants crazy. It is much doubted whether he did not do Russia more harm than good; but this is more easily

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said than proved. A veneer of civilisation is better than no civilisation at all.

The perusal of this and other books bearing on Russia, such as M. Leroy-Beaulieu's 'L'Empire des Tsars et les Russies,' induced her to put together a paper on the inexhaustible subject—'Russia: its People and Government'—for the 'Quarterly Review' of January 1891. 'In preparing to write,' she says, 'one has to collect far more materials than one uses; and in reading a number of works, I have supped (and breakfasted, and lunched, and dined) upon horrors.'

Commenting on a paper by Sir Henry in the number of 'Murray's Magazine' for February 1891 on 'Renaissance Cookery,' she writes:—

If the principal object in writing of the Past is to exhibit its manners and habits, you could have found no more thorough a way. The part that eating and drinking have played in this world, from Heliogabalus till now, is a most unerring tell-tale. The economy of time would seem to be the latest as well as the highest improvement in civilisation, and that exists chiefly among the English. The Germans have not yet arrived at the art of conversing and eating at the same time: they can talk with their mouths full, and make a great noise, but they never converse. . . .

I agree with you about Tolstoï. There is a

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difference between dirty and clean dirt—his is indefensibly dirty: but I soon had enough. His 'Kreutzer Sonata' is, I hear, his *chef-d'œuvre* in that line.

The death of Giovanni Morelli (Lermolieff),[2] which occurred at this time, further thinned the ranks of her old and interesting friends. She writes:—

Few men have inspired me with such admiration as dear Morelli—so manly, so large-hearted and -headed, so full of knowledge, with such a charming way of imparting it, so true a patriot, and, as I have often had occasion to say of late, the best connoisseur of art. He was a rare combination. My sorrow has a sharp twinge of self-reproach, for I had not acknowledged his lately received book, on the Munich and Dresden Galleries, which will now have a pathetic interest for me.

Urged by Sir Henry Layard, who promises to give her all the information in his power, she undertakes to write an account of Morelli for the 'Quarterly Review' (July 1891): touching on the general state of the Arts in Italy, and the influence of the national character upon them, she reviewed his political life, and described his high standing as a connoisseur.

[2] An anagram, with a Russian termination, of Morelli.

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What is technically called 'connoisseurship' [she writes] requires a wide range of intellectual qualifications; something of the astuteness of the lawyer, the accurate power of diagnosis of the physician, and the research of the antiquary and historian; all summed up in an art which most of us are practising every day, more or less consciously—the art of comparison. Connoisseurship is a modern profession, because a modern necessity. It has been developed too late to save many a priceless work, but not too late to identify those which yet remain. In the times of what are called the Old Masters little was written about them individually. Their works were left to speak and shift for themselves, and that, with small exception, they have continued to do till a comparatively late period. The consequences might have been anticipated: landmarks have been effaced; schools confused; names mistaken and displaced; the authorship of nine-tenths of the works which have descended to us has been lost, or has passed through an ignorant and vainglorious period, which distributed to them the names supposed either to do them most honour or to attract most gain to their owners.

With the exception of the following papers—

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'Temper' in 'Murray's Magazine,' Sept. 1891; 'Reminiscences of St. Petersburg Society' in 'Longman's Magazine,' June 1892; and 'Reminiscences of Edinburgh Society Fifty Years Ago' in 'Longman's Magazine,' January 1893—this review of Morelli and his works was the last Lady Eastlake wrote. It may be added that, since 1842, thirty-five articles from her pen had been published in the 'Quarterly Review,' and since 1868, ten articles in the 'Edinburgh Review.'

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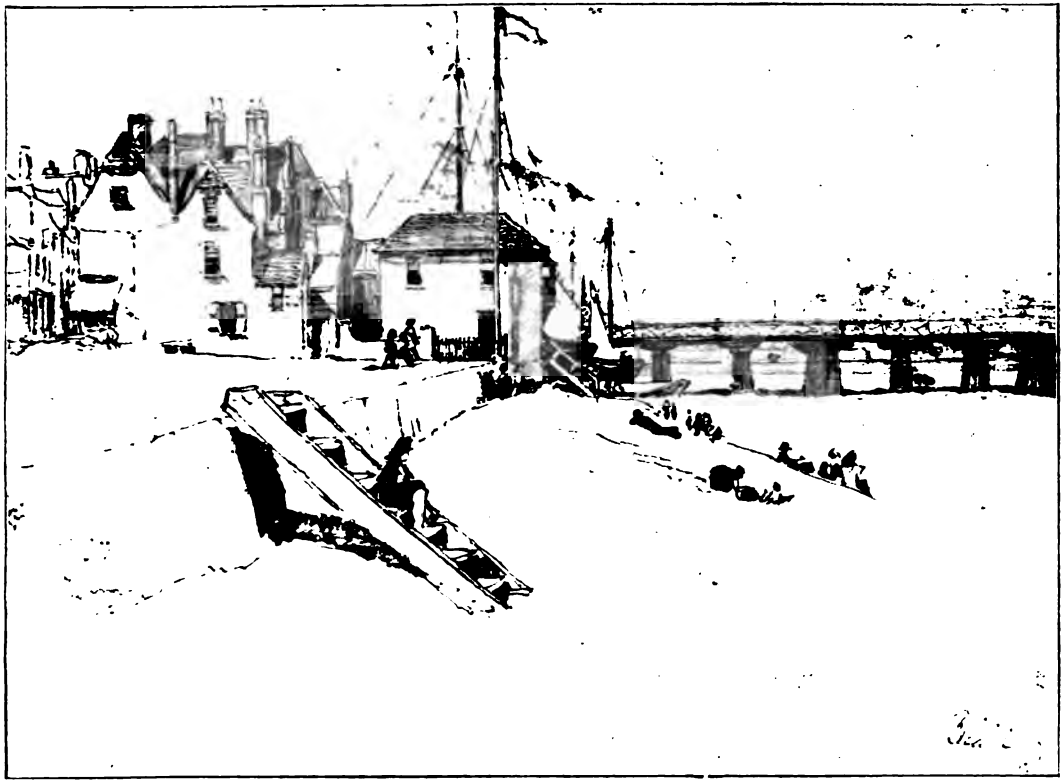

DEAL.

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CHAPTER XXXII

1892–1893

'TIME is relentless, and I feel myself nearing the goal, without fear, I may gratefully say.'

Lady Eastlake makes this remark *à propos* of the death of many old friends in January 1892, during the influenza epidemic—a neighbour on either side of her dying on the same day. Though she still took a keen interest in all literary, social, and political questions, though she was ever ready with her hearty welcome to the numerous friends who came to her daily, she began to fail, physically, by slow but perceptible degrees. Her grand mental powers never deserted her, her memory was as bright as ever, her conversation as full of charm; but she became more and more disinclined for any movement, more content to sit in her chair, more 'addicted to recumbency'—as she expressed it. 'My time,' she wrote in April 1893, 'passes quietly; but it is no misfortune to be thrown on books, and I can even read dull ones if they are interesting, which sounds rather Irish—but that's all in the present line.'

The great heat during the summer of 1893 was too much for her enfeebled frame: she

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became seriously ill in August 1893, attacks of breathlessness, caused by weakness of the heart, being the first alarming symptoms. After five weeks of much discomfort (mercifully unattended by actual suffering), during which she was tenderly nursed by a devoted niece, she passed away in her sleep, peacefully and painlessly, on October 2, 1893, within a few weeks of attaining the age of eighty-four. She was conscious to the last, ready, nay, anxious to go; her last words, addressed to the clergyman, an old and valued friend, who administered the Sacrament to her, being 'Pray for my release.' The last letter she, who had written so much, and so well, wrote, was to her nephew, on September 9, expressing her pleasure that 'Dean Stanley's Life' was soon to be published, and warmly praising the Duke of Argyll's 'Unseen Foundations of Society,' which she had been reading.

She was buried at Kensal Green, on October 6, 1893, by her husband's side.

Lady Eastlake's religious character has hardly been touched upon; but grave injustice would be done to her memory, were her views withheld on a subject which may truly be said to have always occupied her mind, and on which she thought and wrote with deep earnestness. For this reason, it is felt that a few passages (selected principally from the letters she wrote during her later years), bearing on this subject, may not be out of place here.

I have a knack of being thankful for what I have had, and of leaving the future in the only

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Hands which dispose of it. So I never look far ahead.

Good Friday.—Either the Crucifixion was the greatest event that ever happened for this world, or it was not. Even with so-called belief the full meaning of His sacrifice comes but slowly. We can only judge of it by the effects on persons' lives, and by their peace and content under great trials. All spiritual improvement is slow, and all true religion—so I have found—difficult; for if not a panacea against all the ills of life, it is not true religion. Prayer is not meant to remove our outward conditions, but to improve our inward state: to make us love God and man, and our enemies more; and when we attain that state, we may indeed rejoice. I am happy as to the meeting again. Heaven would not be our true home if we did not find those who constitute our true home here: household affections are sacred here, and must be there too.

We do not come into this world to be interruptedly happy: alas! how many there are, better than I, who are uninterruptedly the reverse. All is right to those who trust Him through thick and thin—but that faith is only attained through much suffering.

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For a time birthdays are welcome, and youth seems inexhaustible; but there comes the time when they only record a fast-expiring lease, and point to the life that will never end. Happy those who can set their affections on that! I am so far on this journey of life, that I am always looking to that other shore, where our beloved ones will greet us. That to me is a greater reality now than anything else.

My time is short now in this world. I must not say I care not how short, for I have many blessings to thank God for, but it is, perhaps, God's greatest blessing that I am not attached to life. The future life has such bright and sweet colours for me.

I know that God is sufficient for us under any suffering that He sends; but it is one thing to know that and another to feel it. When people talk of help in trial, they overlook the length of time and patience before we are conscious of it. It is natural that true religion should be difficult, for it only comes by practice, like any other acquirement. The Bible never attempts to deceive: it is 'patience *in* tribulation.' We learn the much good that comes out of evil—the

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greater sympathy for others, the more constant thought of God.

As life ebbs away (and I feel the shortness of my tenure), I want all the faith I can get; and faith means implicit belief in Scripture—not stupid, *literal* belief.

The weeks come round at a tremendous speed: I suppose it is my advanced age. The mind meditates, but has few novel impressions to mark the time and prolong it, as in young days. I am content, and rather like to note the gradual changes in myself, as God's loving plan for us all. I have had my life, and have had more blessings and what is called success than most people; I have also drunk to the bottom of a very bitter cup, for which, perhaps, I ought to be thankful. At all events, it is a mercy to be weaned from life when one is about to leave it. It took me many years to be practically convinced that God chastens those He loves, and *vice versâ*, but now there is nothing I more deeply believe.

We shall soon be in 1893, which to me, fifty years ago, seemed impossible. It is a peculiar feeling to grow old and to meet it rightly: I study it, I hope, in the right way. It is strange that human beings should come into the world only all

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to die. Perhaps all worlds are not so, and without the account of the Fall of Man and the Sacrifice of Christ—without, I mean, believing these—I don't know how mankind could bear the certainty of death. That certainty can only be met by the equal certainty of everlasting life.

The following 'Reminiscence' by E. V. B. (the Hon. Mrs. Richard Boyle), whose long, close friendship with Lady Eastlake dates from 1852, would seem to form a fitting conclusion to these volumes.

Dearest and best among the lost friends of more than half a lifetime, for me, as for many another she has left, shines forth the name of Elizabeth Eastlake. I knew her first in those bright days when the wheels of life went lightly round, and the burden of the years was but youth and joyousness. She suited me then in every mood; as time went on more heavily and slow, she suited me still the same. Ever 'tender and true' she was; and I do not remember the slightest shadow overclouding for a moment the perfect joy of our long friendship. There was never change or disappointment; it was Death the Divider that brought the end. That expression —'she suited me'—is, however, not well chosen.

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It fails to convey the loving veneration which she inspired from first to last: the sense is not conveyed of how her mind, so full, so richly stored, would yet bend itself, in tender sympathy, to the level of a lesser, narrower understanding. And—like everything she did—this was done so well, that in conversation with her the inequality was never felt. Her gentle art would seem to draw forth, and help us to give words to, the least suspected, maybe the hitherto almost formless, thoughts of our heart. Her intellect, her learning, never crushed—they did but stimulate. That intellect, which was like a man's for breadth and capacity, seemed to adapt itself in some wonderful way to all who came within its influence.

Lady Eastlake entered into the whole spirit of everything around her. She would give her whole attention, and would interest herself in whatever might be the subject of discussion; she was almost sure to know something about it, and you were sure to learn something new, or what you did not know before. There was one quality, I think, almost peculiar to her: in part she may have owed it to the great calm soul that so constantly possessed her, more especially in

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her later years. The rare quality I mean was this: she was never bored. In London, crowds of visitors called upon her almost every afternoon; and amongst their number would of course be some, whose minds entered not within the range of her thoughts or tastes. Yet to these last she would be as kindly in her manner, as courteously attentive to all they said, as though they were in the highest degree sympathetic with herself. And thus she, who had ever held her own or more, in conversation with men of genius or of the most brilliant talents, not only appeared to do so, but would in perfect truth and reality take a living interest in those of her numerous acquaintance, who to an outsider seemed the furthest removed from her mental sphere. Often have I envied this talent of not being bored! But to attain it one must be great-minded like herself. Is it not said to be a definition of genius that it is 'the power to take an interest'?

And then her charity was so large: she would 'spot' at once the best points in a character, bringing them to the front as it were, and making the most of them, just as she would scarcely ever condemn wholly and entirely any painting

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submitted to her criticism, however bad or inferior the work might appear to others. First-rate critic as the world acknowledged her to be, she would perceive whatever of good there might by chance be found in the poorest specimen of Art submitted to her. When others would incline to pass by any such work with scorn, she would approvingly point to some small square inch of colour more hopeful than the rest, or to a bit of drawing in it which she judged to be rather true to Nature. Her generous praise was always ready: it used to remind me of the story of Christ and the dead dog cast out in the street. When the crowd scoffed, as they passed by, at the wretched animal, He stopped and said, 'See how white, like pearls, are his teeth!' Yet had this well-nigh boundless charity its limits, firmly set and sharply defined; and her sword-thrusts against the bitternesses, the cowardice, the injustice, the cruelties of the age were always, I thought, so marvellously refreshing. There was no indecision, no lukewarmness there. On subjects such as these she showed, indeed, no charity, found no redeeming point, no saving clause; she was grandly outspoken, and spared neither great nor small.

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Like a string of rubies, glow in my memory the evenings spent in that dear room of hers, the drawing-room of No. 7 Fitzroy Square. It was but a fond and foolish fancy, bred of reverence and affection—the fancy of some toil undergone for her sake, that made me, on every Sunday evening of many a winter spent in London, find my way on foot to Fitzroy Square, regardless of the weather. It was a sort of little pilgrimage, and the shrine was Love! And then what a welcome she gave when the pilgrim arrived! And how pleasant it was, when, after a time, books and flowers and papers being pushed aside, lamps and the tea-tray were brought in and set on the table, while her pet, the little grey cat upon her lap, insisted on being first served with its saucer of milk. One little detail was, that up to the last she would always lift the heavy silver teapot, and pour out the tea herself.

The room itself was a gallery of Art. Almost every picture stands out clear in the mind's eye as I write. There were the two long Holbein Processions in grisaille, along the side wall. The end wall, opposite the fire (which always burnt bright enough to illuminate the gilt picture-

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frames, and indeed the whole room), was entirely covered with Art treasures. There was a large Giovanni Bellini of the Virgin and Child with Saints; another Virgin and Child, with exquisitely painted flowers of columbine; some views of the Roman Campagna by Sir Charles Eastlake, where the cypress spires and far blue distance carried one back to Italy itself. Low down on an easel, where it best caught the light, was a Luca della Robbia—one of his most beautiful—full of sweet and tender feeling. A fine portrait by Opie of Dr. Rigby (Lady Eastlake's father) rested on a chair. The pianoforte, on which in the old days she played so well, stood near the windows; and between the windows there was a bust of the Queen (by Gibson) given by H.M. to Sir Charles; and on the left a very large easel supporting a life-sized oil-painting by him, full of refined and lovely colour. On the high, old-fashioned chimney-piece was the Louis XVI. clock, which always went so much too fast on those gracious evenings, bringing them to an end long before we had half done all our say.

What long happy talks! What words of

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wisdom and deep thought she spoke, what memories of old strange experiences belonging to the years that she had known, what merry flashes of amusement and of wit! . . .

Going out into the dark streets afterwards, there was a sense of the whole mind warmed and brightened up, and the effect was wont to abide for long. But then would come an uncomfortable self-reproaching, because I had been so led on to talk too much myself, and thus to waste the precious moments which might have been better spent in listening. But there it was! She so drew one out that one could not choose but speak, and lay bare to her one's very inmost thought. And then her sympathy! How eagerly she heard and enjoyed the story of one's success or happiness; how she took to herself, and made her own, one's every grief or disappointment! She did so understand grief, and she touched it so lovingly. Often, after ranging through every sort of interest of Art or Politics or Nature, the conversation turned on the mysterious unseen world surrounding us: not the so-called spiritualism or mysticism of the present day—from this she seemed instinctively to recoil. Very often has she spoken of the great inevitable change, which

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she felt approaching ever nearer and nearer: her thoughts were turning constantly that way. It was without any fear, however, that she would speak of it; but always with a solemn wonder, and almost with impatience to know at last that which none living can know—the Secret of Life otherwhere. 'The thought does not sadden me in the least,' she would sometimes say; 'but I so continually think of it, that the other side of Death has come to be almost more real to me than this present life.' It was never her way to talk religiously, but I know that none the less steadfast was her hope and her trust in Christ.

The last time I saw this beloved friend (how proud I was to call her friend!) was two short months before she died. There was a journey and a longish absence from England before me; and this our last farewell—little as I knew it was the last—seemed saddened with more lingering regret even than usual. Very vivid dwells still with me the picture of her, as I looked back before the door was closed. The afternoon sun shone round her as she sat in her accustomed place at the round table, the writing-desk before her covered with letters and manuscript as it always

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was—the pictures she loved surrounding her. There was no apparent infirmity: the heart beat warmly as ever: the intellect was unclouded. A journey lay indeed before both of us; but hers was the longest—and for that journey none could be more ready or more willing.

Lady Eastlake's was one of those characters whose rare grace one feels it is a gift of God to have known. Should any who may glance at these few pages ask, 'Where were the flaws?' I can but answer, in all sincerity, that I did not know them.

The day after she fell asleep, one who stood by her wrote: 'That wonderful sight of her could never be forgotten as she lay there in what seemed a rapture of repose. The peace of her countenance was so grand, so comforting: no dread in it, not a sign of life's fitful uncertainty. Not effacing the image of her as in life, but realising, as it were, the grandeur of her state—of the Presence into which she had entered. It flashed upon me how often she had expressed her belief, that the face and expression after death conveyed the expression of the reality.'

I am not conscious of having ever destroyed the least scrap of Lady Eastlake's beautiful hand-

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writing, not even the mere address of an envelope. Each envelope was a picture in itself, and almost every letter that I possess of hers might be printed as it stands without a single alteration. From the well-garnered harvest of our correspondence of many long years I may be permitted to give here just this one characteristic note :—

Albury Heath, Guildford. 26 Sept. 1886.

I have been thirsting too, longing to know about you, yet as little doubting your dear affection as you mine. And if ever a letter could assuage thirst for a time, yours was that—a real idyll culled from Nature in her too seldom observed forms. Oh! how bounteous and various she is—beauty in everything! I am as much surrounded with her gifts as you. This country is comparatively little known. The kind Grotes introduced me to it, and sweet solace it gave me then, and has given me from time to time since. Heaths and woods, and hill and valley, and such lanes! The last must have been for centuries. Never made or dug, but originally tracks, and deepened and hollowed out by time; banks, to their level with the fields behind, but twenty feet high on the lane side, which has got deeper and deeper with traffic and seasons, ever sinking

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lower and lower till the poor roots of trees don't know what to do with themselves, and lie like great snakes, all exposed and plunging back into the bank, shy of light and air—I am always longing to draw these wondrous roots, which are fit for an Albert Dürer *minutia.* And then the sides of the roads. Wide and wild margins of luxuriant weeds, very jungles on a small scale, of tangled growths. Bracken, and heath, and foxglove, and briar, and briony, and honeysuckle—each trying to grow over its neighbour—and honeysuckle and briony most successful! Even the nettles are beautiful; on such a grand and lofty scale. Then the favourite growths of the country are yews and juniper, the yews the most venerable and fantastic you ever beheld. This has been the wildest and least known part of Surrey, before railways broke into it. Near enough to the coast to be the favourite hiding-place for smugglers, and before them, the pilgrims' track to Canterbury. A good many *heathen* still remain among isolated villages in the wildest glens. Now it is becoming almost too fashionable; everybody who has once seen it wanting to build here. And that is not easy to do, for the long-descended squire (the 'squires' were formerly Lords de Braye) won't part with

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his acres, while an Irvingite colony, founded by Henry Drummond, are equally tenacious. Among the summer visitors I have had Sir Henry Maine, who writes on Democracy and 'Popular Government,' and Sir Richard Webster, the new Attorney-General; and a good and ardent painter is here too all the year—Sir Arthur Clay—a nice man who talks no cant about Art. The heath has been crimson and the park is perfection, and I go long drives to glorious views. Just now, one of the wildest of the valleys has been broken into by a millionaire, Doulton the potter, who has cleared some acres from the forest of bracken, and erected on an eminence a splendid mansion. That mansion, with all its attendant stables and hot-houses, and all the company that will throng it, will change the history of that village. And so times change, and our places know us no more! But better things are in store—perhaps including what we have loved here, as the greater includes the lesser, for all things that God has made must belong to those who love Him. I am not sorry to return to London on the 30th. It has become cold here, though the days are still full of beauty. But I am thankful to have once again known this part of the world—always feeling that English

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country life is her most characteristic part; always trusting that our institutions are too deeply rooted to be upset by any Gladstonian rebels!

God bless you—you are never forgotten by your loving

ELIZ. EASTLAKE.

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